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From the London Court Journal.

THE FOSTERMOTHER'S CURSE.

BY MRS. FAIRLIE.

Though I have scarce passed the summer of life, my soul is sick with affliction that cannot be assuaged, my body bent to the earth by premature decay. I bear the burning brand of Cain upon my forehead, yet I never knowingly injured any human being, much less could my hand have been steeped in the blood of a brother. My tale is simple, and bears its own moral; to record it is a relief to my mind. I am dwelling in a land of strangers, and when the grave has closed over me, this writing will assign a cause for those peculiarities of habit and temper which now render me an object, sometimes of fear, always of compassion, to my kind-hearted neighbours.

I was born in the north of Ireland, and am the younger of two sons. Nature had been bountiful to my brother, in external as well as intellectual endowments; upon me she had bestowed a sickly constitution and a weak frame. Unable to join in the bodily sports of my schoolfellows, I had recourse to the misdirected pleasures of the imagination. Acted upon by the traditionary legends related to me by the neighbouring peasantry, I had become gloomy and suspicious, and I reveled in the delight of imagining horrible things. Even the most simple transaction, in my heated fancy, covered some horrid deed; and I shall scarcely be credited when I say that the painful excitement awakened by such thoughts was sought for by me as a source of enjoyment. As some men find pleasure in the excitement of danger, mine lay in that of terror, almost to the bereavement of my senses. I had besides, and perhaps as a natural consequence of these feelings, an insatiable curiosity to penetrate whatever seemed mysterious, and to give utterance to my own conjectures upon all that baffled my research. Thus I was at sixteen years of age, and though my heart yearned with kindness and love, my prying disposition had rendered me an object of dread and detestation to my father's neighbours.

One summer evening I had been rambling at some distance from home. My father was then absent, having gone to Dublin upon business. During my walk I had conjured up a thousand dreadful phantoms connected with the past and present, and had wrought up my mind to a more than usual degree of excitement, when at a little distance before me I perceived a woman who had nursed my brother. She was standing alone, and the bright beams of the moon in a cloudless sky enabled me to perceive that she was looking on every side as if in alarm. As she evidently sought to shun observation, I resolved to discover what she was doing. Under the concealment of a large tree, I succeeded in getting within five or six paces of her. Fancying nobody near, she washed her hands in a brook that flowed close to the tree whose broad trunk concealed me from her view. Having concluded her ablutions, she lifted up her hands as if to examine them by the light of the moon; then suddenly exclaiming, "There are blood-spots still," tore off the wristband of her gown, upon which I either perceived, or fancied I perceived stains of blood, and taking up a broken stick, dug a hole in the earth, placed in it the torn fragment of her gown, and replaced the earth as before; after which, she again washed her hands in the stream, and departed.

I watched her narrowly till she was out of sight; then proceeding to the spot where she had buried the linen, an impulse for which I cannot account led me to place over it a large stone.

I returned home in an agony of excitement and fear. I could not forget the scene I had just witnessed, and it preyed the more on my mind because I had no one to consult in my father's absence.

I knew Moya Bourke too well to be mistaken in her person; and in what but guilt could have originated the mysterious conduct I had observed?

I rose at dawn, after a sleepless night, determined to seek Moya at her own cottage, and demand an explanation. The path from my father's house to her little dwelling lay along the banks of the brook. When near the spot where I had stood on the preceding evening, I was startled at beholding Moya before me. She was searching for something on the ground. I walked rapidly towards her.

"What! here again, Moya?" said I. She turned to me in evident trepidation,

"Is that you, Masther Shamus?" she said, without noticing my question. "Troth, an' it's 'arly ye're up this mornin'."

"I could not sleep, Moya," I replied. "I had bad dreams—I dreamt of murder." She changed colour.

"Never heed drames, Masther Shamus, dear."

"Some dreams are true, Moya."

"Hush! hush! Come, now, isn't it a pity for a likely young jintleman like yourself to be croaking like an ould crone?"

"I dreamt I saw you here by moonlight, Moya," said I, "and—"

"Me here?"

She tried to laugh, but her voice was hoarse and the sound awful and hollow. She attempted to turn the conversation, and was evidently anxious to get rid of me, but I was resolved to obtain her secret. She had aroused dreadful suspicions within me, which her manner tended to confirm. At length I determined to leave her, and go to her cottage during her absence. I reached the door, but it was locked, and I looked in at the window. A turf fire was smouldering on the hearth, before which hung a gown that I had given to Moya;—it was of coloured cotton—I recognised it by the pattern. I now seated myself upon a flowery bank near the little garden to await Moya's return, and fixed upon various phrases wherewith to accost her. When she appeared, I perceived that she was surprised at my being there. I now found it impracticable to speak as I had intended:—I could not utter a word. Who has not felt this? Who is there that has not conned over a dozen set phrases in the absence of him they would accuse, or of her they love, and yet is powerless to utter them when the person appears to whom they were to be ad-

dressed? Thus it was with me. To gain time, I asked Moya for a drink of milk.

"An' welcome," she replied, entering her cottage. I followed her. A shudder crept through my frame as I took the wooden bowl and held it to my lips; but my feelings are easier conceived than described, when, on raising the sleeve of the gown which hung by the fire, I perceived that the wristband was torn off. I rushed out of the cottage. On reaching home, I shut myself up in my own apartment, and threw myself upon a chair. Here an impulse suddenly seized me to seek my father; and the stage-coach passing almost at the same instant that the thought occurred, I entered it with a small bundle containing a change of clothes. That night I reached Dublin. My journey had been solitary during the greatest part of the road, and my feelings were so exacerbated, by solitude, that by the time I arrived I was in an alarming state of nervous irritation.

Immediately the coach stopped, I entered a car, and ordered the driver to proceed at his swiftest pace to the hotel at which my father usually lodged. He was not there. I again entered the vehicle and drove to the house of a friend with whom he had frequent mercantile transactions, and to my surprise and dismay learned that four days previously he had sailed for England, and had said that he should probably be obliged to go to France.

"I will follow him," said I.

Mr. Dwyer stared at me.

"Follow him! my dear James," he said. "What mean you? What has occurred, my dear boy, to agitate you in this manner?"

I threw myself upon a couch, and burst into tears. Mr. Dwyer soothed me, and strove to persuade me to reveal the source of my uneasiness, and the reason of my having left home. I requested him not to question my motives any further that evening, but to allow me the night to reconsider all. He complied with my wishes. A room in his house was speedily prepared for me, and I shortly after retired to bed. Strange and horrible dreams haunted me, shapeless forms flitted before my eyes, and yells of pain and despair rang in my ears. I awoke in a high fever; delirium soon followed, and at length my loud ravings brought Mr. Dwyer and some of the domestics to my bed-side. In my frenzy I told all that I had witnessed, and my reasons for seeking my father. I related the particulars so clearly that my host considered it his duty to see the lord lieutenant, and state to him all that had occurred. Being a personal friend of the viceroy, he had no difficulty in obtaining an interview; and while they were conversing, an official paper was placed in Lord ——'s hands, dated from my native place, and signed by three magistrates, requesting assistance from the capital to discover what had become of one Robert Smithson, a tithe proctor, who had been two days missing, and for whom search had been made in vain. The lord lieutenant handed the paper to Mr. Dwyer, who agreed with his lordship that its contents appeared to have some connection with the tale I had revealed.

Orders were immediately despatched for the apprehension of Moya Bourke, on suspicion of being concerned in the disappearance of Smithson. I had been unintentionally her accuser. A brain fever, which brought me to the verge of the grave, (from which I have lived to lament that I was snatched,) prevented my knowing any thing of passing events. But it appears that I had been most circumstantial in my tale, having related even the fact of my placing a stone to mark the spot where Moya had buried the torn wristband. The place was examined and the wristband found. It matched in pattern, and fitted the tear in her gown. Neither did Moya deny its being hers. To this was added a circumstance that seemed to place her guilt beyond a doubt. On the evening in question, Smithson was seen to enter her cottage before nightfall, and just after dusk, either a wounded person or a corpse was carried out of it by four men, but whither conveyed no one knew. Of this person, whom Moya stated to be a wounded man, she refused to give any further account. The assizes took place a few days after her committal, and the unhappy woman was convicted of the murder of Smithson. She heard the awful sentence of the law with much calmness, but persisted in asserting her entire innocence of the foul crime of which she was accused. She declared she had paid her tithe to Robert Smithson, and he had left her house alive and well, on the evening in question. The day appointed for Moya's execution soon arrived. The wretched victim was on her knees preparing for her last sacrifice, when she heard loud shouts from without the prison walls.

"Great God!" she exclaimed, "who would have thought they'd be so impatient for the death of a fellow Christian, as to begrudge me a few moments of life when they have days, and months, and years before them."

At that moment the clergyman entered her cell.

"Is it time?" she asked, with composure.

"I came to speak a few words to you, Mrs. Bourke," returned Mr. Lynch, evading a reply. "I wish to ask if you still persist in denying the murder of Robert Smithson?"

"As I am a Christian woman, I swear now in my last hour that I am perfectly innocent."

"I believe you, Moya," said the clergyman. "*I* all along believed you guiltless, and now others are of my opinion."

"Thank God!" said Moya, the tears streaming from her eyes; "when I am gone, *all* will not say, 'Moya Bourke had the stain of blood upon her soul.'"

By degrees Mr. Lynch broke to the poor condemned one the tidings that Robert Smithson had made his appearance at the very door of the prison, and had presented himself before a magistrate; that this fact had been stated to the lord lieutenant, who had sent an order for her immediate release. Though this intelligence was communicated with great caution, the revulsion of feeling was too great, and Moya fell senseless upon the floor.

* * * * * *

My brother Edward, as soon as he had finished his school studies, had been sent to Trinity College, with a liberal pecuniary allowance from my father. Being a lively, good-natured, and gene-

rous youth, he soon became a general favourite with his fellow students. Poor Edward! at home, all loved him. He danced well, was an excellent hurler, sang a merry and a sentimental song equally well, and was universally liked by the gentler sex. His thoughtlessness frequently led him into scrapes, from which, however, his quick and ready wit never failed to extricate him. He had deep blue eyes and curly hair; and his almost constant smile exhibited a perfect and beautiful set of teeth.

At college, though none knew when he studied, he cut a very respectable figure; and at the period my unhappy tale commences, he had just taken his degree with some *éclat*.

At a ball, Edward first met Blanche O'Ferrall, whose beauty made a strong impression upon him. Her father, a needy man with a large family, soon perceived the effect of his daughter's charms upon my brother, and sedulously exerted himself to increase and render it permanent.

Edward was invited to the house, parties were formed on his account; he had constant opportunities of seeing the young lady, and his admiration of Blanche soon ripened into a strong attachment.

She evidently perceived my brother's regard, and the lover attributed a certain restraint in her manner to reciprocal feeling. But he was shortly awakened from his joyous dream of requited love. One evening, as he was taking leave of Blanche, she contrived to slip a note into his hand unobserved, and to whisper in his ear, "Read it when you are alone." He smiled, pressed the taper fingers of the fair girl, and departed. On reaching his apartment, he eagerly opened the billet, which contained these words:

"We are never, as you may perceive, left alone for a single instant, and I am narrowly watched, or I should long since have informed you that my affections were engaged long before our acquaintance commenced. This my parents know, but they little suspect that I am the wife of him I love. I rely upon your honour not to betray me. My father is making arrangements to procure for my husband an appointment abroad, thinking thus to separate us for ever. When the situation becomes his beyond power of recall, we purpose avowing our marriage, and I will share his exile. But were our secret suspected, my father would, by depriving him of the appointment, condemn us both to poverty. Make any excuse you please, but desist, I implore you, from your attentions to me. Above all things, keep my secret.

"BLANCHE."

The effect of this note upon Edward was terrible; a bitter pang shot through his heart. Young, ardent, and loving for the first time,—

The first, the very first,

—he imagined he could never recover the blow inflicted upon his peace. He instantly decided on not seeing Blanche again, for some time at least. He knew not how he should account to her family for the cessation of his attentions; he, however, wrote a few lines, saying, he was compelled to leave Dublin suddenly—and he intended to have done so on the following day—but on the receipt of his note, Mr. O'Ferrall came to my brother's chambers, and in the presence of several of his friends, made use of such language, that a hostile meeting was the consequence.

It took place early on the ensuing morning, and O'Ferrall fell, mortally wounded as it was feared. Edward had also received a severe wound, but as he had still strength to walk, he was advised to make the best of his way to a place of concealment. With great difficulty he got into a post-chaise, driven by a ragged, curly-headed, and bare-footed postilion, picked up in the streets of Dublin, and proceeded from stage to stage, till he reached the cottage of his nurse, Moya Bourke. On arriving there he fainted, and his wound appeared of a more serious character than he had at first imagined. The faithful creature was deeply and sincerely grieved when she saw her foster-son in this condition,—but still more so, when, in reply to her entreaties to be allowed to send for "the docther," Edward informed her that he had, he feared, killed a man, and came to her to conceal him from the police.

"Ohone, Ohone ma gra! and are ye hidin' yerself from the pelece. That I should live to see my own garçoon in dhread of a jail. My darlint ye wor ever and always, and it's your ould nurse that 'ill hide ye. Wait now till I put some dressing on yer wound. Oh! the rascal, to be afther hurting ye. Bad luck to him a thousand times every day he sees a pavin'-stone, and ten thousand times every day he does not!"

While thus lamenting his misfortunes, Moya Bourke acted as Edward's surgeon, applying to his wound such simple remedies as she could procure. She did not wish him to leave her, but he feared being traced to her cottage, and bringing trouble on his faithful and affectionate nurse. He therefore insisted on seeking concealment in a small hut in the mountains, where illicit distillation had formerly been carried on, but which was now deserted. Hither he was borne by four of Moya's neighbours, on whose discretion and fidelity she could depend. She herself accompanied him, carrying for his use some oat cakes, butter, hard boiled eggs, a small jug of milk, and a bottle of whiskey. She made him a rude bed of fern, and imploring the blessings of Providence on his head, left him. It was on her road homeward that I saw and watched her. Her affection for her foster-child led her to exaggerate his danger. Should he be found, she imagined that a disgraceful death on the gallows would be his doom. The blood on her sleeve and hands had flowed from my brother's wound. As it caught her eye, she hastened to obliterate the stains, lest they should excite enquiry. Would that on the following morning, when I sought an explanation, Moya had given me one!—but she feared my inquisitive disposition and nervous irritability, and thought that if I knew of my brother's danger, my alarm would betray him, particularly if, as she expected would be the case, the police should search my father's house for him. With regard to Smithson, some of the peasantry, who had long owed him a grudge, had, on

the same evening that my brother reached Moya's cottage, whither the tithe proctor had gone that very evening and received his tithe, way-laid, and carried him to the mountains. What had been their original plans and intentions I know not, but on hearing of the imprisonment and condemnation of Moya Bourke, they liberated Smithson, after first administering to him a solemn oath that he would immediately, on reaching the town, show himself at the prison, and also to a magistrate; that he would not by any means, direct or indirect, betray who were his captors or detainers; and, finally, that he would quit Ireland before that day month. All this he faithfully executed.

The moment Moya was liberated from the prison, she sped to my father's house. He had but that morning returned, and had learned, with equal surprise and sorrow, that his old servant, who had nursed his son, and been the valued attendant of my departed mother, was about to suffer an ignominious death.

But, however much he lamented her fate, his thoughts were otherwise and sadly occupied. Edward, whom he had left at Dublin, had disappeared immediately after the duel with O'Ferrall, and from that period no tidings of him had been received. My father's anxiety respecting him was intense. Mr. O'Ferrall was quite out of danger, so that there was no longer any necessity for concealment; and in those days duels were of such common occurrence in Ireland, that they were soon forgotten.

Moya now told my father where Edward was concealed, and they proceeded together to the hut. On opening the door, my poor brother lay there a corpse, and evidently had been dead some days. Wounded and helpless, he had been unable to obtain assistance, for the hut lay in an unfrequented spot, or to open the door which Moya in her anxiety had locked when she left him. Edward had died of starvation! . . . .

The faithful Moya gazed with a vacant stare at the disfigured remains of her foster-son. My father attempted to rouse her, but in vain. From that hour Moya was a maniac.

Oh! never can I forget the first time she beheld me after this event! So changed in look, in tone, in every thing.

"Shamus," she cried, "my curse be upon you, for you are a murderer. You said I had killed Robert Smithson, but you have destroyed your own brother. Had I not, through your devilish spirit, been thrown into prison, my darling would be alive now. Out, out of my sight, and may the curse of a broken-hearted woman rest on you for ever."

And that curse still clings to me. I have wandered over most parts of the world—I have sought, in distant lands, forgetfulness of those dreadful occurrences,—but Moya's curse pursues me every where. Despair has whitened my head, as with the frost of years, and my broken spirit awaits with impatience its call to other spheres. I have long been prepared to die—consumption has fixed its deadly fangs upon me, and has found my sickly frame an easy prey. I would fain see my father's house before I sink into the repose of death; I would fain lie under the sod of my native land. But my father is no more, and Moya Bourke still lives. Since her madness, the mountain hut has become her abode. As she is perfectly harmless, she is allowed to roam whither she pleases, and she often visits the house of my birth. I could not bear to see her—I dare not trust to the chance of meeting her. I must sleep my last sleep in this foreign land.

From Fraser's Magazine.

BOMBARDINIO IN ITALY.

"Contrasted faults through all their manners reign;
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And e'en in penance planning sins anew."—GOLDSMITH.

If, on leaving Baden, you propose going to Münich, or into the interior of Germany, you had better go round by Tübingen, instead of taking the usual road by Carlsruhe and Stutdgart; because the former, though longer, leads through an interesting and romantic country, whereas the latter only traverses a stale, flat, and unprofitable district.

"Ah! *mon prince*, how do you do? How are the lancers of his Imperial Majesty's guard? I hope you have recovered the fatigues of the Polish campaign?" "You shall hear all that to-morrow as we travel along," said the Prince de W——; "I suppose you are going to Münich—what else can bring a man to Stutdgart? I am traveling the same way, and there is a place in my droska for you. It is more convenient than your seat in the diligence." Now, a seat in a prince's droska is, I know, better than a seat in a German diligence; but, knowing that it has its disadvantages, I refused at once, saying, that though I was going to Münich, yet my mode of traveling was so very different from that of all other mortals, that I could not think of being a burden on his highness. But no excuse would satisfy him; "he was an idler like myself, and I should be director-general on the road." I knew pretty well, from former experience, what this meant: but, as the prince was evidently tired of traveling by himself, and as I had, in truth, no very valid excuse to offer, we set off together for the Bavarian capital.

There is certainly nothing between Stutdgart and Augsburg worth turning round to look at; but I had lately been reading Raumer's *History of the Hohenstauffen*. It is a dry, stiff, and elaborate work, but interesting from the mass of valuable information which it contains. No traveller or historical student should leave it unread; and Lord Francis Egerton should immediately translate it into English. He can afford to work for fame; and here is a book the translation of which will confer fame. His lordship may dedicate it to me for my advice. The reading of this book had made me take a sort of fancy to every thing connected with the heroic race of the Swabian emperors, who, from lords of a simple castle, raised themselves to the sovereignty of Germany, Italy, and Sicily; and one of the objects of my tour was to see the hill of Hohenstauffen, where stood the fortress cradle of that noble and ill fated

family. I had told the prince this at starting; and he was delighted with the idea, "the very thing he wanted to see himself—particularly obliged to me for reminding him of it." Well, when we arrived at the hamlet of Göppingen, not far from the foot of the hill, I proposed, that before the horses were put to the droska, we should get guides, and ascend the mountain. "But is there any thing to see there now?" said the prince. "Hardly a stone of the castle left," was the response. "Why, then, should we give ourselves all this trouble? It will be late before we get to Ulm, and you know how unpleasant it is to arrive late at a German inn; we shall get no supper." "*Vous verrez cela une autre fois, mon cher*," said his highness. "*A vos ordres, mon prince*," said we, laughing inwardly at our folly for having placed our trust in princes.

I have related this little misadventure, in order to show how difficult it is to meet with a good traveling companion. One man prefers a dinner to every thing else; another is absolutely idle, and cannot be moved; a third is restless and fidgety, and never happy but when he is whirling along the road. You have to dread the listless traveller, who takes no interest in any thing, as well as the simple and inquisitive traveller, who plagues all the world with silly and useless questions. Then there is the querulous traveller, who disputes the simplest proposition, as well as the cheapest bill, and who is in constant dread of being imposed upon. Next comes the extravagant traveller, who gives himself airs upon the strength of your purse, even more than on the strength of his own. Travel alone, therefore; and if any sight of real interest is to be seen, be sure you go alone. As to lady travellers, the pretty dears are, no doubt, more enthusiastic, and show more feeling for the beautiful than what men do; but they require too much attention, and sometimes take off too much attention, so that I would hardly recommend them for traveling companions, unless for a mere pleasure tour, where no inconvenience is likely to be experienced. It is distressing to see them want their little comforts when you cannot relieve them; and yet it is strange how willingly they brave every difficulty, merely for the fashionable honour of having been on the continent.

"*Au revoir, mon prince:* keep a good quarter for me at the Golden Lamb at Vienna." My traveling companion was going by the way of Satzburg; I was proceeding towards the Danube, so that we parted for a time at Münich.

The prince and I had discussed many questions of tactics, literature, and politics, but had argued none; by which mode of proceeding we had gained pretty nearly all the information we could well derive from each other, without for a moment losing our temper or equanimity. I would recommend all travellers—I might say all the world—to follow the same rule; for to attempt a regular train of argument, or demonstration, in ordinary society, when you are sure to be interrupted at every sentence by persons who get into a rage, in order to avoid being convinced, is pure folly. Some men want logical heads, and cannot draw the most simple conclusion; others want the knowledge on which you can alone found demonstration, for you cannot on all occasions go back to the A B C of a subject. Few possess even the decent politeness required for listening with common courtesy, and still fewer possess temper. This is saying nothing of the numerous class who have always a budget of facts ready to support any silly theory they may feel disposed to advance. Never, therefore, attempt to argue a point except pen in hand. If you wish to obtain information from any one, discuss the subject politely, just hinting or expressing a doubt now and then, so as to draw out your informant. With foreigners, you had better be complimentary, and say as many fine things of their country as you can well reconcile to your conscience; this will throw them off their guard, and make them speak freely. You must, of course, sift the information thus required, and try its value by your own knowledge, and by the opinion you may entertain of your informant. To swear, as many people do, to the truth of every statement that a foreigner may give respecting his particular country, is absurd. To argue subjects of national policy with them is also useless: of England they know nothing; and if you touch upon the weak points of their own country, its government or manners, you instantly throw them on the defence, and they stick at no trifles to maintain their cause. The Russians, in particular, pull the long bow in support of their country's grandeur, at a rate that would startle even Ferdinand Mendez Pinto himself. A Russian nobleman of high military rank, wishing to impress some British officers with a just idea of Russian courage, told us of a certain Muscovite admiral, who was so indomitably brave, that he required to have two men placed near him in battle, merely for the purpose of pouring buckets of cold water over him, in order to keep his fiery valour within moderate bounds. A sort of stately politeness should also be observed towards all chance traveling acquaintances. This is no bar to cheerfulness and good humour, but is the best protection against the selfish and loutish coarseness always so ready to break out during a journey. By vapid exclusiveness, you only make yourself ridiculous, and make nothing of others.

For the present I must leave Germany, but cannot take my departure without first relating a sort of adventure that befell me at Passau, on the Danube.

I had, as usual, ascended the highest steeple in the place, in order to get a good view of the country. The regular guardian of the church happening to be out of the way, his daughter, a fine plump, bright eyed, rosy cheeked, and auburn haired girl of five and twenty or so, had attended me; and I was just stepping out of the belfry, after giving her, owing to her cheerfulness and good humour, a few pence perhaps above the usual fee, when she seized my hand, and, with her own cherry-ripe lips, actually imprinted a kiss upon it. I was totally unprepared for any thing so novel and extraordinary. The pressure of a pair of fine female lips upon your ungloved hand, has, in truth, a strange effect: it felt something like a galvanic shock, and went from the kissed hand right through the heart to the very extremities of the fingers of the other hand, and for an

instant it almost arrested my breath, so that I could think of nothing better than returning the kiss from whence it came. But, finding that this kissing of hands was the custom of the country, I took care to be on my guard ever afterwards, and would recommend you to follow my example.

Unless you are very deaf indeed, you must have heard a great deal about the politeness of foreigners, and their attention to strangers. I believe I am the only person who has ventured to declare, that the people of the continent are, generally speaking, very far behind the people of these islands in every thing that can be termed real politeness. The rudeness which our countrymen, and countrywomen also, experience, and put up with, abroad, particularly in Italy and Switzerland —the most boorish countries within the range of the grand tour—leads them to mistake a mere absence of insolence for politeness. During the tour, of which I am here giving the majestic world so learned and incomparable an account, I traveled from London to Vienna, and from thence to Naples, and back to London, and was never once addressed or spoken to by a foreigner with any view of ordinary courtesy or politeness. I am known at first sight to be an Englishman, and a *soldado*. I wear a good coat, and, as Burghart can tell, I am particular about its make, without condescending to know what others deem fashion; I am, therefore, addressable. On entering a public room, I also make it a point to say something to the waiter or the landlord in the language of the country, so that no supposed ignorance on this point can be pleaded; and yet was it only at Passau that a foreigner addressed me, not then to show me any attention, but to show that he could speak a little English, which indeed was so little, that we were forced to translate every sentence back into German. The constant forcing of bad English on an Englishman who speaks their own language fluently, is another proof of continental bad manners. Will any one make me believe that a stranger, known to be such, could travel all through England without experiencing one single mark of ordinary politeness? I never saw a foreigner on the top of a stage coach, who was not courteously treated by the rest of the passengers: I have even seen women holding on the poor frightened things. We Britishers have faults and failings in abundance, but a want of natural politeness is not among the number. Fashion orders us not to be polite towards each other, unless under certain circumstances, and according to certain foolish rules, which I formerly exposed; and we are absurd enough to follow her dictates; but the interdict extends not towards foreigners, and we generally treat them with courtesy. Who ever saw them return the compliment?

Venice is still enthroned on her hundred isles; hearse-like gondolas still float upon her hundred and forty-seven canals, and pass under her three hundred and six bridges. Her thousand years of empire still cast a glory round her; but it is a dying glory, for her days are numbered: and however much her former greatness may engage our sympathies, we are, nevertheless, bound to confess that she well deserved her fate. The crimes of her base and selfish mercantile aristocracy had already darkened the fame of her brightest times; and their cowardice casts the deepest stain on the last of her days. Many states have fallen from the effects of internal dissension, weakness, or corruption; others have fallen, some with and some without honour, beneath the arms of powerful aggressors; but it remained for Venice to show the world an instance of infamy absolutely unparalleled in the annals of human baseness. Venice was perfectly safe; she was protected by her own fleet, and could, if necessary, call an English fleet also to her aid. The Austrians were descending from the Tyrol,—Napoleon's retreat was already cut off,—the republic had fifteen thousand disposable men at command, who at that moment could have turned the tide of war against the French. The Venetians knew the fate that awaited them, in case of Napoleon's success, for he had proclaimed their doom; but so far from having the courage to strike a single blow for their own or for the general cause, they first allowed Austria, their present ruler, to fall unaided; and, though inaccessible in their lagoons, they sent their own ships to bring over the conquerors, who had not even a boat at their disposal. When the assembled senate came to the final resolution of yielding, the doge, a dotard of the house of Manin, declared, that "their decision could be ascribed only to the direct aid of the Virgin, the high protectress of Venice, who had evidently enlightened their minds, and inspired them with wisdom."

Speedy retribution followed. The French, from the moment of their landing, treated the conquered as slaves. Most of the nobles had grown rich at the expense of the commonwealth, and were all indebted to the state, to a large amount, for arrears of taxes and other charges, from which the law did not exempt them, but from which they had by degrees exempted themselves. The French instantly claimed these arrears, interest and all, for the service of the republic. The blow ruined the greater part of the Venetian nobility at once; those who could not immediately raise the money bribed the French commanders, just as base and corrupt as the conquered, with statues, pictures, and other articles of *virtù*. Many were forced to pledge all their property to Jews, who are to this day the real owners of some of the finest palaces in Venice: indeed, there is hardly one of these princely mansions that is now kept up in a manner denoting any thing like ease or affluence on the part of the proprietor. Some are entirely deserted, others are store and warehouses, and many are going to ruin, merely for the want of the most ordinary attention; some have even been pulled down for the value of the materials. As far back as 1814, six thousand houses, and four hundred so called palaces, had already, owing to the blessings of French sway, been demolished. Of the six hundred patrician families that governed Venice, two hundred have become extinct since the fall of the republic; and of those that remain, not thirty are in affluent or easy circumstances. The population of the town is said to decrease at the rate of three thousand souls a year; but this must be exaggerated.

"I stood at Venice," not on the Bridge of Sighs, for it is built up, but on the Place of St. Marc. The history of a thousand years flashed before me. I knew the crimes of which the republic had been guilty; I knew the meanness which led to its fall: and yet was it impossible to stand where I stood, with the venerable church of St. Marc and its Corinthian steeds on my left, the flag-staffs from which floated the standards of the conquered kingdoms, Candia, Morea, and Cyprus, on my right, without feeling for the fate and fall of a people who had, once at least, achieved great things.

Even the church of St. Marc makes an impression on the mind, and calls forth emotions of respect and veneration for names, times, and generations long passed away, that no other edifice can inspire. The sanctity of place expels from the heart all recollections of the deeds of sin and sorrow committed by the lords of Venice, and for a moment, a brief moment perhaps, you think of their greatness only. The church was commenced in the tenth century, and built after the model of the church of St. Sophia at Constantinople. During several succeeding centuries, it grew with the growth of the republic, and was enriched according to the augmenting wealth of the state. All the art which that remote period could display, all the splendour it possessed, were expended on the construction of this Christian temple. Whatever object of value could be collected from the isles of Greece, or along the shores of that unhappy land; whatever could be found at Constantinople, Jerusalem, or Alexandria, was applied to enrich and embellish this revered pile. The architecture is of all ages and nations; but the air of still and earnest grandeur which reigns within its venerable aisles, gives to the whole a look of uniformity that its mere design may possibly want.

Away from the chapel of the Madonna de Mascoli! its dedication recalls the state of morals in Italy during the fourteenth century, and the very recollection is horrible.

The Scian horses again adorn the porch of St. Marc. Unchanged barometers of the fate of empires! what do you here? Ye fled from your first post of honour when Corinth sunk in blood and flame; from Rome when the world's mistress fell from her high estate: ye abandoned conquered Byzantium, degraded Venice, and the humbled metropolis of vain-glorious France! Why linger here amid the ruins of greatness passed away? Can Venice fall still lower? and must the waves of the Adriatic sweep over the domes of its former empress?

Thiersh, the grammarian, a very great goose, no doubt, but a very good scholar, says these horses are not of Grecian but of Roman origin. He assigns as a ground for this opinion, the clumsy figure of the steeds, which, by his account, resemble the horses represented on Roman coins and monuments of the time of the emperors, without having the least likeness to those represented by Greek artists of the earlier period. There is certainly some truth in the remark.

We shall now go to a Venetian *soirée*, and then be off.

"Le Colonel Bombardinio," said my friend, promoting me, according to good continental custom, as he presented me to the Countess de B., one of the leading fashionables of Venice. In a spacious but very moderately furnished apartment were assembled, besides the lady of the mansion, five or six other ladies, all of a certain age, as young ladies hardly ever make their appearance in parties. They were seated in a cluster together, while fourteen or fifteen gentlemen were standing round the circle, talking,—sometimes addressing the entire party, at other times speaking only to a neighbour. The conversation, general and particular, was carried on in French, as there were foreigners present, as well as in Italian. Scandal, literature, and even politics, formed the topics of discourse; all were treated with nearly equal dulness. From nine o'clock till twelve, the company were constantly changing—some taking their leave, while others were arriving. At no time were there more than twenty-five persons present in the room, though more than a hundred must have passed through it during the evening. This is, I understand, the constant routine of Venetian society. Bating the exclusion of young ladies, the system might be adopted with advantage in other countries, provided always, that people would go into company with the simple view of pleasing and being pleased; instead of going, as they invariably do, for the purpose of showing off, and acting a part different from any for which nature intended them. The consequence of this eternal striving after effect is, that men and women become so stupid in society, that they are actually obliged to eat and drink in each other's company, because they have no other means of filling up time, or of employing their hands. In Venice, society, though totally free from affectation, is dull, because the people are extremely ignorant; in many other countries it is dull, because the people, though not ill-informed, are outrageously affected. This is, above all places in the world, the case in Edinburgh. The modern Athenians, though not so well informed by many degrees as they fancy themselves, are at least upon a par with their neighbours; but, owing to the affectation of the people, their constant striving after grandeur and effect, together with their boundless adoration of rank and wealth, as well as the fortune-hunting propensities of ladies and gentlemen, the society of the place is an actual burlesque on the name. All this is the more to be regretted, because the elements of pleasant society are not wanting in Edinburgh. I shall some day or other describe the routine of the thing, and at the same time publish a collection of love-letters, addressed to various Scotish heiresses, and now in my possession.

Just let us look into the theatre before we leave Venice. A new opera: the audience call, long and loudly, for the repetition of a song that has no political allusion whatever. The actors are willing to comply, and solicit the *necessary permission* from the police officer stationed behind the scenes. The little mean functionary refuses, in order to show his mighty power; the audience persist, and a regular theatrical row ensues, which ends, of course, to the advantage of the man in authority. "He is a German, I am sure," said a

young Venetian nobleman who accompanied me; "an Italian would never have behaved in this manner." "Never, never!" responded twenty voices around us. Having served in the West Indies, and knowing what sort of masters liberated slaves make, I felt confident in my own mind that the man was an Italian. I made a point of enquiry next morning, and found that I had been perfectly right in my conjecture,—the man was bred and born in Padua!

Farewell, Venice! the motto engraved on the pedestal of one of the antique statues in thine own museum, should now be placed on the shield of thy weakness: ΠΡΟΣ ΘΕΩΝ, ΣΟΥ ΜΗΔΕΝ ΑΚΩΗΡΙΑΣΗΣ ΕΝΘΑΔΕ. "By the gods that protect thee, injure nothing in this place."

Padua: go to the Golden Eagle; but avoid the *Tre Mori* at Ferrara and Bologna, in spite of Mrs. Starke, for they are nothing better than dens of uncivil thieves. At Ferrara, the crumbling seat of the proud tyrants the D'Este, you will of course go and see the paltry monument of Ariosto. If so, give the good old *custode* a few additional *pauls* for my sake, and tell him, that I am sorry for the rudeness of which I was guilty towards him. The truth is, I have a great horror of the monotonous *ciceroni* jargon, and always get out of its way as fast as possible. With this antipathy about me, I entered the library of Ferrara, intending only to look at the picture of Cardinal Bentivoglio, and to see the few relics of Tasso and Ariosto that are preserved there. The *custode*, however, seeing a large English party—I know not who they were—that had followed me, thought it necessary to begin as usual at the beginning of his discourse, and was proceeding to give the history of all the portraits in the gallery of the cardinals, when I very abruptly cut him short by d—— all their eminences together, and desiring him to show us the portrait of Cardinal Bentivoglio and the manuscript of the *Gerusalem*, and not to detain us with fooleries. The old man bowed his head; and, after two or three vain professional attempts to save a cardinal *en passant*, led the way to the unworthy monument of Ariosto. The English party followed without remark: it was evident they did not know what they had come to see; for the elder, probably the father of the family, asked me whether he, pointing to Ariosto, was a general. "A good man at his weapon," was my answer. "I thought so," said my countryman, delighted with his own penetration. Well, having examined some scraps of the poet's writing, and sat in his chair, we next proceeded to look at the manuscript of the *Pastor Fide*, in Guerini's own hand-writing. It is a beautiful specimen of caligraphy: the more remarkable, as few Italians of the present time can even read clear writing, much less write clearly themselves. The manuscript of the *Gerusalem*, with the corrections in the author's own hand, followed. Tasso's handwriting is bolder and freer than that of the other two; it is not so neat and pretty as Ariosto's, nor so stiff and clear as Guerini's. I read a stanza of the poem, and read it badly; the *custode* corrected me with the most perfect politeness, and then read it over himself. I repeated my attempt, and then he approved. One stanza succeeded another. The *custode* became quite animated, till, in relating the woes and sufferings of the unhappy bard, the good old man brought tears into his own eyes. It proved that there was at least one man of taste and feeling in Italy, which I should otherwise have been much inclined to doubt. The Italians are constantly prating about their love of, and feeling for, the arts, whilst every word they utter on the subject, as well as every glance at their country, shows that they possess no earthly feeling but that of self.

I told you, a few lines ago, the question asked of me by a countryman in the library of which we have just been speaking. Before we get too far removed from the subject, I must tell you another anecdote of the same kind that occurred in the church of St. Marc, at Venice. I happened to ask a clever and well informed *valet de place*, who had accompanied me from the Silver Lion, whether the Venetians had never erected any monument to the memory of Dandolo,

"Th' octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe."

The reply was in the negative; Dandolo, having been buried at Constantinople, where he died after the capture of the place, was soon forgotten by his republican countrymen. "Constantinople, Constantinople!" said, in broken French, an Englishman that for some days had forced himself into my company; "who reigned at Constantinople at that time? Charlemagne, Charlemagne?" I was actually forced to blush for my country before a mere *valet de place*. Now, what in the name of folly can induce persons of this kind to sport their ignorance beyond the limits of their own country? The individual in question seemed to have no object beyond that of scolding waiters and saving money—ignorance and avarice combined completely cut him off from all enjoyment. He wanted the knowledge which alone can give an interest to foreign scenes, monuments, and localities; and was almost afraid to eat even a dinner, gourmand as he was, for fear it would cost him too much money; and, sad to say, you now meet with too many English of the same class on the continent. If you have no taste for the arts, and possess no literary or historical knowledge, traveling will afford you neither profit nor pleasure—you will traverse only a barren waste, that can awaken no new feelings, nor in any respect enlarge the sphere of your ideas. Stand in pensive attitude before the Colosseum as long as you like—gaze with upturned eyes on the Apollo and Meleager, while your arms are thrown with sentimental elegance across your throbbing breast—it will avail you nothing; for well you know that it is always affectation. If, on the other hand, you are so poor or so avaricious as to brawl about every farthing that issues from your pocket, it is a proof that you value your cash, justly perhaps, higher than any gratification you can obtain in return,—a very good reason why you should stay at home and save your money in some London garret, where you can bring no discredit on your country, and where the money that you must spend, in order to keep body and soul together, may perhaps go into more deserving

hands than your own—abroad, the chances are that it will only go from one shabby fellow to another. But, as I told you before, you travel for fashion's sake, and to say that you have been abroad; as if you could not say so without the trouble of crossing the channel! If you start without knowledge, you will assuredly bring none back. And as to the point of conscience, let it not trouble you: ignorance and affectation combined, will make you tell more falsehoods in your attempts to describe foreign scenes and manners, than you could possibly be guilty of in describing your travels on the mere authority of an ordinary guide-book.

Bologna: a piazzaed town; cold, dull, and monastic in its appearance. The university has been shut since the revolution. The students, who were learning to draw out deeds and to make up recipes, thought themselves perfect in the simple art of legislation, and undertook, accordingly, to draw up constitutions. To draw a trigger, was, however, what none of the liberal and enlightened legislators had bargained for; so that, without firing a single shot, they fled at the first sight of the Austrian troops. The conduct of the Italians during their late attempts at revolution, would make one think that the cowardice of men is, after all, greater than their stupidity. Every country and every army can, no doubt, produce specimens of the aguish quality. We have seen men look *queer* even under the British uniform—we have seen Spaniards and Portuguese taking ground to the rear with the most marvellous rapidity; but, truly and fairly spoken, we never saw a British soldier, of any rank or grade, leave the field; and on many occasions Spaniards and Portuguese, particularly the latter, fought right nobly by the side of their allies. Italy, on the contrary, never produced, during her struggles for freedom, a single man who stood a manly blow. There was not one man engaged in the cause who possessed enough of noble feeling to make him prefer death to dishonour—no! not one of the trembling slaves feared disgrace and infamy; the caitiff feared only death. Having got on the subject of *Coraggio*, I must here relate an adventure that befel a gentleman of the press, whom want or chance had pressed into the service.

The love of potheen had probably rendered poor O. L. unfit to continue in the conduct of a provincial newspaper of which he had been editor. He joined the army, and was promoted from some other regiment to a lieutenancy in the corps in which the present writer then served. Our new recruit was a strange, odd, unmilitary person, both in manners and appearance. Owing to his continued love of the "creature-comfort," he was dreadfully absent—never, indeed, seeming to be very conscious of what was going on around him. His thin, spare, and stooping figure, always ill-dressed, corresponded perfectly with his character; but, except fancying himself mortally wounded at Salamanca, when he was only scratched, he had shown no indication of wanting nerve. Many, indeed, thought that the scenes of battle never rose upon his mental vision till some days after the fighting was over; for he would then speak, with horror depicted in his countenance, of the slaughter which he had witnessed. Well would it have been had this unconsciousness continued. But on one occasion he was awakened from his trance by a peal of thunder, more tremendous, perhaps, than any that ever burst upon the ears of man,—it was the fire opened from the walls of St. Sebastian against the assaulting columns of the British. O. L. awoke,—he awoke to a scene of death and fear that earthly pen must fail to describe; his shattered nerves could not stand the shock, and he took shelter behind the projecting angle of a work. The eye of his commanding officer discovered him, and poor O. L. was dragged up by the collar of his coat. He would have paid the forfeit of his weakness; but his simple and harmless conduct, together with his good temper, had made him a sort of favourite. The officers of the corps interceded for him; and the commander, as kind and generous as he was brave, not wishing, after so many honourable fields, to have an officer of the regiment tried for such an offence, forgave the unhappy culprit. O. L. afterwards fell at Waterloo, and was the only regular gentleman of the press I ever knew in the army.

According to an old Italian proverb, the Genoese are the proudest, the Venetians the most magnificent, and the Bolognese the most treacherous people of Italy. What truth there may be in the first part of the saying, I know not; but certain it is, that the Bolognese are to this day the greatest rogues in the Peninsula.

There are still some good pictures at Bologna: they are described in every guide-book and book of travels that you like to take up. The *private catalogues* of some of the private collections, in which the prices are marked in *guineas* opposite the pictures, furnish amusing illustrations of the folly of our countrymen. The sums often asked for absolute daubs, not worth the canvass on which they are painted, show what a reputation for ignorance the English have acquired in the foreign *virtù* market. Horse dealers and picture dealers are the only persons who now state the price of their wares in guineas. Both classes are alike distinguished for roguery; but there is this great difference between them, that horse dealers are mostly good judges of horses, whereas picture dealers never know any thing about pictures. The fools often pretend to warrant pictures as originals, as if such warrants could ever be proved or disproved, or could be worth a single farthing. Julio Romana deceived even Raphael himself by passing upon him the copy of one of his, Raphael's, own pictures, for the original.

The Apennines between Bologna and Florence are dry, barren, and chalky, and prove that even mountain scenery may be totally destitute of picturesque beauty. It is, of course, difficult to give any just idea of the scenery of Italy, because so extensive a country naturally presents a great variety of landscape. Lombardy and the north-eastern provinces are generally flat, level, and unpicturesque, but pretty well cultivated. The west coast, on the other hand, from Terracina, almost to the gulf of Spezzia, including the Campagna and the Pontine Marshes, is low, barren,

and unproductive; and frequent tracts of the same kind of country appear along the Neapolitan coast, sometimes stretching to a great extent inland. Such are the infectious plains of Pæstum, and the deadly salt marshes round Tarentum. The south and southeastern parts of the Peninsula, together with its northwestern angle, are mountainous, and are joined by the ridge of the Apennines that traverse the entire of the country from one extremity to the other. These mountain districts present many bold outlines and romantic sites of towns and castles, but little of what I would call picturesque or beautiful scenery; simply because there is a want of verdure about them, there being hardly any verdure in Italy, except during a few weeks in spring, and the scenery not being of itself sufficiently grand and wild to lack that most beautiful of all nature's ornaments. The landscape, therefore, looks dry, dusty, and, strange to say, ruinous; and can neither mix nor harmonise with the clear, blue, and unclouded sky, the strong light of which gives to the whole an arid look, and the appearance of an unfinished picture, of which the outlines only are sketched, and the sky entirely omitted.

Well, after many a laugh on the part of the wise, and many a growl from the foolish, here we are at Florence. It is the height of the season, and every inn, from Schneider's to the York, is crowded with strangers, so that if you arrive in any conveyance short of your own carriage and four, preceded by a rogue of a courier, you will run a good chance of being turned right insolently away from the door; for of all the mean, filthy, cringing, and insolent rascals, the Italian innkeeper is, without exception, the greatest. And the greater the inn, the greater the rascality; for, off the high-road you sometimes find the little *alberge* host or hostess well enough. But in large towns, the inkeepers have found out our English weakness of exclusiveness, and flatter the paltry pride of our wealthy countrymen, by refusing to receive those who appear in moderate circumstances: they make no such vile distinction with foreigners. No people on earth are so speedily corrupted in this manner as the Italians. Removed from the vices of large towns, you meet with worth, honesty, and kindness in abundance; but the slightest contact with regular and avowed knavery, instantly ruins the men. They seem to have no power of resisting the contagion of evil example; the women have far more character in this respect.

Florence, the Etrurian Athens, has become a sort of English colony, though for what reason it is difficult to guess. The climate is detestable; it is Icelandic in winter, and Bengalee in summer; the air being all the time so rarified as hardly to fill a pair of rational English lungs. As to the beauty of the place, I, for one, could not discover it. The so-called palaces look exactly like jails, and the churches, from the dark and marble-built Duomo downwards, being all as poor and miserable things as you could well wish to see. But then, the monuments in the Santa Croza and the chapel of St. Lorenzo! Go and look at them, and you will then understand what nonsense tourists write and blockheads recite. The chapel of St. Lorenzo is abused even in the notes to the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*, though the writer (I forget whether it was Hobhouse or Byron who wrote the notes) was afraid to denounce the statues by Michael Angelo, which it contains. These statues are vile and disgusting, but the towering name of Buonarotti awed the critics. Of all the men buried in St. Croza, who but the "starry Galileo" can excite interest? Of Angelo Alfieri, the vain, cold, stiff egotist, I have spoken before; and though Sir Morgan O'Doherty mentions Machiavelli as something great, I should like to know in what his greatness consisted? As a poet and playwright he was only licentious; as a historian, he was ignorant and unphilosophical; and as a politician, as the author of the *Prince*, he was at the best so obscure, that the meaning and object of his work still remains an enigma with the learned. The least valued of his works is by far the best, and that is his *Essay on the Art of War*. True, it is only a feeble imitation of the feeble Vegetius; but it contains, nevertheless, a few glimmerings of light; and this is what can hardly be said of half a dozen modern military writers. Except Marshal Saxe, Berenhorst, Bülow, Lloyd, Blücher, and Clausewitz, where is the modern commander or writer who has given proofs of possessing, or of having possessed, a single clear view of tactics? Without a knowledge of this science, the very foundation of the art of war, the rest is but "leather and prunella." To lead one army against another, and to strut about in the decorations gained by the gallantry of the troops, or bestowed by the caprices of Lady Fortune, is in itself no proof of generalship. Napoleon was a great general, till tried against a small number of British troops, in a simple, stand up fight in the open field of Waterloo; but where was the trait, I say not of generalship, but of ordinary intelligence, displayed on that occasion?

The English society at Florence is, of course, better than the rabble of English assembled at Calais, Boulogne, and Brussels. I believe, indeed, that most of the English families residing at Florence are perfectly respectable; but their manners are, generally speaking, very much the reverse. They make fools of themselves in every way they can, for they have no other means of killing time, the mortal foe of our entire generation. What is the life led at Florence? The place offers no amusement in itself, when the gallery and the Pitti palace have been examined, as they well deserve to be. They certainly contain much that is very beautiful; but I hold no lady over-modest who lounges for hours together in the tribune of the Venus, or Venuses rather. After the first week the *idler* is reduced to a drive round the *Casino* in the morning, to a scandal or flirtation party in the evening, and to a visit to a very bad opera. Italian society there is none, for the Italians only go to English parties, but do not give any themselves. But if there were such society, it could have no attraction beyond the gratification of ordinary curiosity; for the Italians are, even in the higher ranks, an ignorant and illiterate people. I do not mean to say that ladies and gentlemen should talk science and philoso-

phy over their soup and bohea; on the contrary, such conversation is in general stupid or affected; but a certain degree of knowledge and mental polish are, in these days, indispensable requisites in pleasant discourse. Except, perhaps, a very few of the lower orders of Irish, no uneducated person can now talk pleasant nonsense; few, indeed, can do so at any time; foreigners hardly ever. They have most of them a fluency of tongue, indeed, but I hardly ever met with one who had the gift of conversation. This gift is a rare one, I allow; and we know that Philocrates was the only man among the witty and clever Athenians who was a match for Philip of Macedon. The conversation in ordinary society is, indeed, the very scourge of men, and talents, and genius; but blockheads rejoice at the prospect of such feasts of reason, just as the long-eared race rejoice at the sight of thistles.

To give you a couple of specimens of Italian conversation, taken at random from the higher circles:—

There was a grand ball at Torlonia's the evening before Sir R. Peel left Rome to return to England for the purpose of assuming the reins of government. All the upper world were there; and curious it was to see, even in the capital of the Cæsars, Roman princes, senators, and *magnates* of every country, paying great court to, and looking rather little before, the *plain* English commoner. It was a moral lesson presented to the sight. Whenever you are not perfectly well known, get some lady of acknowledged rank to parade you round the room: it gives you firm footing at once, and saves a deal of trouble. As I had only just arrived at Rome, I requested one of the beautiful Ladies B. to show me off to advantage. We had closely scrutinised the look and manner of the new ruler of empires; we had even settled that he affected a very little humility and condescension; we confessed, however, that he acted his part so well, and in so gentlemanlike a style, that none but ourselves, my companion and I, could possibly detect the slight tinge of pride that glimmered beneath the elegant suavity of exterior deportment. Ladies are keen physiognomists. We had discussed the premier's character, feature by feature, and had settled it that he was a very clever fellow, a conclusion at which my partner arrived the more readily, as she declared him to be a very handsome one also. "*Mais permettez*," said the Marquess de N. who had joined us, "there is a new and a surer mode of discovering character, a science which enables you to measure a man's capacity by rule and compass." We both listened, expecting to hear something new or amusing, and what was it? The science of phrenology, which one *Monsieur Gall, un philosophe allemand*, had lately discovered, and of which monsieur le marquis immediately began to give an account. "What a pleasant creature the marquis is," said Lady B., the moment he had left us; "he is always willing to oblige and give you every information in his power." "Is it the first time your ladyship has heard of phrenology?" said I. "How can you ask such a question?" was the natural reply. "Because you said it was obliging on the part of the marquis to bore us all round the room with his account of this new discovery." "The Italians," continued my companion, "know so little of these things themselves, that they think other people equally ignorant; it was, therefore, kind of him to give us the information." "Then you would have voted an Englishman, who should have lectured you on this exploded old subject, a regular bore?" "To be sure I should, and would have cut him and his lecture fast enough." "I am glad to hear it," said I, "for it shows how much more you really expect from your own countrymen than from all these foreigners, much as you praise and admire them." "Hem," said Lady B., "I wish you would employ your philosophy in getting me a good partner for the next quadrille."

An adventure exactly similar happened to me a few weeks afterwards at Naples. Lady A. had introduced me to the Duke de N. We spoke of Ischia, where I had been a few days before, and which I praised, as a matter of course. "But," said Lady A., "Colonel Bombardinio is an unbeliever, and declares that the people of Ischia are as unlike the ancient Greeks in dress as in language." The people of this island are, you must know, supposed to retain the Greek costume even to this day. "If monsieur le colonel," replied the duke, "expected to hear the language of Homer spoken at Ischia, he must of course have been disappointed,—for that is no longer spoken even in Greece itself." Then followed a long discourse, the tendency of which was to show that the ancient Greek had given way to a new language, also called Greek indeed, but differing as much from the original language as the Italian differs from the Latin. Having given us this very important information, his highness, after expressing the hope of frequently meeting me during my stay at Naples, joined some other party. "I am glad I introduced you to the duke," said Lady A.; "he is a very clever and obliging man: I am sure you will like him." "He has no very clear notions of politeness, however," was my reply. "How so?" asked Lady A. "He is one of the most polite men at Naples." "It was, surely, not over polite to suppose your ladyship and me so very ignorant as not to know the common-place things which he has been explaining to us." "Oh! but you must not be so particular with foreigners; they do not see things in the same light that we do, and have no notion of these nice distinctions." "So much the worse for them," responded we, triumphantly, "and for those that praise them."

These are only two instances; but I could add hundreds of the same sort, and have no set-off against them. In foreign society you are constantly bored, in a manner affecting to be polite, with long and formal explanations of the most impertinent trifles, or truisms, intended to impress you with a high idea of the knowledge and wisdom of the talker. Much of this stupidity is concealed by the bad English of the foreigner, or by the English listener's imperfect understanding of the foreign language in which the twaddle is uttered. This is saying nothing of the filthy and disgusting practice, so common to foreigners, of

detailing at length all their bodily infirmities and diseases: men who talk of themselves are only vain bores and idiots, but men who talk of their diseases are a great deal worse.

But though there is no Italian society at Florence, nor indeed any where else, the grand duke of Tuscany gives a number of very elegant balls and concerts, at which the English are always treated with a degree of politeness which their conduct does not always merit. Some gentlemen go in white hats, some with traveling caps and sticks; many do not even condescend to rise from the seats on which they are lounging, when the duke or duchess pass by in their progress round the rooms; while many scramble for the champagne and the good things at supper as if they had never seen such luxuries before. These persons mistake displays of rudeness for displays of independence. Ladies, also, behave oddly at times. The evening I was presented, a lady tapped the grand duke familiarly on the shoulder, in order to make him turn round and talk; while another very familiarly placed herself in a chair of state next the grand duchess, reserved for those who are particularly called upon to speak to her highness.

The English at Florence are, owing to all these causes, reduced to their own society; and the affectation of exclusiveness, the striving at distinction, and the constant attempts of the little to appear great and fine upon this remote little stage, are ridiculous in the extreme. The conduct of the gentlemen, foreign and British, is, however, worse than ridiculous; and I am not certain that any one who has resided long in these continental resorts should ever be again received in good society. The character of no lady is respected among them; and it is revolting to hear the infamous manner in which a parcel of despicable foreigners speak of the English ladies residing abroad. The character of a very beautiful and accomplished Irish girl, chaste and cold as polar ice, was all but ruined by the slanderous tongue of a foreign nobleman, the greatest goose, without exception, that ever escaped the honour of enriching a Perigord pie. His escape from this, his natural destiny, proves how abundant must be the race of twaddlers in the particular province to which he owes his name; but at Florence he is courted for his title.

I could fill volumes with accounts of English misdoings and undoings at Florence; but have at present only time to give a couple of characteristic sketches of Anglo-Italian conduct and manners.

A lady of some property, so far advanced in years as to be safe against the attacks of ordinary scandal and gallantry, was induced by her friends to settle at Florence, where she had relations living, in order to get over some family differences that for a time rendered her stay in England unpleasant. On her arrival in the Etrurian capital, a young Italian nobleman was introduced to her, who offered his assistance in setting up her establishment. The offer being accepted, the marquis was all attention, and certainly proved himself very useful; but it so happened that he always, by some chance or other, called exactly at dinner-time. At first our good countrywoman invited him to stay; but, getting tired of his regular attendance, she left off inviting him, and he then invited himself; and when, at last, desired to make himself scarce, he flatly refused, declaring that dinners, and all such trifles, were perquisites of the *amico*,—a character in which he considered himself regularly established, not merely by public voice, but, he hoped, also by the lady's good-will and affection. The idea that such a thing should ever have been thought possible, frightened the good old lady into a fit of sickness, from which she only recovered in order to take flight, fearing to tell, even her friends, of the cause of her departure. On settling her accounts, it appeared that monsieur the marquis had not only dined in the servants' hall every day when she herself happened to be out, but that he had breakfasted there regularly—the servants having all been of his own providing. He also received a certain commission from all the trades-people. Well, this man is now one of the leading dandies in Florence; and was courted, even in the first circles in London, when he came over, as the world said, in search of an English heiress.

Another English lady of a certain age, possessing a fortune of two or three hundred a year, came out to visit relations in Florence. *Pour passer le temps*, she joined the younger branches of the family in taking Italian lessons from a gallant who taught both love and languages; indeed, he taught the former branch of useful knowledge so well, that he persuaded the lady in question to elope with him from the house of her relatives. Italians are gay deceivers; but they deceive for money, and not for love; he therefore married the lady in order to get possession of her fortune, and then left her immediately. She hardly ever saw him afterwards, nor would he contribute one farthing to her support; on the contrary, she was grossly insulted by his family for withholding from them, as they said, her large fortune, in order that she might bestow it on her English relations. Charity enabled her to return to England, where she now gains her bread by teaching the language, the learning of which caused her ruin.

A trait of the manners of the English towards each other, and I have done.

A lady of respectable, but not of noble family, gave a party while I was at Florence, that was very much run upon, as the saying is, in consequence of some show that was to take place in front of the house. Well, the courteous hostess was standing near the door, receiving her numerous guests; a little further up the room stood a peeress, looking cold and haughtily around; when the Hon. Mrs. H., a lady moving avowedly in the first circles of fashion, entered the room. Do you think that she honoured the hostess with the slightest notice? Not she, indeed; but, walking straight up to the peeress, entered into conversation with her; and, having adjusted her curls, she turned round, and gave a half curtsey to the poor lady of the house, who could hardly refrain from tears of wounded pride. Downright anger made the very blood rush to my face; and Mrs. H. perceiving me, and knowing at once what my sentiments were—for in such matters these

women have the penetration of the *diavolo* himself—came up, and shook hands with me, and asked what I was doing at Florence. "Shooting folly," was my reply; "and, as a bad shot, I go where the game is the greatest, and in the greatest abundance, and therefore am I here." "You are angry with me," she said; and one of the queens of fashion actually began a lame justification about the "sort of people we are forced to meet with here." "Put in a plea of privilege at once," said we; "like the king, *you* can do no wrong, and well for you that it is so." In return for this expensive party, Mrs. H. sent a card to her hostess, and next day honoured her with a nod in the Casino, and there ended the acquaintance.

The Misses D., ladies of some rank in fashionable society, did even worse. When the much-coveted party here spoken of was in preparation, these ladies called at the house every day till they got their invitation, and then came accordingly in full force; but never afterwards deigned to acknowledge the lady who gave the entertainment,—having, all at once, narrowed the circle of their acquaintance to the members of the aristocracy.

Some of our country women have adopted the fashion, now becoming obsolete among the Italian ladies, of having an *amico* regularly attached to their establishment; others have only the reputation of the thing. A miserable adventurer, who, from his manners and appearance, seemed a *parvenu* lackey, and who called himself the Count de St. ——, the natural son of Napoleon, pretended to have been courted by half the English women in Florence: some, I believe, wished to engage him as a courier.

The gentlemen, for want of better occupation, fill up their time with gambling and duelling, together with a little low gallantry—sometimes, indeed, of a very unworthy kind. A young nobleman, Lord ——, for instance, carried his travelling flirtations to the length of getting engaged to every pretty girl he saw during his tour. As soon as he tired of the lady's face and company, he received a letter from England, saying that his noble father disapproved of the match, and commanded him to continue his journey forthwith. Wounded pride or crushed affection occasioned, during my stay at Rome, a severe fit of illness to a beautiful, accomplished, and almost peerless girl, to whom the worthless boy had behaved in this manner.

The Italians call every house that has a *porte cochère*, leading into a yard in which a carriage can turn round, a palace. Owing to the charm of the name, our country people are not a little proud of living in such buildings, though they are, in fact nothing more than what we would call in Scotland a succession of lands, or collection of lodgings, in which twenty or thirty families all reside together; some occupying garret hovels, and other splendid suites of ill but showily furnished apartments. The very idea of being so closely jumbled together with a number of persons, of all ranks and occupations, is unpleasant, while the uncleanliness of the entire *palazzo* is extreme. The chances are that you must pick your way, on tiptoe, through the fine portico. The steps of the marble stairs which you have to ascend, are half broken away and choked up with dirt; the walls are covered with fresco paintings, that, in any country but the land of the arts, would be deemed frightful and tawdry daubs; while in the entrance-hall you find collected all the uncleaned lumber of the week, from boots to candlesticks. The Marquis de S., Lady Strachan's husband, lets pretty cheap lodgings in his palace at Naples; but they are not very good.

Of Italian servants, it is sufficient to say that they are almost universally dishonest, lazy, slovenly, and insolent. If one hand is occupied, the other is sure to be thrust into the breeches pocket; while the filthy cap is never taken from the head. As Italian ladies are mostly waited upon by men, there are comparatively few female domestics. And well it is; for though far superior to the men in honesty and respectability, they are, without exception, the most squalid and uncleanly objects you can possibly behold. The ungraceful and indecent attitude of keeping the hands in the breeches' pockets, though too common in France and Germany, is universal in Italy; it is there the attitude *par excellence*. The dandy makes love and talks *virtù*, *les mains à la poche*. The shopkeeper drives his bargain, the vetturino makes his agreement, the servants receive their orders, and too often execute them also, hand in pocket. Whether this arises from the affection which they all bear towards the cash, or from their vaunted notions of beauty and elegance, I shall not take upon me to decide.

The Italians have neither taste for, nor knowledge of, the arts, say what you will; for a people who neither know nor value the beauty of cleanliness, the foundation of all beauty, cannot surely appreciate beauty in art. That they were the first who made any progress in the arts, proves nothing. The splendid monuments among which they lived, could not fail to give them great advantages over other nations, as those who live nearest the sun are first warmed by its beams. But what have the Italians done for the last three centuries? Nothing; absolutely nothing. They ascribe this tardiness in the career of fame to the despotic nature of their governments; but this is an idle pretence, fit only to impose upon liberal ignorance; for despotic governments rather help than retard the progress of the arts. Besides, the Italians are as free as were the other continental states before the downfall of Napoleon. In point of freedom, no continental nation can have twenty years the start of Italy; but many of those nations are centuries before her in knowledge, learning, and civilisation. The cause of Italian degradation must be sought for in the people, and not in the governments, bad as they may be. The people are altogether without character and energy; and as destitute of high feeling as of noble aspirations. Fame and honour have no value in their eyes. Their only striving is after money, which may enable them to indulge in sloth and sensuality.

The "Young Italy" of the Liberals is a mere delusion, resulting from the excited imagination of party politicians. The Italian governments are, no doubt, very weak—so weak, indeed, that

they could hardly stand without the aid of Austria. But were they each and all swept from the Peninsula to-morrow, Italy could not furnish the materials for the construction of better governments: the elements necessary to the formation of free and liberal institutions are totally wanting in the country. And the experience of the last forty years has amply shown that these elements are not to be called forth at the mere voice of mob orators or mountebank legislators. They are the noblest gifts that Nature can bestow upon a people, and are exclusively reserved for nations of high and lofty character. Wherever the tree of liberty has grown and flourished, it has been exposed to the storms of contending factions. It must be deeply rooted, therefore, in a strong and generous soil, in order to withstand the fury of the tempests to which, from its very nature, it must be exposed.

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THE CONFESSIONS OF WM. SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER IV.

Shakspeare's consciousness of genius, and of the worth of posthumous fame.

The man of genius who becomes an actor sacrifices the future to the present. His share of the after gains of immortality is willingly surrendered for a larger share of the fame that is mortal; his claims upon the interest and applause of posterity are forfeited to the intense delight of feeling that, during life, his being has more completely projected itself into the very being of those with whom, or among whom, he lives. The goal he aims at is within sight; the persons he desires to please or to instruct are ranged on either side; and the applause he seeks is their living shout, and not the echo "that doth applaud again." With him the glad success attends the high endeavour, and enjoyment supersedes hope. His payments are prompt—his claims instantly attended to. He is out of the reach of the satire of Voltaire, against the poet who had addressed an Epistle to Posterity. His letters are addressed to his cotemporaries, and are delivered according to their direction.

And when I use the words "his payments are prompt," it will be understood that I confine them strictly to the sense metaphorical. The actor is in the position I have described, whether successful in a pecuniary way or not. The most substantial part of his enjoyment is independent of the amount of his salary. It is more than doubtful, indeed, whether Mr. Hazlitt's supposition is not the correct one, that if the most admired actor on the London stage could be brought to confession on this point, "he would acknowledge that all the applause he had received from 'brilliant and overflowing audiences' was nothing to the light-headed intoxication of unlooked for success in a barn. In town, actors are criticised; in country places, they are wondered at or hooted at." But, to the latter, it is truly to be added that 'tis of little consequence which, so that the interval is not too long between. Contrast is the secret of the intensest enjoyments. "Hurried from fierce extremes, by contrast made more fierce," it is rags and a flock-bed which give their splendour to a plume of feathers and a throne. It is obvious besides, on other grounds, that the playhouse must be equally a school of humanity to the spectator, and a scene of present glory to the actor, whether in a palace or a common outhouse. Still the mirror is held up to nature, and the actor has his reward. *Nihil humani a me alienum puto*—nothing can be indifferent to him that affects any portion of humanity. Still smiles or tears are spread from face to face, and hearts beat high in unison, and applauses rush forth—and the shout of living fame is in his ear!

But is this a reasonable substitute for what is called alove of fame? Fame, we shall be told, is—

> "No plant that grows in mortal soil,
> Nor in the glistering foil
> Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies,
> But lives, and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
> And perfect witness of all-judging Jove—"

—as that great poet has described it, whose works are a perpetual invocation before its altar. Shall we commit such injustice as to confound, by any analogy, the immediate and personal with the ideal and abstracted? Fame, so considered, can never be the recompense of the living, but reserves itself for the dead. It is the soul of a man of genius surviving himself in the minds and thoughts of other men—unperishing and imperishable. It is the sound, which the stream of high thoughts carried down to future ages makes as it flows, "deep, distant, murmuring ever more, like the waters of the mighty ocean."—This I may admit, in the highest sense of that word, yet attempt to show, by his confessions, that in the case of Shakspeare the two feelings became strangely mingled, and acted and reacted on each other.

Let us come to the question, then, whether Shakspeare, in the consciousness of his wonderful genius, built at all upon the hope of an immortal fame?

The question has been asked before, and very variously answered, and none have thought of appealing to the poet himself, except to those parts of his writings where his identity is sought in vain. It has been said, indeed, that there is not the slightest trace of any such feeling, in all his writings—that no appearance is betrayed of anxiety for their fate, or of a desire to perfect them, or make them worthy of that immortality to which they were destined. And this indifference is accounted for from the very circumstance that Shakspeare was almost entirely a man of genius, or that in him this faculty bore sway over every other; that he was either not intimately conversant with the productions of the great writers who had gone before him, or at least was not indebted to them; that he reveled exclusively in the world of observation and of fancy; and that perhaps his mind was of too prolific and active a kind to dwell with intense and continued interest on the images of beauty or of grandeur presented to it by the genius of others. For, according to the eminent writer who has argued thus, "the love of fame is a species of emulation; or, in other words, the love of admiration is in propor-

tion to the admiration with which the works of the highest genius have inspired us, to the delight we have received from their habitual contemplation, and to our participation in the general enthusiasm with which they have been regarded by mankind." This may be, in part, very true, and yet lead to a false deduction. For we think that a writer may have all the intense consciousness of his own genius, and the love of fame as of its natural inheritance necessarily joined to it, without its being also necessary that the immortality previously won by others should be ever present to his mind, as it were the reward, the object, and the animating spring of his efforts. The "love of emulation" in a poet may be awakened, as I believe, not by the direct and gross admiration of, and desire of the homage won by, others; but it may in itself be the indirect and most pure homage which he pays to, and with which he would emulate, those external forms of truth and everlasting beauty, which he feels reflected in his own mind. The Greek poets illustrate this. In them this feeling of fame is intense. I may be contradicted here by the question, is there not the least possible expression of the desire of posthumous fame in their writings? True, but there is, on the other hand, the strongest feeling that they had within themselves the power of conferring fame on others; and this includes the consciousness, and the love, of their own fame, existing before they had it in their power to measure the long trail of glory they were destined to leave behind them, by any straining through the gloom of the ignorance and barbarism that had gone before. I could instance, indeed, some passages from the very earliest writings of Greece, in which the love of fame is expressed with a more immediate and personal reference, but yet most touchingly apart from any vanity of desire. What can possibly be more simple and deeply affecting than the noble and beautiful lines which Thucydides quotes in the third book of his history, in illustration of the usages of Delos? They are immediately opposed to Mr. Hazlitt's inference, that the love of fame must necessarily be associated with the knowledge of its existence; nor yet do they contradict the more ideal and abstracted definition of the sources of the passion, which I have preferred to attribute, as a more general rule, to the great Greek authors. They appear to me to occupy precisely that middle ground between the personal and present, the ideal and future, which will assist us in determining the question with reference to Shakspeare. They moderate the sublimity of fame by conceiving it possible during life; they humanise it, by associating with it emotions of thankfulness and gratitude; they test it, in a word, by a principle of sympathy with the feelings of others, which, personal as it is, is yet capable of the sublimest exaltation. They occur in the Homeric hymn to Apollo:—

ἀλλ' ἄγιθ', ἱλήκοι μὲν Ἀπόλλων Ἀρτέμιδι ξὺν,
χαίρετε δ' ὑμεῖς πᾶσαι. ἐμεῖο δὲ καὶ μετόπισθε
μνήσασθ', ὁππότε κέν τις ἐπιχθονίων ἀνθρώπων
ἐνθάδ' ἀνείρηται ταλαπείριος ἄλλος ἐπελθών

" ὦ κοῦραι, τίς δ' ὕμμιν ἀνὴρ ἥδιστος ἀοιδῶν
" ἐνθάδε πωλεῖται, καὶ τίῳ τέρπισθε μάλιστα;"
ὑμεῖς δ' εὖ μάλα πᾶσαι ὑποκρίνασθ' εὐφήμως
" τυφλὸς ἀνὴρ, οἰκεῖ δὲ Χίῳ ἔνι παιπαλοέσσῃ,
τοῦ πᾶσαι μετόπισθεν ἀριστεύουσιν ἀοιδαί."

The charm of these lines* is extreme; and if the unwelcome researches of the commentators since the Greek historian are indeed to be received, we should be glad that they could carry them further, and produce more productions of this Cynæthus of Chios, who writes with such truly Homeric simplicity. It was reserved for the Romans to common-place the love of fame, by indulging it purely in the vainest sense of their own existence, and with the commonest emulation of the glory of the Greeks. Here, indeed, as in every other thing, though they polished their own language and pitched their instruments with admirable skill, they could only poorly imitate the spirit of the more illustrious nation. It is with eloquent and characteristic truth that Mr. Walter Savage Landor accuses them of having always glared over their thin and flimsy gaberdines with "bright feathers from the widespread downs of Ionia and the richly cultivated rocks of Attica." I may quit this part of the subject with a passage I have had called to my recollection from Hesiod, who, in lamenting its hard achievement and uncertain continuance,—

Φημη γαρ τε κακη πελεται· κουφη μεν αειραι
Ῥεῖα μαλ', αργαλεη δε φερειν,

recognises emphatically the existence of a desire for fame.

It is clear, then, that the reasons which have been advanced in explanation of Shakspeare's having entertained no such feeling in his writings, fail in this analogy. It would have been better to have found out exactly the sentiments he entertained on the point, than to have speculated with endless ingenuity. Shakspeare confesses them distinctly more than once in the course of his sonnets. His feelings are extremely curious and interesting, and can be only perhaps justly appreciated by keeping in view what I have said respecting the tendencies of the personal triumphs of actors, and the exalted and ideal character of a true poet's worship of fame. But I reserve any further remark until I shall have placed the reader in distinct possession of the passages alluded to.

Nothing can exceed the impressiveness with which he conveys at all times a consciousness of his own genius. On this score he has neither doubt nor fear. In one of those delicious effusions to his young friend which are to be found in the sonnets (I have already remarked upon them,) and which in their exquisite sensibility and touching abandonment of manner always remind me of Catullus, (as indeed they bear a still more striking likeness to much of the poetry of that beautiful writer in the reception they have hitherto received, in the unaccountable construction—unaccountable both in feeling and scholarship, which scholars have put upon them;) he asks:

* We have supplied the last from the hymn itself; Thucydides does not quote it.

"Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date."

And at the close exclaims with proud but unselfish consciousness—

"But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When *in eternal lines* to time thou growest;
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee!"

So in the following sonnet. Again, with no idle vanity, but in the confidence of surpassing genius—

"Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme."

The same feeling is expressed in the sixtieth, the sixty-third, the sixty-fifth, and other sonnets. In none of these, however, is the slightest personal association mingled with the consciousness of genius. When he suffers the idea of himself to intrude, it is by subduing within the range of a more touching unselfishness the feeling of the Homeric hymn I have quoted, where the poor blind poet desires to be remembered by the virgins of Delos—

"When that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay."

This is merely the satisfaction of a private emotion. And so where he writes what he calls some "poor rude lines," simply that "though they be outstripped by every pen," they should still be reserved "for my love, not for their rhyme." It is expressed variously, but always with the same submissive feeling.

In the eighty-first sonnet he explicitly excepts the world from any share in these hopes of his sympathy and tenderness. Here is the detailed expression of his sentiments on the subject of public fame. It is in this sonnet he has unburdened himself so clearly on that subject, that his words cannot be misunderstood. I shall lay them before the reader entire.

"Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten:
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten,
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die.
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er read;
And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen)
Where breath most breathes—even in the mouths of [men."

That is—for so I believe this sonnet will be universally read—Shakspeare, intensely conscious of his genius, conscious with the first Greek writers of the power he had of conferring immortality on others, was ignorant or careless of the personal glory it would associate with his own name. Secure of the eternal life of his writings, he was content that

"His name be buried where his body is."

He worshipped the love of fame, as a writer, with the purest possible worship,—such as I have already described the homage paid to the ideal and abstracted life of thoughts which once born can never die, but must run down in a never-ending course to distant ages. As a man, it may be, he was content with fame, as the actor seeks it, in the present triumph of one glorious hour. He may have felt that it was a dangerous thing to trust to posterity the payment of such a huge debt of fame as would be due on his wonderful writings. He preferred to cancel the debt as a personal matter in favour of the great spirit of humanity of which these writings seemed the pure emanation. His personal pretensions were really nothing, in the vastness and splendour of the works his imagination had given to the world. Not that he valued fame little, or loved it less. There is no blessing we have deserved, and yet failed to set a just value on. But, as I have argued, he loved it, in reference to his writings, in its purest and most abstracted shape. Through his life he had been doomed to feel that it was the very glory of his genius, its wonderful universality, which prevented his own entire appreciation among his cotemporaries. When Falstaff followed Lear, and Hamlet succeeded Falstaff, no one seems to have thought of *him*. They thought of nature, not of one of nature's children, "a man of our infirmity." This was a lesson for himself, and he thought it wiser therefore to fling his love of personal fame during life into the immediate applauses of the actor's hour, and to leave the fame of his works to be an enduring "monument without a tomb,"—associate with no sense of mortality.

And this *was* wisdom. The world has taken care that he lost nothing by such noble carelessness and proud modesty. Let us turn for an instant to a picture of a different description drawn by the hand of a first-rate master. "Fancy," says Doctor Johnson, in one of the very finest specimens of his style—"fancy can hardly forbear to conjecture with what temper Milton surveyed the silent progress of his work, *and marked its reputation stealing its way in a kind of subterraneous current through fear and silence.* I cannot but conceive him calm and confident, little disappointed, not at all dejected, relying on his own merit with steady consciousness, and waiting without impatience the vicissitudes of opinion, and the impartiality of a future generation." The result in both cases has been sanctioned by an admiring, a wondering, and most grateful posterity.

And the course in each case was wisely ordered and tempered. For a patient reliance on posterity was necessary to the sustainment of Milton's works, encompassed as they were with danger and present darkness; necessary, too, to the sustainment of himself, devoted to the work of imagination as to the work of duty—a poet, a patriot, and a prophet—who had chosen in this world

"labour and intense study" as his portion of life, in the ardent hope that with their assistance, and "by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and send out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases," he might "perhaps leave something so written to after times, as they should not willingly let die." This was the religious zeal of the poetical faith of Milton; this made a far posterity the present listeners to his work; and brought to his ear, from a yet remoter time, the applauses of his own "Perfect Commonwealth." (Is that anticipation to be fulfilled with the rest?

"Aspice convexo nutantem pondere mundum,
Terrasque, tractusque maris, cœlumque profundum
Aspice, venturo lætentur ut omnia sæclo!"

But be that as it may, the hope was not denied to Milton.) His lot seemed cast like that of the old sages and poets of Greece and Rome, and he sought the glory of personal association with them—with

"Blind Thamyris, and blind Mæonides,
And Tiresius, and Phineus, prophets old."

Shakspeare was, in all respects, the reverse of this. He was a player and a writer of plays. His desire of fame as a man (for without this, in some shape, it would be perhaps impossible to exist,) was satisfied by the nature of his profession, by the triumphs which acting showers down upon the greatest actors and does not altogether withhold from the worst,—while, his personal hopes of after fame having merged into the more exalted sense of the unconfinable universality of his genius, he carelessly left his works to the mercies of his friends the players, to the criticisms of Voltaire, and Rymer, and Chateaubriand, or to any other of the accidents that might be waiting for them in their sure voyage down the stream of everlasting time. He did not care to voyage with them. If it is probable that the bad jokes in his plays were the passages most applauded by Queen Elizabeth and her maids of honour, this easy and personally indifferent conclusion he had come to must have saved him many a heartache. In a word, the character of his life and habits—in all respects the reverse of those of Milton—were precisely of that description which forbade him to care to embody his personal identity in a reputation after death, of which he saw so much reason to be little tenacious while living—beyond the glory of an hour. And has he not in this bequeathed, in addition to his works, the great lesson to his fellow men—that they who desire to stand greatest in the eyes of others, must learn first "to be nothing in their own?"

Intensely conscious of his genius, he pays to it only the purest homage. He scorns to console himself for the sneers or insults of fools while living, by fancying he might be the idol of wiser men to come; and he is the more sensible of the power those men *would* worship, in proportion as he is careless whether they worship *him*. This, after all, I take to be the truest realisation of fame, rejecting personal desire. In that, it rejects also every sort of applause which may still, even in remote time, be mingled with it, and accepts only the flattery which is identified with the source of genius itself—with truth and nature. Shakspeare never thought he would be the better for the breakfasts, dinners, and suppers, that have been eaten in his personal commemoration since his death, and he is not the better for them. Shakspeare clubs and Shakspeare jubilees have, I verily believe, diminished the number of Shakspeare's readers. All they do is to save people the trouble of thinking precisely why and how they should admire him. They substitute literary coxcombry for a true appreciation of letters. They vulgarise genius by reducing it to the level of the stomach, and can only propose to ascend the highest heaven of a wonderful imagination by help of eating and drinking, by legs of mutton, and dainty viands. The only thing they would really care to know about Shakspeare personally, I believe to be simply whether he ever stole a buck from Sir Thomas Lucy—because that is a circumstance which falls in amazingly with their peculiar notions. But why should I do more on this subject than give Foote's inimitable description of a Shakspeare jubilee? I quote it from one of his farces—"A jubilee, as it hath lately appeared, (Foote is referring to that of 1769, but these things are all of the same sort,) is a public invitation, circulated and urged by puffing, to go post without horses, to an obscure borough without representatives, governed by a mayor and aldermen who are no magistrates, to celebrate a great poet whose own works have made him immortal—by an ode without poetry, music without melody, dinners without victuals, and lodging without beds—a masquerade where half the people are without masks, a horse race knee deep in water—fireworks that stubbornly refuse to emit a spark—and a gingerbread amphitheatre that tumbles to pieces, like a house of cards, as soon as it is finished." Such are the personal rewards with which we moderns acknowledge the glory of fame, and so we apotheosise Shakspeare!

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CHAPTER V.

The melancholy, discontent, and self-accusings of Shakspeare.

When Dante, in his sublime Purgatorio, discovered an exact portrait of his own sufferings by exhibiting, with a terrible and designed obscurity, the misery of a man who, stripping his visage of all shame, and trembling in his very vitals, places himself in the public way and stretches out his hand for charity,—he bequeathed an awful lesson to humanity. When, in the Paradiso, he meets the shade of his ancestor, and is told that he shall prove how salt is the taste of the bread of others, and how hard the road is going up and down the stairs of others,—he predicted the lot of hundreds of men of genius that were to succeed him, and behold in that shape of mighty want only a terrible shadowing forth of their own. It is out of such sufferings indeed that the "medicinal gums" of poetry have been most frequently distilled. The muse gives what men deny. If she is the bane, she has the antidote—if she exaggerates the actual chances of poverty, she can annihilate at least its ideal evils. A great poet has said that men are cradled into poetry by wrong, and it is

certain that, as Francis Beaumont sings, no more

> " Than the man
> That travels through the burning deserts, can,
> When he is beaten with the raging sun,
> Half smothered in the dust, have power to run
> From a cool river, which he himself doth find,
> Ere he be slaked—"

can the true poet, who is afflicted by poverty or wrong, withhold himself from venting his emotions in the highest strains of poetry. Thus are the noxious particles of evil in such hard destinies completely carried off from the world, and the forked shafts of misery played with unhurt!

Shakspeare was not exempted from this ordinary fate of poets. His struggles with poverty, so far as they are actually known to us, I have already traced in these papers. To these I may add some illustrative passages from his own confessions. In one sonnet he exhibits to his friend the picture of his life, in hours of labour "hastening to their end—"

> " Each changing place with that which goes before
> In *sequent toil* all forwards do contend."

and on another occasion he affectingly complains of being "debarr'd the benefit of rest," for that

> " Day's oppression is not eased by night
> But day by night and night by day oppress'd;
> And each, though enemies to either's reign,
> Do in consent shake hands to torture *me*,
> The one by toil, the other to complain
> How far I toil, still farther off from thee."

Struggle as he may, he cannot throw off the heavy weight of this,—

> "—Day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
> And night doth nightly make grief's strength seem stronger!"

But yet it is not poverty and the necessities of toil that enter into the soul of the poet, so much as what he sees outside, and beyond, that "working-day world" that is immediately around him. Observe the following sonnet. It is a proof to me that there is, perhaps, more of Shakspeare's personal feeling disguised in "Hamlet" than in all the rest of his plays together:—

> "TIRED WITH ALL THESE, FOR RESTFUL DEATH I CRY,—
> As, to behold desert a beggar born,
> And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
> And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
> And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
> And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
> And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
> And strength by limping sway disabled,
> And art made tongue-tied by authority,
> And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,
> And simple truth, miscall'd simplicity,
> And captive Good attending captain Ill;—
> TIRED WITH ALL THESE, FROM THESE WOULD I BE GONE!"

But fate denies him this; and he acquiesces in her award as cheerfully as he may. There is a peculiar charm to me in the view of Shakspeare's character which these private memorials unfold. We never find that his personal regrets withhold him from his public duties. These he still performs. The offices of life are, to the conscientious man, more than life, and these the poet neglects not. If the world is bad, it is only by active exertion we can make it better. "What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brow!" It is only in the solitude of his spirit, in the private recesses of his home and friendship, that his spirit falls back upon itself, and we discover the immortal poet pouring forth his mortal sorrows. He never confounded his KNOWLEDGE with his immediate feelings and thoughts, and his griefs he kept for private circulation. It was a better mode than the poet Ovid's, who was not content with being querulous in his banishment, but must make his readers so, by giving them volumes of *Tristia*.

Augustus Schlegel has said that he thinks Shakspeare considered the situation of a player as a degradation at first only, "because he was seduced by the example of his comrades to participate in their wild and irregular manner of life. It is extremely probable," proceeds that great critic, "that, by the poetical fame which he acquired in the progress of his career, he was the principal means of ennobling the stage, and bringing the situation of a player into better repute." This is an ingenious suggestion, but in the remarks which have already fallen from me in the course of these papers it has been sufficiently answered. Schlegel, in support of his opinion, quotes one sonnet which bears quite a different reference, and does not quote that one which characterises the intrinsically humiliating tendency of acting, apart from any ill deservings of its professors. Although I have treated of this subject in a former paper, this chapter of the confessions would be incomplete without the quotation of a portion of these sonnets I have not hitherto given. The following is that affecting passage, which I take to have been written before he had thrown off any of his great works, (it was published in Jaggard's first surreptitious collection, and must have been written early,) and when, suddenly, he seems to have been startled with the thought, that, as a mere task-worker, he might cease to think his own thoughts, become subdued to the thoughts of others by daily working in them, and be at last unable to give forth those wonderful creations, with the throes of which his breast was heaving then:—

> "Oh, for my sake do you with Fortune chide
> The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
> That did not better for my life provide
> *Than public means which public manners breeds*;
> Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
> And *almost thence my nature is subdued*
> *To what it works in, like the dyer's hand!*
> Pity me, then, and wish I were renew'd."

In this, addressed, as all the sonnets of this description are, to his young friend, there is an evident allusion to the laxity of habits and manners which his profession had suffered him to indulge. The following is not quoted by Schlegel, but it is a curious and emphatic testimony, as I have before taken occasion to remark, that, whatever may have been his success as an actor with the audience in impressing them with the cunning of the scene, he most assuredly went for his acting to the only true source—his own heart. Well might he say that "he sold cheap what is most dear," since he "coined his heart for drachmas." His "own thoughts he gored" that he might express the thoughts of others,—his own affections.

newly reaped, he turned into a harvest of profit—for all but for himself!

"Alas! 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view;
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new!
Most true it is that I have looked on truth
Askaunce and strangely."

It is not my purpose to occupy the reader further with a question I have already discussed, but I may be permitted to subjoin an extract in illustration of the manners of the audiences of those days at a new play, (they have not greatly altered since,) which were certainly not of a nature to subdue, at a later period of his life when he acted in plays he had written, this tendency of dislike to a profession which, in the jealous self-watchfulness of his fine character, Shakspeare had feared, from the first, might hurt his mind. Fancy the poet playing in one of his own tragedies, to such an audience as is described in the following extract! "But the sport is at a new play to observe the sway and variety of opinion that passeth it. A man shall have such a confused mixture of judgment poured out in the throng there, as ridiculous as laughter itself. One says he likes not the writing, another likes not the plot, another not the playing; and sometimes a fellow that comes not there past once in five years, at a parliament time or so, will be as deep mired in censuring as the best, and swear by *God's* foot he would never stir *his* foot to see a hundred such as that is!" Such is criticism still, and so

"For eighteen-pence *we* sit
The lord and judge of all fresh wit!"

With his profession, then, notwithstanding its momentary triumphs, it is clear that Shakspeare was at heart discontented. I have before shown, that as soon as the opportunity came within his reach, by accession to considerable shares in the theatre, he removed his name from the list of the company. His affection for his brother actors continued nevertheless, and his last will showed he had not forgotten them. He never vented his discontent on others. The very source of his weary sadness was the strength of his charity. The genius which made him feel more intensely, and suffer more strongly than other men, gave him more noble means of complaint and of endurance.

And truly they were tested to the uttermost. In one of his sonnets he speaks of the impression which "vulgar scandal" had stamped upon his brow. His "friends" had not been so considerate as he. With what measure he meted, it was not meted to him again. The ill-fated passion which I have in former papers described, and the irregularities into which it betrayed him, would seem to have been turned, by every engine of gossip and slander, into the means of charging him with gross imputations of vice. Stung to the quick by these reports, he breaks forth at last into the following. A nobler lesson of rebuke to the mean baseness of slander was never written:—

"'Tis better to be vile, than vile esteem'd,
When not to be receives reproach of being;
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd
Not by our feeling, but by other's seeing.
For why should others' false adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
No—I am that I am; and they that level
At my abuses, reckon up their own:
I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown."

And not the less conscious of his weakness was the divine poet, though the world's exaggerated slanders wrung from him this self-vindication. The contrast in his manner of turning from these scandals of the multitude, to repose, as it were, in the very strength of weakness, upon the bosom of his friend, bears with it a most affecting instructiveness. "When thou shalt be disposed," he says,

"to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight."

It is the fashion with many to confess their failings with an ostentatious air, as if they were as good as other people's virtues. Contrast this with the modesty of Shakspeare!

In a subsequent sonnet to his friend, he expresses with peculiar tenderness a feeling of deep melancholy, which it is easy to see has had its origin in some injustice on the part of the world:—

"No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
When you shall hear the surly, sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this *vile world*, with vilest worms to dwell!
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you wo.
Or if (I say) you look upon this verse,
When I, perhaps, compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay,—
Lest the *wise world* should look into your moan,
And *mock you with me* after I am gone."

In another he says,—

"Let those *who are in favour with their stars*,
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars," &c.

And the feeling has a still more striking illustration (many could be adduced besides) in the ninetieth sonnet:—

"Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now,—
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the *spite of fortune*, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after loss;—
Ah! do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd wo;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purposed overthrow!
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come; so shall I taste
At first the very worst of Fortune's might;
And other strains of wo, which now seem wo,
Compared with loss of thee, will not seem so."

It is impossible now to trace to their origin these complaints of wrong, but that serious cause existed for them there can be little doubt. But

observe how little they influenced his greater writings, unless to temper them with more benignant charity! It is a delightful matter of contemplation. He—the "so potent master," the absolute governor of laughter and of tears, the creator of passion and of thought, who strung the very chords of the human heart upon his lyre—is here exhibited wrestling like an ordinary man with the mean wrongs and petty accidents of the world, and yet leaving, in the record of those human sufferings, a lesson not less glorious or instructive than in the most godlike of his intellectual triumphs. He does not attempt to bear away opposition or injury, however unjust, by self-sufficiency or intolerance. He has obviously his wisdom still, his strength, his power over others and himself. Baffled by the unkindness of his fellowmen, he will not use his genius to baffle the hopes of others. Feeling the wrongs of the world, he feels the allowances that may be made for them. "Beautiful usages are remaining still; ardent hopes, radiant aspirations!" When Dante was injured by his fellow-citizens, he worked terrible vengeance on them in one of the sublimest of poems,—for the memory of his injuries pursued him even into the immensity of eternal light, and his unforgiving spirit, in the company of saints and angels, "darkened at the name of Florence."

Shakspeare, suffering from the sense of wrong, (not perhaps so deeply, but in these cases the effect is ever in a great degree independent of the *amount* of grievance,) simply utters to his friend an involuntary sonnet of complaint, which is felt as we read it, not as a declaration published to the world, but as a secret whispered to a chosen ear; and after heaving this sigh, as it were, from the fulness of his heart, proceeds to lay upon himself cheerfully the duties of life; to dream no more of the excesses of sorrow; but to teach us in immortal comedies and tragedies, that if every good quality and every good blessing were distributed in equal portions through the world, there would be less of gratitude, less of submission, less of hope, less even of contentment; and that it is well for us that the web of our life is a mingled yarn, good and ill together; for that our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not, and our vices would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues. This is the moral teaching of Shakspeare's melancholy and discontentment. Whatever may have been his private losses and sufferings, he used them simply for the purposes of wisdom. He scorned to make the public a party to them, or to bring the *evil thing* near them. If the yoke of life presses heavily on us, we may use that very experience to make it light and supportable to others. Shakspeare kept his personal emotions to himself, and gave the world his knowledge. There is not one of his deepest tragedies from which we do not feel after reading it better disposed to be happy ourselves and kind to others. In proportion to the greatness of the evil, is our sense and desire of the opposite good excited. Even his "Timon of Athens," which we may suppose the effusion of his mind when smarting most severely from recollected baseness and ingratitude, leaves with us equally the effect of a noble satire against vice, or of an impassioned invocation of virtue. It is any thing but an argument for spleen.

Nor, be sure, did Shakspeare go unrewarded for this magnanimity of sorrow. It was his fortune, while he strove thus to alleviate the sorrows of others, to have his own lightened also. He felt his very calamity

> "Sweeten in the suffering pangs it bears;"

and after the wholesome exercise of his imagination and genius,

> "return rebuked to my content,
> And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent."

Thus, the sonnet I am now about to quote is perhaps the most beautiful and pathetic picture that was ever painted, both of the afflictions by which life is embittered, and of the affections by which life is endeared; of the weary trials to which it is exposed, and of the pure and peaceful enjoyments with which its trials may be yet subdued:—

> "When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
> I all alone beweep my outcast state,
> And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
> And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
> Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
> Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
> *Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,*
> With that I most enjoy contented least:
> *Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,*
> Haply I think on thee,—and then my state
> (Like to the lark at break of day arising
> From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate;
> For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,
> That then I scorn to change my state with kings."

What manner of man might that be whose art or scope Shakspeare needed to desire! But this is a modesty inimitable as his wonderful writings, and conveying to the heart, as I have already said, a lesson of equal truth and beauty. Perhaps of greater. For in his writings, the man, Shakspeare, soars above humanity like a god; whereas, here we meet him on the common ground of suffering and necessity, which may be far more profitable to our moral sense, if, as the poet has said so beautifully, the human heart by which we live is kept in a sound and healthy state, not so much by gazing on the everlasting stars that are above and at a distance from it, as by feeding on the humble roots that grow in the common path which we are destined to pass over, and inhaling the breath of those frail flowers of a day that spring up by its side. Such, so fragrant and so frail, are the sufferings of the man, compared with the glorious achievements of the poet! How refreshing it is even to feel that this divine poet had his actual sufferings, when, as in the sonnet we have just read, we see also that even from them his natural affections derived an impulse in which suffering, for the time, was lost. Besides, it is permitted us to trace through all these personal confessions a man of irresistible fineness and gentleness of nature; and this circumstance may add as much to the wisdom we derive from love, as the exhibition of Shakspeare's intellect in his plays adds to the wisdom we confess in admiration. For love is not due to intellect alone. In-

tellectual powers are the leaders of the world, (as Mr. Hunt remarked the other day in one of his delightful essays,) but only for the purpose of guiding them into the promised land of peace and amiableness, or of showing them encouraging pictures of it by the way. They are no more the things to live with, or repose with, apart from the qualities of the heart and temper, than the means are without the end; or than "a guide to a pleasant spot is to be taken for the spot itself, with its trees, health, and quiet."

These remarks on the melancholy of Shakspeare may be appropriately closed with the following sonnet. It must have been written in the meridian of his life, while he was about forty, and before some of his great plays were written. Yet it is not the only one in which he anticipates for himself a "confined doom." Here he would seem to have been immediately influenced by some distrust of the continuance of his intellectual strength; some dread that that which had nourished might consume him; some fear that the muse might desert him, and leave tenantless a "bare, ruin'd choir." Vain fears!—

"That time of year thou may'st in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare, ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day,
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which, by and by, black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourished by!
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long."

What inexpressibly touching images this fine sonnet conjures up before us! What a noble comparison that is, of an avenue of trees with its upper branches leafless, to the vaulting of a gothic aisle with its roof shattered,—and of both to the poet silenced by sickness or age, the husk of what he was, the empty image of his former beauty and glory!

The "confined doom" which Shakspeare anticipated was fated to be realised. Having lived long enough to realise an independence, as well as an immortal name, his life was suddenly closed. At the comparatively early age of fifty-two, while, with his own sweet Avon running gently near him, he may have contemplated years of quiet rest, on the 23d of April, the anniversary of the day of his birth, he died!

"So fails, so languishes, grows dim, and dies,
All that this world is proud of. From their spheres
The stars of human glory are cast down;
Perish the roses and the flowers of kings,
Princes, and emperors, and the crowns and palms
Of all the mighty, wither'd and consumed!"

And so the life of the poet of eternal nature passed away, but *his* crown and palm are destined to endure for ever!

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CHAPTER VI.

Some personal characteristics of Shakspeare.

It has been remarked with truth that there is no species of composition, perhaps, so delightful, as that which presents us with personal characteristics, or personal anecdotes, of eminent men. And if its chief charm be in the gratification of our curiosity, it is a curiosity at least that has its origin in enthusiasm. We are anxious to know all that is possible to be learnt of those who have at any rate so honoured a place in our remembrance. "Intellectual discoveries, or heroic deeds, though they shed a broad and lasting lustre round the memory of those that have achieved them, yet occupy but a small part of the life of any individual; and we are not unwilling to penetrate the dazzling glory, and to see how the remaining intervals are filled up; to look into the minute details, to detect incidental foibles, and to be satisfied what qualities they have in common with ourselves, as well as distinct from us, entitled to our pity, or raised above our imitation."

A few such anecdotes and characteristics I shall now select from among those Shakspeare has himself confessed to, and present to the reader. They will need little note or comment. Did our personal knowledge of him even end with these, we should be safe from the laborious satire of Malone, who has written a long life of Shakspeare to show us that we know nothing about him, and can know nothing, except that he was born, and died. The two latter circumstances indeed would have been by no means clear to Mr. Malone, had he not fortunately got hold of the parish register of Stratford. Most unfortunately he got hold of the curious painted monument of the poet at the same time, and, with the assistance of the clerk or sexton, daubed it over with white paint! "Methinks I see them at their work, the sapient trouble-tombs." I wonder some voice did not arrest them—

"For Jesu's sake forbear!"

in the words of the solemn and awful adjuration on the grave-stone beneath:

"Blest be the man that spares these stones!"

That "monumental bust," now so whitewashed and bedaubed, once represented the poet in his habit as he lived, and fully bore out the report of Aubrey, that he was a "handsome, well shaped man." Thought and intellectual exertion, however, would seem before his death to have done the work of years upon him. When he was little past forty, he says to his friend, in evident allusion to himself—

"When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field."

In another he speaks of his mistress—

"Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best."

In a third he tells us of his looking into his glass and finding himself

"'Bated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity."

And in a subsequent allusion to his friend, he speaks with a touching self-reference—

"Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn;
When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his brow

With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travel'd on to age's steepy night."

We have no mention in all these, however, of any change in his auburn hair and beard, which were given so strikingly in the coloured bust. It is most probable indeed that *they* remained to the last—full, luxuriant, and unchanged—for Shakspeare hated wigs! scorning to

"Make a summer of another's green,
Robbing the old to dress his beauty new."

On this point indeed he speaks more earnestly, and with a slight mixture of scorn,—in referring to former days,

"Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head,—
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay* !"

And that Shakspeare was so sensible of the beauties of his person (in common with many eminent poets whom I cannot stop to name), as to seek to set them off to the utmost possible advantage, may be detected in the illustration of the following sonnet. The same feeling is observable, moreover, in the sensitiveness with which we have seen him view the effects of thought or time in planting his brow "with lines and wrinkles:"—

"Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge?"

That the poet besides was not only costly, but tasteful in his dress, I think is intimated in another passage, when he gives us a good humoured sneer at those who glory in their

"Garments, *though new-fangled ill*."

It would not be difficult perhaps to associate with another circumstance the feeling I have here illustrated. Shakspeare was lame. He was, like him who, of all since, has alone approached him in point of invention—dear and ever honoured Sir Walter Scott—a "halting fellow." Upon these personal defects of poets, with reference to their action both upon the public and personal character, Mr. Moore has some excellent remarks in his Life of Lord Byron which may be found applicable here. The lameness of Shakspeare is clearly made out, I think, by his sonnets, though perhaps less clearly in those where it is distinctly mentioned than in others where it is implied. These lines, for instance:—

"As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth."

may be taken simply (though I do not think them so) as a metaphorical allusion. He is more unequivocal where he subsequently exclaims, in the triumph of the heart over circumstances of disadvantage—

"So then I am not lame, poor, nor despised!"

though in another passage, he again uses the word in a sense which might certainly be urged as merely metaphorical—

"Say that thou did'st forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence;
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt;
Against thy reasons making no defence!"

The slight uncertainty in which the question remains, however, is, to my mind, set at rest by the frequent allusions that are made in these confessions of the poet to his habit of riding on horseback. I will quote one passage, in which he tells us a somewhat startling anecdote of himself, which is relieved, however, at the close, by a beautiful and tender self-rebuke—

"The beast that bears me, tired with my wo,
Plods dully on to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider loved not speed, being made from thee:
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on,
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side."

Other passages might be quoted, as when he says—

"O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When swift extremity can seem but slow?"

but enough has been advanced to establish the fact I have mentioned as corroborative of the supposition of Shakspeare's infirmity.

The seventy-seventh sonnet presents to us a pleasing and characteristic anecdote. Shakspeare sends his young friend a blank table book, with a few lines of excellent advice. The reader will be reminded of Lord Orrery's similar gift and verses to Swift on his birth-day:—

"Look, what thy memory cannot contain
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
Those children nursed, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book."

His friend, we learn, (from the hundred and twenty-second sonnet,) returned the gift in kind. It is delightful to be allowed to follow the poet thus into the private graces and courtesies of life.

The following passage in the confessions startled me not a little. Could Shakspeare have seen the vision of a future Rymer abusing the "tragedies of the last age," spying out a commonplace want of originality in *Hamlet* and *Othello?*

"If there be nothing new, but that, which is,
Hath been before, *how are our brains beguiled,*
Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss
The second burthen of a former child!"

In a subsequent sonnet he shows how deeply he felt that the duty of a poet was to universalise, and not to—

"Keep invention in a noted weed."

Shakspeare occasionally alludes to his birth as humble—

"Thy love is better than high birth to me."

I shall close this mention of a few of the per-

* The same feeling is expressed more than once in his plays—in the "Merchant of Venice," and "Timon of Athens," for instance.

sonal thoughts and characteristics of Shakspeare with two passages from his confessions, of inimitable beauty. I should have placed the first in the preceding chapter, but that it illustrates a feeling, which, in its calm and sweet indulgence of sorrow, is far removed from melancholy. Who is there, among the gayest of the gay, that has not often experienced it?

"*When to the sessions of sweet silent thought*
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancel'd woe!"

The other, a compliment to his mistress, indicates most interestingly the chivalrous turn of Shakspeare's taste and reading—

"When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights—
Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now!"

Shakspeare was ever beautifully unenvious.—He alludes more than once to one or two of his cotemporaries, whom he calls "better spirits" than he: he was passionately fond of Spenser; and passionately fond, too, of music, as is evident from the charming eighth sonnet, and many others. But I have closed my quotations for the present. He was not the less great because he admired the greatness of others. It is better to rise above rivalry than to trample it down.

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CHAPTER VI.

Shakspeare's friend.

The passages quoted in the last three chapters of these "confessions," with one or two marked exceptions, are from sonnets addressed to this nameless Immortal. They illustrate the view I have already taken of the peculiar circumstances under which the friendship was formed—of those individual sympathies for which it supplied an outlet, of that want of Shakspeare's heart it was destined to supply. It would be easy to show, further, that there was scarcely any of his emotions that were not poured forth to this youth; emotions the intensest and most profound—acute sometimes even to selfishness, but expressed at all times with unequaled tenderness, modesty, purity, and love. Here, as I have said, was the pillow his spirit reposed on; here too was the object to which he clung, as connecting him in actual life with the moral beauty and sweetness of the world. To his friend he might speak, in the words of a cotemporary poet, in a case not quite dissimilar—

"To you I have unclasp'd my burden'd soul,
Emptied the store-house of my thoughts and heart,
Made myself poor of secrets; have not left
Another word untold, which hath not spoke
All what I ever durst, or think, or know!"

Little remains for me now to add, except to notice some circumstances of a singular character that occurred in the course of this friendship. The silly imputations to which some of its expressions have given rise were disproved in a former paper. They recoil on the suggestors. Such expressions have become unfamiliar now, as such friendships, I fear, are less frequent, but they distinguished all the romantic intercourse of the time, and of that which succeeded. So spoke young Milton to his Deodati, Cowley to his Hervey, Suckling to his Carew, Davenant to his Endymion Porter and Henry Jermyn. The personal love of Shakspeare for the youth was indeed increased and exalted by the peculiar circumstances of their connection, and partook of something which, in the very depth and subtlety of its refinement, the most romantic of other friendships have wanted. A sense of personal beauty was unquestionably mixed up with it, but it is the feeling in its highest abstraction, and, in the very depth of its purity, voluptuously refined. It acted, indeed, simply as the conductor to his imagination. And the friendship with which it was connected did a similar service to his heart, in giving satisfaction to those individual yearnings and sympathies which, with all his power above the earth, kept him bound a prisoner upon it, and which, in all the intellectual triumphs to which they served to contribute, had found no outlet for themselves. It is a sovereign law of the imagination,

"That if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;"

and this has forcible illustration here. Finally, I warn the suspicious reader of what a very honest old writer, Webbe, has said of suspicious readers, in a discourse of poetry. "Theyr nyce opinion overshooteth the poet's meaning: it is theyr foolysh construction, not hys writing, that is blameable. We must prescrybe to no wryters (much lesse to poets) in what sorte they should vtter theyr conceyts."

The personal beauty of the youth had an effeminate grace—

"A woman's face, with nature's own hand painted,
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion!"

These allusions, however, it is clear, owe their immediate origin to that distracting conflict of passion in which his mistress held him. He turns for relief to—

"Where I may not remove nor be removed;"

and is urged to a contrast which would not otherwise suggest itself. Observe how beautifully, in a subsequent passage, he strives to console himself in the truth of his friend's love for the falsehood of his mistress—

"—— it is builded far from accident,
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thralled discontent:"

and in another sonnet we find him expressing the peculiar nature of this love in terms of inexpressible sweetness, the secret of its calm superiority over the turbulence of passion, the com-

panionship of its sympathy, the angelic source of its consolations—

"Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That due of many now is thine alone,
Their images I loved I view in thee."

What a triumphant vindication of his friendship, of his "dear religious love," is this!

Three years of uninterrupted intercourse certainly passed between them; it is probable, many more—

"To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were, when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters' cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride;
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turned;
In process of the seasons have I seen
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes buried,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived,*
So your sweet hue—"

Some interruptions, however, occurred shortly after this, and the youth complained to his friend. Shakspeare prays him to believe that, though absent, he has not been "false of heart." Still he says, referring to their friendship—

"That is my *home* of love, if I have ranged,
Like him that travels, I return again!"

—and then, alluding to the reports of his bewildering passion which had reached the youth, he tenderly subjoins—

"Never believe, though in my nature reigned
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stained,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose, in it thou art my all!"

These reports increase, nevertheless, and with them the slanders under which the poet so deeply suffered. He will not have his friend share them—

"Those blots that do with me remain
Without thy help by me be borne alone,"

adding with a charming and generous tenderness—

"I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame;
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name."

But the effect of these reports upon the youth? What must he not have been thinking meanwhile of that "brow of Egypt" which could so fascinate his friend, and be "the love, the spell, the bane of Antony?" Misery for the poet! In proportion as his tender apologies came thickening to his friend, curiosity to witness the object of them was exaggerated to a disease. These are what Shakspeare himself has called the "toys of desperation:" such as have made people sometimes, as they stand looking over a cauldron of boiling water, feel a strong propensity to throw themselves into it! The youth saw her at last, and he was beautiful, and she imperious to be loved! The poet swiftly suspected,—

"To win me soon to hell, thy female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride!
* * * * * *
I guess one angel in another's hell."

It was so, and still the poet struggled with his love in vain; still his friendship strove to outlive its ruin, and to impose on his imagination by all the attractions of a sympathy not yet unrepelled. The Roman poet had suffered the same before him:—

"Odi et amor; quare id faciam fortasse requiris,
Nescio, sed fieri sentio *et excrucior*;"

and it was the fortune of a genuine poet who succeeded him, and who concealed under his gaiety the truest and most trembling sentiment, to realise a fate almost precisely the same. I allude to Sir John Suckling, whose copies of verses *to his Rival* can be relished only by those who appreciate the subtleties and inner depths of the passions of love and friendship. To such I now leave the passages of Shakspeare's life and thoughts which followed this last discovery. They are fully described and illustrated in the fortieth, forty-first, forty-second, hundred and thirty-third, hundred and thirty-fourth, hundred and forty-second Sonnets, and that commencing "Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye." Some of the latter will be found to bear upon the views I have in a former paper expressed, of the circumstances of Shakspeare's connection with Anne Hathaway, and the light in which he continued to view his broken vow of marriage. It is curious to know that the similarity in the fortunes of Lope de Vega and Shakspeare, which I have already noticed, continued to the close of their respective lives, and that, after a long estrangement from home, they both returned, and both died there. The wife of Shakspeare, still bound to him in all his estrangements by those "threads of his own life" (his beloved daughters) which she had presented to him in youth, and still the calmly-beloved object of his hopes towards the decline and quiet of life, was suffered to watch over him when his great spirit departed. Believe that in all those estrangements Anne

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* Sonnet 104. This passage of the "dial-hand" seems to me to explain the exact reference of the much-contested lines in *Othello*:—

"But, alas! to make me
A fixed figure, for the time of scorn
To point his slow, unmoving finger at!"

The last word, "hue," which occurs more than once in the sonnets, taken with the following line from the twentieth:—

"A man in hue, all hues in his controlling;"

and with the circumstance of their dedication by the bookseller to one "W. H.," has raised the supposition that the youth's name was probably Hughes. I am by no means certain, however, as I said in a former paper, that this W. H. was not merely the person who carried the sonnets to the bookseller, and so won the gratitude of their dedication.

Hathaway still loved him! She knew that it was not for her to hope any longer for an entire sympathy and unconditional return to her affection, but still her affection endured!

> "*Love is not love,*
> *Which alters when it alteration finds,*
> *Or bends with the remover to remove:*
> *O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,*
> *That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;*
> It is the star to every wandering bark,
> Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
> Love 's not time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
> Within his bending sickle's compass come;
> Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
> But bears it out even to the edge of doom!"

I have now concluded this series of papers, and fear I have to thank the reader for much endurance. The subject indeed required a much abler handling than I have been equal to; but the length of time in which Shakspeare's Sonnets have been suffered to remain comparatively neglected will plead in excuse for the presumption. If a future critic should be fortunate enough to discover in certain portions of these poems a more perfect meaning than I have been able to assign to them, I shall be the first to hail the discovery with delight and gratitude.

From the Monthly Review.

On the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as manifested in the creation of animals, and in their history, habits, and instincts. By William Kirby, M. A., F. R. S., &c. 2 vols. London: Pickering. 1835.

We look upon this treatise as a suitable companion to Dr. Roget's. It is reasonable to expect, however, that this work, which considers the history, habits, and instincts of animals, must sometimes treat of the same subjects that came to be handled by the former writer, in his able production on animal and vegetable physiology, especially as both works are intended to illustrate the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, as manifested in the creation. For "the history, habits, and instincts of animals are so intimately connected with their physiological structure, especially their external anatomy, that it is scarcely possible, in order to prove the adaptation of means to an end, to treat satisfactorily of the former without occasional illustrations from the latter." Our author's thorough conviction of this circumstance, which is thus so explicitly declared, must, we should think, have satisfied him, that in these said Bridgewater treatises, there is something not a little clumsy in their plan, and that by some other arrangement, and at the hand of fewer labourers, the attributes of the Supreme Being, as manifested in the creation, might have been, in a much smaller and compact order, illustrated by all reasonable arguments. As it is, we have expensive and elaborate works, and such as bear on their general conduct the impress of much effort. Each and all of them that we have seen give evidence of more or less talent; but they equally, at the same time, exhibit the writers as straining after extraordinary effect, where the easy flow of conviction is frequently overloaded by wire-drawn and by no means powerful arguments. The present publication, for example, even although taken by itself, without knowing that it at times traverses the same path that some or several of its relatives in the Bridgewater family have done, will be found to run into minutiæ, to the weakening of the general doctrine maintained; and we have here and there met with illustrations that were ridiculous, from the nature of our previous associations in common life, or because not the most happily chosen. We may refer to what is said of those "insects of a disreputable name, which under more than one form inhabit man's person externally." We do not impugn the truth of the doctrine maintained; we only say that more apt and pleasant illustrations might have been chosen; and that on other occasions the over-anxious detail becomes trifling and tiresome.

After all these drawbacks to the plan and execution of these treatises, they doubtless contain a mass of the most valuable and striking facts, that from external nature can be brought to bear upon the object handled by them, and have sent abroad a spirit of enquiry that is sure to lead to farther discoveries, and to enlarge the delight and profit of the contemplative and philosophic. The present work is highly curious and interesting. As we have already said, it is a suitable companion for Dr. Roget's treatise, which is equal to the best of its predecessors. Nor can we be at any loss, when endeavouring to excite our readers' favour for such studies, to find abundance of instructive and entertaining matter.

The introduction forms a valuable chapter, whether we consider the proper criticism which it contains regarding the theories of La Place and Lamarck, or the curious and learned hypotheses which our author applies to the philosophy and the symbolic signs of the Holy Scriptures: for he calls the works of God and the word of God, the two doors which open into the temple of truth. The disregard which the *philosopher* and *naturalist* above named have evinced towards the word of God, and their anxiety to establish their own glory in the stead of that authority, have led them into absurdities, which one would hardly think the dullest could have fallen upon, much less such intellects as these illustrious men have displayed.

"La Place says, 'an attentive inspection of the solar system evinces the necessity of some central paramount force, in order to maintain the entire system together, and secure the regularity of its motions.' One would expect from these remarks, that he was about to enforce the necessity of acknowledging the necessary existence of an intelligent paramount central Being, whose goings forth were co-extensive with the universe of systems, to create them at first, and then maintain their several motions and revolutions, so as to prevent them from becoming eccentric and interfering with each other, thus—*Upholding all things by the word of his power.* But no; when he asks the question, What is the primitive cause? instead of answering it immediately, he refers the reader for his hypothesis to a concluding note, in which we find that this *primitive* cause, instead of the Deity, is a nebulosity originally so diffuse, that its existence can with difficulty be conceived. To produce a system like ours, one of these wandering masses of nebulous matter dis-

tributed through the immensity of the heavens, is converted into a brilliant nucleus, with an atmosphere originally extending beyond the orbits of all its planets, and then gradually contracting itself, but at its successive limits leaving zones of vapours, which, by their condensation, formed the several planets and their satellites, including the rings of Saturn!!"—Vol. i. pp. xx, xxi.

The creation of the universe of worlds is thus ascribed to a cause that is all but a non-entity. But what does the naturalist say?

"Lamarck, distinguished by the variety of his talents and attainments, by the acuteness of his intellect, by the clearness of his conceptions, and remarkable for his intimate acquaintance with his subject, thus expresses his opinion as to the origin of the present system of organised beings. 'We know, by observation, that the most simple organisations, whether vegetable or animal, are never met with but in minute gelatinous bodies, very supple and delicate; in a word, only in frail bodies almost without consistence and mostly transparent.' These minute bodies he supposes nature forms, in the waters, by the power of attraction; and that next, subtle and expansive fluids, such as caloric and electricity, penetrate these bodies, and enlarge the interstices of their agglutinated molecules, so as to form utricular cavities, and so produce irritability and life, followed by a power of absorption, by which they derive nutriment from without.

"The production of a new *organ* in one of these, so formed, animal bodies, he ascribes to a new *want*, which continues to stimulate; and of a new movement which that want produces and cherishes. He next relates how this can be effected. Body, he observes, being essentially constituted of cellular tissue, this tissue is in some sort the matrix, from the modification of which by the fluids put in motion by the stimulus of desire, membranes, fibres, vascular canals, and divers organs, gradually appear: parts are strengthened and solidified; and thus progressively new parts and organs are formed, and more and more perfect organisations produced; and thus, by consequence, in the lapse of ages, a monad becomes a man!!!—Vol. i. pp. xxii—xxiv.

Well may our author declare, that it is grievous to see talents of the highest order thus wasting themselves in vainly and unintelligibly endeavouring to account for the production of the furniture of our globe, without the intervention of a first cause. As Lamarck's hypothesis relates particularly to the animal kingdom, Mr. Kirby proceeds at some length to expose its utter irrationality, and prefaces his observations in the following manner.

"When, indeed, one reads the above account of the mode by which, according to our author's hypothesis, the first vegetable and animal forms were produced, we can scarcely help thinking that we have before us a receipt for making the organised beings at the foot of the scale in either class—a mass of irritable matter formed by *attraction* and a *repulsive* principle to introduce into it and form a cellular tissue, are the only ingredients necessary. Mix them, and you have an animal which begins to absorb fluid, and move about as a monad or a vibrio, multiplies itself by scissions or germes, one of which being stimulated by a want to take its food by a mouth, its fluids move obediently towards its anterior extremity, and in time a mouth is obtained; in another generation, a more talented individual discovering that one or more stomachs and other intestines would be a convenient addition to a mouth, the fluids immediately take a contrary direction, and at length this wish is accomplished; next a nervous collar round the gullet is acquired, and this centre of sensation being gained, the usual organs of the senses of course follow."—Vol. i, pp. xxiv, xxv.

The entire evidences of these two volumes go to prove that such a receipt is most absurd, and that the internal and external organisation of any animal forms a *whole*, in which the different members have a mutual relation and dependence, and that if one is supposed to be abstracted, the whole is put out of order. Lamarck's great doctrine is materialism, and that God had nothing to do with the works of creation, but that he has given up the reins to nature. And what is his definition of nature—of this vice-regal power? "An order of things composed of objects independent of matter, which are determined by the observation of bodies, and the whole amount of which constitutes a power unalterable in its essence, governed in all its acts, and constantly acting upon all parts of the physical universe." And again, nature, he affirms, consists of non-physical objects, which are neither beings, nor bodies, nor matter. It is composed of motion; of laws of every description; and has perpetually at its disposal space and time. Now, we ask, does any one understand this order of things? or, to say nothing about the use of words without meaning, is the subject not rendered infinitely more obscure than it is by the account that an omnipotent and all-wise Creator was the designing cause of the universe?

Those who wish to see the full force of our author's criticism as regards Lamarck, will be gratified by turning to the introduction, from which we have taken a few statements. The manner in which he interprets the language, allusions, and symbols made use of in the Holy Scriptures, in so far as these seem to have a philosophic import, must be studied at leisure, especially the curious enquiry into the meaning of the images placed in the Holy of Holies, called the Cherubim. It may be thought that this mysterious subject has little to do with a treatise on the history, habits, and instincts of animals, but Mr. Kirby's particular object in it is to counteract that tendency which is often observable in the writings of philosophers, to ascribe too much to the action of second causes, and the mechanism of the heavenly powers; as if they were sufficient of themselves to do all in all, without the intervention of the first cause. But whatever may be said of his hypothesis on this point, there seems neither fancy nor dubiety in the body of the work, wherein his minute acquaintance with the animal kingdom is ever ready to serve him with a plain and forcible illustration of the important doctrine sought to be taught.

The creation of the animal kingdom is the first subject discussed in this treatise, in which the author takes, as his safest guide, the notices which Scripture affords us on this obscure theme. The geographical and local distribution of animals is next pursued. Here there is clearly much room for conjecture, but our author sees no necessity for having recourse to a new or more recent creation, to account for the introduction of peculiar animals into any given country. He adds:—

"The fact itself, that almost every country has its

peculiar animals, affords a proof of design, and of the adaptation of means to an end, demonstrating the intervention and guidance of an invisible being, of irresistible power, to whose will all things yield obedience, and whose wisdom and goodness are conspicuous in all the arrangements he has made. Wherever we see a peculiar class of animals, we usually see peculiar circumstances which require their presence. Thus the elephant and rhinoceros, the lion and the tiger, are found only in warm climates, where a rapid vegetation, and infinite hosts of animals, seem to require the efforts of such gigantic and ferocious devourers to keep them in check; but on this subject I shall have occasion to enlarge hereafter.

"There is another point of view, illustrative of the divine attribute, in this partial location of various animals. If every region, or nation, contained within its limits the entire circle that constitutes the animal kingdom, and the remark may be extended to every natural object, how weak and trifling would be the incitement for man to visit his fellow-men. Were the productions of every country the same, there would be little or no temptation for commercial speculation, therefore the merchant would stay at home; the animals, and plants, and minerals would be the same, therefore the naturalist would stay at home; the astronomer indeed, and geographer, and the student of his own species, might be tempted sometimes to roam, but the ocean would be truly *dissociable*, and those ties that now connect the different nations of the globe would, for the most part, be broken. They are now linked to each other, in a bond of amity, by the intercourse which their mutual wants produce; and the body geographical, if I may use such a metaphor, as well as the body natural, is so tempered, and so furnished in every part, that constant supplies of things, necessary or desirable, are uninterruptedly circulating, by certain channels, through the whole system; and thus keep up a kind of systole and diastole, which diffuses every where a healthy temperament, and is universally beneficial. It is, moreover, calculated to generate those kindly feelings which ought to reciprocate between beings inhabiting the same globe, and sprung from the same original father. And the cultivation of these feelings of mutual good will was, no doubt, the principal object of the Deity in the distribution of various gifts to various countries, endowing some with one peculiar production, and some with another: so that one might not say to another, '*I have no need of you.*'

"Herein is the divine wisdom and goodness most conspicuous. Had chance, or nature, as some love to speak, directed the distribution of animals, and they were abandoned to themselves and to the circumstances in which they found themselves in their original station, without any superintending power to guide them, they would not so invariably have fixed themselves in the climates and regions for which they were evidently intended. Their migrations, under their own sole guidance, would have depended, for their direction, upon the season of the year at which the desire seized them to change their quarters: in the height of summer, the tropical animals might have taken a direction further removed from the tropics; and, in winter, those of colder climates might have journeyed towards instead of from them. Besides, taking into consideration other motives, from casual circumstances, that might have induced different individuals belonging to the same climates to pursue different routes, they might be misled by cupidity, or dislike, or fear. On no other principle can we explain the adaptation of their organisation to the state and productions of the country in which we find them—I speak of local species—but that of a supreme power, who formed and furnished the country, organised them for it, and guided them into it."—Vol. i. pp. 56—59.

In his observations relative to the distribution and different forms and colours of the human race, he is opposed entirely to the suppositions that contradict the word of God; and in accounting for the many phenomena in this department of his subject, he cannot admit that natural or moral circumstances can furnish a satisfactory cause, without having recourse to the direct will of a governing power, to answer the purposes of his providence. For throughout the treatise it is the author's desire to bring the Creator nearer and nearer to us, instead of regarding him as receding farther and farther from our observation; nor do we see, however unfashionable this way of viewing the phenomena of what is frequently called *nature* may be, that it is less philosophical than the course that would explain every thing by a reference to some abstract idea, and undefined law. On the migrations of animals we quote the following interesting statements.

"Though the production and rearing of their young forms a principal feature in most of the migrations before noticed, yet it is most prominent and conspicuous in the animals whose annual motions I shall next advert to. And here mankind is more conspicuously indebted to the fatherly care and bounty of a beneficent Providence for a supply of their wants, than in any of the cases above detailed, which most of them minister to our pleasures, rather than our sustenance. *When the time of the singing birds is come, and the voice of the* nightingale *is heard in our land;* when the swallow and the swift delight us by their rapid and varied motions, now skimming the surface of the waters, now darting, either aloft or with more humble flight over the earth; when the caroling lark ascends towards heaven, teaching us to look up and learn from her where to direct the best affections of our hearts; these all excite in us delightful sensations, and merit our grateful acknowledgment, but still they contribute little or nothing to the means of life. The locusts indeed, who headed the list of emigrators, at the same time that they lay waste a country, supply its inhabitants with food, and thus make some recompense for their ravages; and a considerable proportion of the winter birds mentioned under the last head, as the swimmers and the waders, furnish our tables with dainty meats; but they come not in such numbers as to add materially to the general stock of food, or to contribute to the maintenance of the poor, as well as to the enjoyments of the rich. The animals I allude to under the present head, form the sole food of some nations, and contribute a vast and cheap supply, that covers the table of the poor man with plenty. The migrating *fishes* are one of the greatest and most invaluable gifts of the Creator to his creature man, by which thousands and thousands support themselves, and their families; and which, at certain periods, form the food of millions. Of the proceedings of the principal of these fishes I shall now give a brief account.

"The *herring*, to which I now allude, belongs to the tribe called *abdominal* fishes, or those whose ventral fins are behind the pectoral, and may be said to inhabit the arctic seas of Europe, Asia, and America, from whence they annually migrate, at different times, in search of food, and to deposit their spawn. Their shoals consist of millions of myriads, and are many leagues in width, many fathoms in thickness, and so dense that the fishes touch each other; they are preceded, at the interval of some days, by insulated males. The largest and strongest are said to lead the shoals, which seem to move in a certain order, and to divide into bands as they proceed, visiting the shores of various islands and countries, and enriching their inhabitants. Their presence and progress

are usually indicated by various sea-birds, sharks, and other enemies. One of the cartilaginous fishes, the sea-ape, is said to accompany them constantly, and is thence called the king of the herrings. They throw off also a kind of oily or slimy substance, which extends over their columns, and is easily seen in calm weather. This substance, in gloomy still nights, exhibits a phosphoric light, as if a cloth, a little luminous, was spread over the sea.

"Some conjecture may be formed of the infinite numbers of these invaluable fishes that are taken by European nations, from what Lacepède relates—that in Norway twenty millions have been taken at a single fishing, that there are few years that they do not capture four hundred millions, and that at Gottenburgh and its vicinity seven hundred millions are annually taken; 'but what are these millions,' he remarks, 'to the incredible numbers that go to the share of the English, Dutch, and other European nations!'

"Migrations of these fishes are stated to take place at three different times. The first when the ice begins to melt, which continues to the end of June; then succeeds that at the summer, followed by the autumnal one, which lasts till the middle of September. They seek places for spawning, where stones and marine plants abound, against which they rub themselves alternately on each side, all the while moving their fins with great rapidity. According to Lacepède, William Duckelzoon, a fisherman of Biervliet, in Dutch Flanders, was the first person who salted herrings: this was before the end of the fourteenth century; others attribute this invention to William Benckels or Benkelings, of Biervlin. To show his sense of the importance of this invention, the Emperor Charles V. is stated to have visited his tomb, and to have eaten a herring upon his grave. The smoking of this valuable fish, we are told, was first practised by the inhabitants of Dieppe, in Normandy."—Vol. i. pp. 105—115.

There are, among migrating fishes, those that are actuated by instincts and powers that enable them to provide for their safety, in consequence of the ponds and pools which they inhabit being liable to be dried up at certain seasons. Some travel in search of another spot that is better supplied with water.

"This has long been known of eels, which wind, by night, through the grass in search of water, when so circumstanced. Dr. Hancock, in the Zoological Journal, gives an account of a species of fish, called, by the Indians, the Flat-head Hassar, and belonging to a genus of the family of the Siluridans, which is instructed by its Creator, when the pools, in which they commonly reside, in very dry seasons, lose their water, to take the resolution of marching by land in search of others in which the water is not evaporated. These fish grow to about the length of a foot, and travel in large droves with this view; they move by night, and their motion is said to be like that of the two-footed lizard. A strong serrated arm constitutes the first ray of its pectoral fin. Using this as a kind of foot, it should seem, they push themselves forwards, by means of their elastic tail, moving nearly as fast as a man will leisurely walk. The strong plates which envelope their body probably facilitate their progress, in the same manner as those under the body of serpents, which in some degree perform the office of feet. It is affirmed by the Indians, that they are furnished with an internal supply of water sufficient for their journey, which seems confirmed by the circumstance that their bodies when taken out of the water, even if wiped dry with a cloth, become instantly moist again. Mr. Campbell, a friend of Dr. Hancock's, resident in Essequibo, once fell in with a drove of these animals, which were so numerous, that the Indians filled several baskets with them.—Vol. i. pp. 120—122.

In treating of the *functions* and *instincts* of animals, Mr. Kirby begins at the foot of the scale, and ascends gradually to man, although the usual method is to begin with the highest grade. We cannot of course follow him regularly in this ascending scale; but at whatever chapter we open we are sure to be instructed and delighted. When speaking, for example, of the first Order of Myriapods, whose function seems to be that of removing *putrescent* vegetable and animal matters from the spots that they frequent, and of the second order, to keep within due limits the minor inhabitants, especially the insects, of the dark places of the earth, the author adds some curious and important observations on the distinctions made in Holy Writ between the clean and unclean animals. He says—

"This distinction was originally to indicate those which might or might not be offered up in sacrifice and afterwards, when animal food was permitted, to signify to the Jews those that might and those that might not be eaten. When Noah was commanded, *Of every clean beast thou shalt take to thee by sevens the male and his female; and of beasts that are* not clean, *by two, the male and his female*—it is evident that the distinction was familiar to the patriarch. The *unclean* animals, with respect to their habits and food, belonged to two great classes, namely, *Zoophagous* animals, or those which attack and devour *living* animals; and *Necrophagous* animals, or those which devour *dead* ones, or any other putrescent substances. Of the first description are the *canine* and *feline* tribes amongst *quadrupeds*; the *eagles* and *hawks* amongst *birds*; the *crocodiles* and *serpents* amongst *reptiles*; the *sharks* and *pikes* amongst *fishes*; the *tiger-beetles* and *ground beetles* amongst *insects*; and to name no more, the *centipedes* in the class we are treating of.

"With regards to the *necrophagous* tribe, I do not recollect any *mammalians* that are exclusively of that description, for the *hyæna* and *glutton* are ferocious, and eagerly pursue their prey: they will, however, devour any *carcasses* they meet with, and even disinter them when buried: but the *vulture* among the *birds* will not attack the *living* when he can gorge himself with the *dead*; the *carrion-crow* belongs also to this tribe; amongst *insects*, the *burying*, *carrion*, and *dissecting beetles*, the *flesh-fly*, and many other *two-winged* flies, feed upon *putrescent flesh*; and numberless others satiate themselves with all unclean and putrid substances, whether animal or vegetable. In the present class, the *millipedes* belong to the necrophagous tribe.

"A third description of animals, appearing to be intermediate between the clean and unclean, and partaking of the characters of both, was added to the list; for instance, those that are *ruminant*, and do *not divide the hoof*, as the *camel*, which, though it has separate toes, they are included in an undivided skin; and those that *divide the hoof*, but are *not* ruminant, as the *swine*.

"It appears clear from St. Peter's vision, recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, that these unclean animals were symbolical, and in that peculiar case represented the Gentile world, with whom it was not lawful for the Jews to eat or associate, doubtless lest they should be corrupted in their morals or faith, and seduced into idolatry, and its natural consequences with regard to morality, by them. In other passages of Scripture, unclean animals are employed to symbolise evil and unclean *spirits* as well as *men*, as the serpent, the dragon, or crocodile, the lion, and the scorpion."—Vol. ii. pp. 70—72.

When we think of the animals that can inhabit the air, there is a wonderful field for study in a moment opened to the eye and the imagination.

Insects and birds innumerable are before us; and although capable of ascending into the same element, they have yet an apparatus and conditions of flight very different, varying according to the functions of the animal.

"In birds, a longer and more acute anterior extremity distinguishes the wing, by which their Creator enables them to pass with more ease through the air; but in insects that extremity is not a trenchant point that can win its own way, but usually is very blunt, opposing either the portion of a circle, or a very obtuse angle to it; hence, perhaps it is that the common dung-beetle, which is a short obtuse animal, 'wheels its droning flight' in a zig-zag line, like a vessel steering against the wind, and thus it flies, as every one knows, with great velocity as well as noise. This also may be one reason why insects have usually a greater volume of wing than birds, and that a very large number are fitted and adorned with *four* of these organs, which can sometimes hook to each other, by a beautiful contrivance, and so form a single ample van to sail on the aerial waves, and bear forward the bluff-headed vessel. The motions, in the air, of numerous insects, are an alternate rising and falling, or a zig-zag onward flight, in a direction up and down, as all know who have observed the flight of the butterfly, or a kind of hovering in the air, or a progress from flower to flower, or backwards and forwards and every way in pursuit of prey, how admirable has their Creator furnished them to accomplish all these motions with the greatest facility and grace. And, though their wings are usually naked, without any representative of those plumes which so ornament the wings of birds, and give them, as it were, more prise upon the air, yet, in one numerous tribe, the moths and butterflies, they rival the birds, and even exceed them, both in the brilliancy of the little plumes, or rather *scales*, which clothe the wings, and the variety of the pattern figured upon them, and likewise of their forms and arrangement. So, that every one who minutely examines them in this respect with an unbiassed mind, can hardly help exclaiming—I trace the hand and pencil of an Almighty Artist, and of one whose understanding is infinite, and who is himself the archetype of all symmetry, beauty, and grace!"—Vol. ii. pp. 149, 150.

But of winged animals, birds form the most perfect class, some of whom seem to emulate insects in diminutive size and glorious beauty, and other strong quadrupeds in power and magnitude. The perfection of contrivance in the formation and endowments bestowed upon this class, is admirably brought home to one's conviction by the following detail.

"The wing of these animals, in many cases, so powerful to bear them on through the thin air, and counteract the gravity of their bodies; to take strong hold of that element which man cannot subdue like water, to move through himself, and so to push themselves on, often with the swiftness of an arrow, through its rushing winds or almost motionless breath: the wing of birds is in fact the fore-leg or arm adapted and clothed by Supreme Intelligence, for the action it has to maintain, and for the medium in which that action is to take place, and consists of nearly the same parts as the fore-leg in mammalians, for there is the shoulder, fore-arm, and the hand, with the analogue of a thumb, called the winglet, and of a finger. The ten *primary* quill feathers are planted in the hand, and the *secondaries*, varying in number, on the fore-arm; these quill feathers, being very principal instruments of the wing in flight, are also named the *remiges* or rowers of the vessel. The primary feathers usually vary in length, the external ones being the longest, so as to cause the wing to terminate in a point; those that cover the shoulder are called *scapulars*; and those short ones that cover the base of the wings above and below are called *coverts*. Wings usually curve somewhat inwards, are convex above and concave below, and are acted upon by very powerful muscles. Wonderful is the structure of the feathers that compose them, and each is a master-piece of the Divine Artificer. In general it is evident that each has been measured and weighed with reference to its station and function. Every separate feather resembles the bipinnate leaves of a plant; besides the obvious parts, the hollow quill, and solid stem bearded obliquely on both sides with an infinity of little plumes, each of these latter is also formed with a rachis or mid-rib set obliquely with plumelets, resembling hairs, and exactly incumbent on the preceding one, and adhering, by their means, closely to it, thus rendering the whole feather not only very light, but, as it were, air-tight. In the goose, the mid-rib of the plumelets of the primary feathers is dilated towards the base into a kind of keel, so that each plumelet at the summit looks like a feather, and at the base like a lamina or blade.

"By the use of very fine microscopes of garnet and sapphire, Sir David Brewster succeeded in developing the structure of the plumelets; he discovered a singular spring consisting of a number of slender fibres laid together, which resisted the division or separation of the minute parts of the feather, and closed themselves together when their separation had been forcibly effected.

"If we examine the whole wing, and the disposition and connection of the feathers that compose it, we shall find that one great object of its structure is to render it impervious to the air, so that it may take most effectual hold of it, and by pushing, as it were, against it, with the wing, when the wing stroke is downwards, to force the body forwards. A person expert in swimming or rowing, may easily get an idea how this is effected, by observing how the pressure of his arms and legs, or of his oars, against the denser medium, though not in the same direction, carries him, or his boat, forwards. In the case of the bird, the motion is not backwards and forwards, but upwards and downwards, which difference, perhaps, is rendered necessary by the rarer medium in which the motion takes place."—Vol. ii. pp. 152—155.

But there is another family which have organs of excursive flight, distinct from the wings of insects, and the feathers of birds. Bats and vampires are so organised; for, although they are not provided with air-cells, or air in their bones, like birds, the length of their wings compensates. It appears that their eyes are weak and defective; nay, blinded bats are said to fly as well as those that have eyes; but so exquisite are some of their other sensiferous organs, that they are able to feel any vibration of the air, however imperceptible, by us, so that, when deprived of sight, they will avoid most expertly the branches of trees when threading them—a wondrous instance of the rich providence of the Creator. Contrivance beautiful and most varied, is still farther displayed as respects other organs of flight besides wings. The abdomen of many insects seems to serve them as a rudder.

"But the most interesting and beautiful organ for steering animals in the air, is that formed by the tail feathers of birds, called by ornithologists, *rectrices*, or *governing* feathers, because they are used to direct their course; these are feathers planted in the rump, usually twelve in number—but in some amounting to nearly twenty—constituting two sets of feathers of six each, and forming together a kind of fork like the caudal fin of

some fishes; the inside of each feather is set with much larger plumelets than the outside, so that there is a double series of corresponding feathers, beginning one on the right side, and the other on the left; the middle feathers in each series differ sometimes from the five exterior ones, being more acute, and wearing a different aspect. In flight the tail-feathers appear to be expanded, and probably the bird, by giving an impulse to either series, can turn this way or that; or by their depression or elevation, judging from their analogy with the caudal fin of fishes, rise or fall. The rudder-tail here described, is that of the male bull-finch; in many birds of the gallinaceous order, as the common cock and peacock, these feathers form a glorious ornament, but seem to lose their use as a steering apparatus. In the black game the two sets of feathers of the tail turn outwards, one on each side, and so form a fork; and, in our domestic poultry, these sets of feathers, when not expanded, fold upon each other. Some of the waders, the tail-feathers of which are short, use their long *legs*, like the grasshopper, as a rudder in flight, stretched out straight behind them.

"Many of the web-footed birds, as the goose and duck tribes, also have their feathers very short, which seems a convenient provision for aquatic birds, but whether their legs assist in directing their course, seems not to have been ascertained. Some of them, however, as the pin-tail duck, have the middle feathers of the tail elongated, as they are in many other birds; in the swallow tribe, and the sea-swallow, the external feathers of the tail are elongated, as these birds are frequently turning when in the air, and flying backwards and forwards; their Creator has thus equipped them for their ever-changing evolutions. Some birds, as the thrushes, magpies, and other crows, have all the tail-feathers long, which gives great power to them in flight."—Vol. ii. pp. 163, 164.

There is one branch of the Treatise before us, that, in our hasty glances at its chapters, claims particular notice, and which handles a subject that furnishes the strongest proofs of the being and attributes of God; we allude to that which relates to the *instincts* of animals. This, however, is something that naturalists, philosophers, and physiologists, are much in the dark about; and, perhaps the best definition of the word instinct is, that which we do not know, and a term only that expresses our ignorance. We must refer to the work before us, for an account of various theories that have been held on this subject; but as the author has a somewhat novel one, we must allow him to be in part heard for himself; although, without a careful perusal of his introduction, wherein he treats of the cherubim, and the powers that uphold the universe, under God, together with all that he advances upon the subject of instinct, it is impossible to see the whole drift of his views. He asks—

"What, if the powers lately mentioned, and which, in the introduction to the present work, I hope I have made it appear, are synonymous with the physical cherubim of the Holy Scriptures, or the heavens in action which under God govern the universe; what, if these powers, employed as they are by the Deity so universally to effect his almighty will in the upholding of the worlds in their stated motions, and preventing their aberrations, should also be the intermediate agents, which by their action on plants and animals produce every physical development and instinctive operation, unless where God himself decrees a departure that circumstances may render necessary from any law that he has established?

"With regard to the *vegetable* kingdom, consisting of organised beings without sense or voluntary motion, few would deny that they are subject to the dominion of the elements, and respond to the action of those mysterious powers that rule, under God, in nature. But when the query is concerning the *animal* kingdom, most of the members of which to organisation and life add a will and powers of voluntary motion, and many have a degree of intelligence residing within them which governs many of their actions, we hesitate as to the answer we shall return to it."—Vol. ii. pp. 244, 245.

He endeavours to prove that there is in the vegetable kingdom to be observed what is analogous to the operations of instinct—light, heat, and air—all which go to mould and nourish plants of every kind; and he asks, does it seem incongruous that these, or any modification of them, upon which every animal depends for life and all things, should be employed by the Deity to excite and direct them, where their intellect cannot, in their instinctive operations?

"That their organization, as to their instruments of manducation, motion, manipulation, &c. has a reference to their instincts every one owns; can we not, therefore, conceive that the organisation of the brain and nervous system may be so varied and formed by the Creator, as to respond, in the way that he wills, to pulses upon them from the physical powers of nature; so as to excite animals to certain operations for which they were evidently constructed, in a way analogous to the excitement of appetite? The new-born babe has no other teacher to tell it that its mother's breast will supply it with its proper nutriment; it cries for it; it spontaneously applies its mouth to it; and presses it under the bidding of appetite resulting from its organisation. When it arrives at the age of dentition, it as naturally uses its teeth for mastication; it wants no instructer to inform it how they are to be employed to effect that purpose; and so with respect to other appetites which the further development of its organs produces."—Vol. ii. pp. 255, 256.

He again asks, with another writer, "In effect is instinct any thing else but the manifestation without, of that same wisdom which directs, in the interior of our body, all our vital functions?" It will be admitted that every kind of instinct has its origin in the will of the Deity, and that the animal exhibiting it was expressly organised by Him for it at its own creation. But the enquiry is into the proximate cause of instinct; and however ingenious may be our author's theory, we feel that it is yet deficient, as to facts or accurate experiments, to allow it more weight than that of a highly interesting speculation. What he has said on this subject, however, and indeed from every one of our extracts, our readers will perceive that there is an ample store of wondrous facts, as well as ingenious conclusions to be found in this treatise, and that doubtless it will greatly increase the celebrity of the series to which it belongs. Our last extract shall contain some additional suppositions on the same subject.

"I am now arrived at the last supposition or hypothesis—that the cause of instinct may be *compound* or *mixed*—in some respects physical, in others metaphysical. In this case it will be subject occasionally to variations from the general law, when the intelligent agent sees fit.

"But upon this head I shall not be very long, and I only introduce it here, to show that the Deity sometimes dispenses with the general law of instinct, or permits it occasionally to be interfered with by the will of the animal, or other agency. All animals that exercise instinctive operations, have in their several organs of sensation,

certain guides given to enable them to fulfil those instincts, so as to bring about the purposes of Providence.

"Sight, hearing, scent, taste, touch, perception, influence the will, and direct each animal to the points in which its instinctive actions are to commence; and so far instinct is, as it were, *mixed* with intellect. I have seen it somewhere observed—that instinct in conjunction with the principle of limitation—*the intellectual faculties*—rules the actions of all *sentient and organised* beings; just as gravity with the principle of counteraction—*repulsion*—determines the place and composition of all *inorganic* bodies.

"With regard to the Deity, he retains in his hands the power of suspending or altering the action of the laws that have received his sanction; and permits other metaphysical essences to do the same. When females overcome that *storge* or instinctive love for their offspring, either from the dread of shame, or worse motives, and destroy them, in common parlance we say, that they were tempted by an *evil spirit* to commit the crime. Mr. Bennet, in his interesting *Wanderings in New South Wales, &c.*, relates that it is common for the females of the aboriginal tribes, if they experience much suffering in their labour, to threaten the life of the poor infant, which when born they barbarously destroy. This is a fearful counteraction of instinct, flowing from an *evil* source.

"The Deity himself, doubtless where there is—*Dignus vindice nodus*—sometimes suspends the action of an instinct. It is related in the Holy Scripture, that when the ark of God was taken by the Philistines, in order to ascertain whether the plagues that were sent upon them were from God, they yoked two milch kine that had calves to the cart in which it was sent to Bethshemesh, and the kine went straight to that place, their instinct being mastered by a strong hand, though they went lowing after their calves all the way. Here the Deity ruled the instinct. God interferes with the instincts of animals also when he prescribes their course, and sends them in any particular direction to answer his purpose: as in the case of the prophet Jonah. Properly speaking, those interpositions of the Deity, by which the law of instinct is suspended, to answer a particular purpose of his Providence, like that just related, must be regarded as miraculous; but yet, though unrecorded, they may happen oftener than we are aware in the course of his *moral* government; sometimes, perhaps, also, to remedy some *physical* evil. This appeared, therefore, a proper place to advert to them."—Vol. ii. pp. 278—280.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

A treaty has been just concluded with the Spanish government, which will, it is believed, have the effect of wholly putting an end to the slave trade. By the new treaty, the owners and crews of slavery are to be punished as piratical robbers,—vessels fitting and preparing may be seized and condemned as if they were laden with their cargo, and previous to their sale are to be broken to pieces, so that they may never be used again; and all slaves captured by British cruisers, are made over to the British Government, which will thus have the power not only to give liberty to those unfortunate creatures, but to secure it. In short, the new treaty puts the abolition of the slave trade, which now almost solely flourishes under the Spanish flag, entirely in British hands, and the result may be readily anticipated. It may be hoped, that in a very short period the enormous expense attendant upon keeping numerous cruisers for this object in the most sickly part of the globe, will cease to be necessary, and that, in our endeavours to prevent the horrors of the slave trade, we may not be called upon to sacrifice the lives of great numbers of our most valuable fellow countrymen.—*London New Monthly Magazine.*

From the London Quarterly Review.

TOURS IN AMERICA.

1. *The Rambler in North America*—1832-3. By Charles Joseph Latrobe. London: 2 vols. 12mo. 1835.
2. *A Residence and Tour in the United States, with particular Observations on the Condition of the Blacks in that Country.* By E. S. Abdy, A.M. London: 3 vols. 12mo. 1835.
3. *Miscellanies.* By the Author of "The Sketch-Book." No. 1. Containing a Tour on the Prairies. 1 vol. 12mo. London: 1835.
4. *Narrative of a Visit to the American Churches, by a Deputation from the Congregational Union of England and Wales.* By Andrew Reed, D.D., and James Matheson, D.D. London: 2 vols. 8vo. 1835.

The rapidity with which books of travels in North America have of late been following each other from the London press, while it amply illustrates the general interest of the subject, must, at the same time, serve as our apology for dismissing with comparative brevity the individual author who, had he come before the public a few years ago, might have been well entitled to occupy a considerable space in these pages. The journals of Messrs. Latrobe and Abdy, in particular, are deserving of far more attention than we can now hope to bestow on them: they are the works of able observers, and vigorous writers. The "Narrative" of Doctors Reed and Matheson, however inferior to these productions, especially to Mr. Latrobe's, in a literary point of view, contains not a few descriptive episodes which, had we room to extract them, would gratify all our readers; while, for a considerable section of the community, the peculiar objects of their excursion, and the peculiar tinge of their thought and expression, will no doubt have a prevailing charm. Mr. Washington Irving, as an English classic, and, we believe, (except Dr. Channing) the only living classic of the United States, is not to be passed over in silence, even when what he puts forth may happen to be of slender bulk and pretension. We look forward, with unabated curiosity and hope, to some portraiture of his general impressions on revisiting, after an absence of seventeen years, the land of his birth, his dearest connections, and his earliest distinction; and, in the mean time, accept with cheerfulness his very lively little account of an excursion to the Prairies of the far West, in which he was accompanied by our own accomplished countryman, Mr. Latrobe. Our object on the present occasion is not to enter into any minute analysis of these various volumes—but to record, in the first place, our opinion that they all deserve to find a place in the library; and, secondly, to mark, for the special attention of our readers, some of those facts and incidents, among the multitudes accumulated by these authors, which have struck ourselves as really valuable additions to the general stock of information.

We shall begin with the book which is likely to detain us the shortest while, though it is far the bulkiest of those on our table—that of the Congregational Delegates, Doctors Reed and Matheson. The professed object of their journey was to collect accurate information touching the

internal condition of the "Orthodox Independent Churches" in the United States; and we perceive that, on the whole, they have derived satisfaction from their enquiries. It is, however, very difficult not to suspect that there was another object which these worthy dissenters had at least as much at heart as that blazoned in their preface; namely, to help the avowed advocates of "the Voluntary System," in their present warfare against the principle of a religious establishment. But if this suspicion be well founded, we cannot congratulate the allied doctors on the result of their labours. It is obvious that these excellent persons were welcomed, lodged, and fed, wherever they arrived, by individuals of their own religious sect,—with few exceptions, by their brethren of the Independent Ministry; and that their journal throws no more light on the general state of America, in a religious point of view, than might be expected, in the case of our own country, from the travels of a couple of American teachers of the like condition and persuasion, who should have spent a few weeks or months in a round of long sermons and hot suppers, among the comfortable strongholds of dissent in the manufacturing districts of Yorkshire and Lancashire. Doctors Reed and Matheson might well be delighted with the cordial affectionateness of their own reception among a class of people who, in America, as in England, are bound together by ties of a sectarian freemasonry, potent enough to survive a total revolution in point of religious doctrine itself; and we have dwelt with pleasure quite equal to theirs on the many evidences which they present of the wide extent to which practical Christianity operates among our American brethren of various persuasions; but we think we may almost appeal to themselves, whether it be, on the whole, a wise thing for a great nation to entrust the interests of religion, in any considerable degree at least, to the desultory influence of those revivals and camp meetings, and so forth—but for which, by their own showing, the very name of Christianity might ere now have been almost forgotten over many vast districts of the American Union. We venture to say, that the religious condition of America at this hour, favourably influenced as it has been by an age of very remarkable religious excitement, must confirm every candid observer in the decision thus modestly hinted, rather than expressed, by one whose fervent and catholic piety cannot but command the respect of Messrs. Reed and Matheson. Mr. Latrobe it is who thus writes:—

"There are certain signs, perhaps it might be said of the times, rather than of their peculiar political arrangements, which should make men pause in their judgment of the social state in America. The people are emancipated from the thraldom of mind and body which they consider consequent upon upholding the divine right of kings. They are all politically equal. All claim to place, patronage, or respect, for the bearer of a great name is disowned. Every man must stand or fall by himself alone, and must make or mar his fortune. Each is gratified in believing that he has his share in the government of the Union. You speak against the insane anxiety of the people to govern—of authority being detrimental to the minds of men raised from insignificance—of the essential vulgarity of minds which can attend to nothing but matter of fact and pecuniary interest—of the possibility of the existence of civilisation without cultivation,—and you are not understood! I have said it may be *the spirit of the times*, for we see signs of it, alas! in Old England; but there must be something in the political atmosphere of America, which is more than ordinarily congenial to that decline of just and necessary subordination which God has both permitted by the natural impulses of the human mind, and ordered in his word; and to me the looseness of the tie generally observable in many parts of the United States, between the master and servant—the child and the parent—the scholar and the master—the governor and the governed—*in brief, the decay of loyal feeling in all the relations of life, was the worst sign of the times.* Who shall say but that if these bonds are distorted and set aside, the first and the greatest—which binds us in subjection to the law of God—will not also be weakened, if not broken? This, and this alone, short-sighted as I am, would cause me to pause in predicting the future grandeur of America under its present system of government and structure of society; and if my observation was sufficiently general to be just, you will also grant there is that which should make a man hesitate whether those glowing expectations for the future, in which else we might all indulge, are compatible with *growing looseness of religious, political, and social principle.* Besides, the religious man might be inclined to go farther, and ask what is the prospect of the people in general with regard to their maintenance of pure doctrine, and fitting forms of religion—whether, emancipated as they are from the wing of A NATIONAL CHURCH, and yet seemingly becoming more and more impatient of rule and direction in religious matters, the mass of the people do not run the danger of falling either into cold infidelity, or burning fanaticism?" —*Latrobe*, vol. ii. p. 135.

The *influence* exerted by the Church of England upon the dissenting bodies in her own country and neighbourhood, is one of those many circumstances connected with her establishment, which, if that establishment be overthrown, posterity will learn to appreciate. We may be mistaken—but we cannot but trace to the absence of such an influence even the melancholy fact confessed by Dr. Reed, that "a very considerable portion" of the American Quakers have lapsed into "fatal heresy, amounting almost to Deism."—*Narrative*, vol. i. p. 80.

The congregational delegates, who, we need not hint, were well prepared to admire most of the external features of the republican system, appear to have been especially gratified with their visit to General Jackson.

"The President is tall; full six feet in height. He stoops now, and is evidently feeble. The thermometer was at 72°, but he was near a strong fire. He is sixty-eight years of age. He is soldierlike and gentlemanly in his carriage; his manners were courteous and simple, and put us immediately at ease with him. . . . . When we arrived, the entrance doors were open; and on being conducted, by a single servant, to what we thought an ante-room, we found the general himself waiting to receive us. We were soon led into the dining-room. The table was laid only for six persons; and it was meant to show us *respect* by receiving us *alone*. [Qu.?] Mr. Post, whom the president regards as his minister, was requested to *implore* a blessing. Four men were in attendance, and attended well. Every thing was good and sufficient; nothing overcharged. It was a moderate and elegant repast.

"The president regularly attends on public worship at

Mr. Post's, *when he is well.* [!] On the following Sabbath morning I was engaged to preach. His manner was very attentive and serious. When the service had ended, I was a little curious to see how he would be noticed. I supposed that the people would give way, and let him pass out first, and that a few respectful inclinations of the head would be offered. But no—he was not noticed at all; he had to move out, and take his turn like any other person, and there was nothing at any time to indicate the presence of the chief magistrate."—*Reed*, vol. i. p. 33–35.

Enthusiastic as Dr. Reed's feelings were on first entering the halls of Congress, he found reason to abate something of his rapture before he had watched a few debates to their close. The doctor, constantly disclaiming all intention of political remark, lets the following sentences drop somehow from his pen: we leave our readers to make their own use of them:—

"I must candidly admit, that the Congress of this great empire fell somewhat below my expectations. But as matters stand, it is now only a sacrifice for the thriving man to be a member of congress; while to the needy man it is a strong temptation. The good Americans must look to this, lest, on an emergency, they should be surprised to find their fine country, and all its fine prospects, in the hands of a few ambitious and ill-principled demagogues."—*Reed*, vol. i. pp. 30, 31.

Upon the sad subject to which M. de Beaumont's *Marie* lately called our attention,—the condition and treatment of the coloured races in America,—these delegates enter at great length; and many of their details are extremely touching. We extract this account of Dr. Reed's first visit to a Negro meeting-house at Lexington:—

"The building, called a church, is without the town, and placed in a hollow, so as to be out of sight; it is in the fullest sense 'without the gate.' It is a poor log-house, built by the hands of the negroes, and so placed as to show that they must worship by stealth. The place was quite full; the women and men were arranged on opposite sides; and, although on a cold or rainy day there might have been much discomfort, the impression now was very pleasing. In the presence of a powerful sun, the whole body were in strong shadow; and the light streaming through the warped and broken shingle, on the glistening black faces of the people, filled the spectacle with animation. One of the blacks, addressing me as their 'strange master,' begged that I would take charge of the service. I declined doing so. He gave out Dr. Watts's beautiful psalm, 'Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive,' &c. They all rose immediately. They had no books, for they could not read; but it was printed on their memory, and they sang it off with freedom and feeling. There is much melody in their voice; and when they enjoy a hymn, there is a raised expression of the face, and an undulating motion of the body, keeping time with the music, which is very touching. The senior black, a preacher amongst them, then offered prayer, and preached. His prayer was humble and devotional. In one portion of it, he made an affecting allusion to their wrongs. '*Thou knowest*,' said the good man, with a broken voice, '*our state—that it is the meanest—that we are as mean and low as men can be. But we have sinned—we have forfeited all our rights to Thee—and we would submit before Thee to these marks of thy displeasure.*' He took for the text of his sermon those words, 'The Spirit saith, come,' &c. . . . . They then rose, and sang, and separated. This was the first time I had worshiped with an assembly of slaves; and I shall never forget it. I was certainly by sympathy bound with those who were bound; while I rejoiced, on their account, afresh in that divine truth, which makes us free indeed—which lifts the soul on high, unconscious of a chain."—*Reed*, vol. i. p. 222.

We must not part with these reverend colleagues without observing that one of them, Dr. Reed, though he usually indulges in rather a heavy and soporific style of narrative, has been on some happy occasions warmed into a flow of descriptive eloquence worthy of being quoted alongside of even the best passages in Irving or Latrobe. We were particularly struck with the following natural burst of admiration on the forest scenery of the Grand Prairie:

"It now appeared in all its pristine state and grandeur, tall, magnificent, boundless. I had been somewhat disappointed in not finding vegetation develop itself in larger forms in New England than with us; but there was no place for disappointment here. I shall fail, however, to give you the impression it makes on one. Did it arise from height, or figure, or grouping, it might readily be conveyed to you; but it arises chiefly from combination. You must see it in all its stages of growth, decay, dissolution, and regeneration; you must see it pressing on you and overshadowing you by its silent forms, and at other times spreading itself before you, like a natural park; you must see that all the clearances made by the human hand bear no higher relation to it than does a mountain to the globe; you must travel in it in solitariness, hour after hour, and day after day, frequently gazing on it with solemn delight, and occasionally casting the eye round in search of some pause, some end, without finding any—before you can fully understand the impression. Men say there is nothing in America to give you the sense of antiquity; and they mean that as there are no works of art to produce this effect there can be nothing else. You cannot think that I would depreciate what they mean to extol: but I hope you will sympathise with me when I say that I have met with nothing among the most venerable forms of art which impresses you so thoroughly with the idea of indefinite distance and endless continuity; of antiquity shrouded in all its mystery of solitude, illimitable and eternal."—*Reed*, vol. i. pp. 145, 146.

We shall be reminded presently that America is *not* destitute of most venerable monuments of human industry; but, in the mean time, we must turn to Mr. Abdy—another traveller whose attainments we have no wish to disparage—but with whose prevalent feelings on many important subjects we cannot pretend to sympathise. He appears to be a very young gentleman, who, shortly after taking his degree of B. A. at Cambridge, fell into a feeble condition of health, and his physicians advising him to travel for a few months, preferred a tour in America to the more beaten highways of the European continent; his choice, however, being chiefly determined, not by the expectation of comparatively novel scenery and manners, but by a fervent desire to examine for himself the unhappy condition of the coloured population in the United States, and contribute, if possible, to their relief. All must honour this motive; and every candid critic will admit that Mr. Abdy's Journal does him considerable credit in a literary point of view. It is written in a plain unaffected style, wholly free from the foppish tinsel of mock sentimentality which so many

flourishing prosers of this generation have borrowed from the Rosa-Matilda sonneteers of the last, and from that pompous grandiloquence which has been in every age the favourite disguise of half-conscious imbecility. But—whether from the depressing influence of physical malady, or from the chilling and constraining one of that school of politics to which Mr. Abdy has pledged his allegiance—his narrative appears to want that charm of generous freedom which so often atones for the worst defects of a youthful observer of mankind. His tone of thought has not a little of the stilted pretension which is happily absent from his style; he lectures us, *ex cathedrâ*, where it is obvious he has more to learn than to teach; and, both when he praises and when he condemns America, often enough betrays the fact that his personal acquaintance with the institutions and customs of his own country has been but limited and partial. Mr. Abdy, in short, is one of that sect of juvenile philosophers who have of late years forced themselves on general attention as rather too soon emancipated from the old obstructions of modesty; a self-satisfied race, with hearts cooler than their heads; apt to mistake solemnity of manner for dignity of mind; who have dethroned passion only to instal conceit, and ceased to be amiable without attaining to command respect; inexperienced dogmatisers, grave without caution, and calm without candour.

To this school Mr. Abdy belongs, and he is of course proud of belonging to it; but we by no means wish to insinuate that we consider him as hopelessly far gone in its heresies. On the contrary, feelings which his sect condemns do occasionally break out in his pages, to the great relief and comfort of his reader: and we trust the world will recognise these still more largely in the maturer productions of his pen.

It may be rather unfortunate for Mr. Abdy that *Marie* happened to be published before this "Journal:" we have certainly been disappointed in our expectation of finding in these pages a considerable addition of facts to those which the ingenious Frenchman had so lately placed before us, touching the condition and prospects of the coloured people in the States; but still he has added something of valuable information,—and the shape and manner of his performance may, and indeed should, give him the advantage as a solid and permanent authority on this subject, over his more imaginative predecessor.

He confirms, in the first place,—and be it observed his Journal must have been in the hands of the printer long before *Marie* reached England,—every one of those statements in the French *Tableau* which had most startled ourselves in its perusal. Mr. Abdy, for example, assures us that he saw condemned to receive their education in a school to which no Anglo-American would send any of his children, young persons of mixed descent, in whose appearance no trace of African blood could be detected,—"boys who had no signs of the Pariah caste about them,—of fair complexion, with light silky hair."—(vol. i. p. 7.) He also illustrates, by some very striking instances, which had fallen under his own observation, all that M. Beaumont told us concerning the determined tyranny of white churchwardens in refusing to admit even the wealthiest and most respectable free citizens of mixed descent to occupy pews in the same part of the building with the Christian brahmins of the new world. The case of Mr. Brinsley, a wealthy mulatto of the best possible character, is one of these. This man came into possession of a pew in a Baptist meeting-house of civilised *Boston*, as part of the property of a debtor,—but on the morning after the Sunday on which he and his family first appeared there he received this missive:—

"'To Mr. Frederick Brinsley, *coloured man*, Elm Street:

"'Boston, March 6, 1830.

"'Sir,—The prudential committee of Park-Street church notify you not to occupy any pew on the lower floor of Park-Street meeting-house on any Sabbath, or on any other day, during the time of divine worship, after this date—and, if you go there with such intent, you will hazard the consequences. The pews in the upper galleries are at your service.

"'George Odiorne, for the committee.'"

Our Journalist says:

"Mr. Brinsley, on going again, found a constable at the pew-door. No further attempt was made to assert the rights of property against such a formidable combination; and we may seek in vain for the consequences, which Mr. Odiorne, with official brevity, says would have been hazarded by another visit to the house of God."—*Abdy's Journal*, vol. i. pp. 134, 135.

Mr. Abdy mentions that even the quakers, though their own laws expressly forbid any attention to difference of colour, universally insist on the coloured "brethren" sitting in a separate part of the meeting-house; and he adds, that in the burying-places the whites lie *east and west*, the black and brown Christians *north and south!* But of all the horrid details collected by Mr. Abdy, the following story is the most shocking:—

"I was once asked, with a sarcastic smile, by an American lady of Hibernian descent, if I had met with any *interesting blacks* in the course of my tour? The winter I passed in New York furnished what this woman, with all her contempt for a race more persecuted and less fortunate than that from which she herself sprang, would acknowledge to be most painfully interesting. During the frost, some ice, on which several boys were skating, in the outskirts of the city, gave way, and several of them were drowned. During the confusion and terror occasioned by this accident, a coloured boy whose courage and hardihood were well known, was called upon to render assistance. He immediately threw himself into the water, with his skates on, and succeeded in saving two lads; but, while exerting himself to rescue a third, he was drawn under the ice, and unable to extricate himself. No one would risk his life for him. Soon after, the details of this melancholy event appeared in one of the newspapers (the New York American), with an offer to receive subscriptions for the mother, who was left, with a sick husband and a young family, deprived of the support which she had derived from her son's industry. As reference was made to a medical man in Park Place, I called upon him, and received a very favourable account both of the boy and his poor mother, who was employed to wash for him. I immediately proceeded to her house, and found that she had three children left; the eldest about ten years of age, and the youngest an infant at the breast. In addition to these, she had undertaken the

care of a little girl, five years old, the daughter of a deceased friend, whose husband had deserted his child, and refused to pay anything towards its support. 'I consider her as my child,' said the generous woman; 'and while I have a crust left she shall share it with my children.' I made enquiries about the boy she had just lost, and was told, what I heard in Park Place, that his conduct had always been most exemplary—that he had carried to her every cent he could save from his earnings, and had often expressed a wish that he might obtain sufficient to save her from working so hard, her business sometimes keeping her up nearly all night.

"I had frequent opportunities of meeting Mrs. Peterson; and my respect for her character increased with my acquaintance. When I settled a little account I had with her for washing and other work, I had some difficulty in prevailing upon her to take what was strictly her due—such was her gratitude for the few services I was enabled, with the assistance of my friends, to render her. Three months had elapsed since the death of young Peterson, and not one of the relatives of either of the boys whose lives he had saved, at the cost of his own, had been near his bereaved mother; and the subscription did not amount to seventy dollars. When we consider that the population of the place amounts to more than 250,000, including Brooklyn, it is little to its credit that the gratitude it felt for the preservation of two of its citizens could find no better way to exhibit itself than by a paltry donation to the self-devoted preserver's afflicted parent of *a sum scarcely exceeding one fourth of what he might have been sold for, when living, in the slave market at New Orleans.*"—*Abdy*, vol. ii. p. 43.

The utter frigidity with which the American "patricians," as Mr. Abdy calls them, meet every charge of cruelty and oppression with regard to the people of colour, appears to him to form an odd contrast with their delicate sensitiveness to the remarks "uttered in a distant land by a few narrow-minded men" on their own *minora moralia*:—

"Hint to them that they eat pease with a knife, and they are highly enraged; tell them that their conduct to the 'niggers' is inhuman and unmanly, and they laugh in your face."

Mr. Abdy's liberal politics do not interfere with his perceptions of many of the harmless absurdities of the Americans,—witness these amusing traits:—

"'Are you *the man*,' said a driver to Duke Bernard of Saxe Weimar, 'that is to go in that carriage?'—'Yes.' 'Then I am *the gentleman* to drive you.' . . . A young female of New York, while looking over an English prayer-book, was much shocked with that expression in the marriage service, 'Wilt thou have this *woman* to thy wedded wife?' She insisted upon it, with all the dignity of offended rank, that the phrase ought to be—'Wilt thou have this *lady*,' &c."—Vol. i. pp. 74, 75.

Mr. Abdy appears to have come away from *his* visit to General Jackson, (who, however, does not seem to have asked him to dinner,) with impressions not quite so enthusiastic as those described on a similar occasion by the two dissenting doctors:—

"One or two things, during this short interview, struck me very forcibly. I saw clearly that a man's good opinion of himself is the best handle by which you may lead him; that truth has as little chance of a familiar acquaintance with republican presidents as with imperial potentates; and that an American need not go to St. Petersburgh or St. James's to find a courtier. I was, indeed, not a little surprised at the gross flattery with which this old man was fed. What a subject for Lucian or Le Sage! Here were the vices of a court in all their deformity;—arrogance without dignity, and adulation without refinement—a burlesque upon every thing exalted and manly!"—p. 173.

He adds,—

"The same arrogant assumption of national superiority is employed by the highest and the lowest person in that country, as an acknowledged title to the respect and confidence throughout the civilized world. *Nihil est quod credere de se non posset cum laudatur*, may be said of the most insignificant citizen of these confederated republics, as truly as of the autocrat of Russia, or the Grand Llama of Tartary."—pp. 280, 281.

During a debate which Mr. Abdy attended in the house of representatives, the gallery was for some reason ordered to be cleared; and the object was effected "not without resistance," says Mr. Abdy, "as *dirks* were used on the occasion."—Vol. ii. p. 125.

To come back to Mr. Abdy's chief theme,—he has, in describing his tour through the southern states, given a world of details, which will go far to explain the alarming scenes lately enacted in those regions, and likely we must think to go on there, until either the dark population become so numerous as to be quite invincible, or the government gives *champ libre* to the legislation of the planters; in either case, that is—until the disruption of the American Union takes place.

We have a good deal from Mr. Latrobe, also, touching both the slaves and the coloured free people of the United States; but on these subjects, as indeed on all others, this author writes in a much more fair, charitable, and really Christian spirit than we have been able to discover in the lucubrations from which we have hitherto been quoting. Mr. Latrobe, (a member of the family so long and so honourably connected with the missionary cause,) is personally unknown to us; we are ignorant of his past history, except that part of it which is contained in his *Alpenstock*, an unfortunately named but very pleasing and useful manual for travellers in Switzerland; whether he ever followed any profession—what the general course of his life has been—we never heard; but we think we can hardly be mistaken in judging him to be a man considerably more advanced in years than Mr. Abdy. He, at all events, if he be a young man, has written throughout of America like one who—

> "By discipline of Time made wise,
> Has learned to tolerate the infirmities
> And faults of others."

Such a traveller, though he could, not more than any other rational man, shut his eyes to the starting absurdity of that eternal cant about universal freedom and equality, in a country where a fifth of the population are slaves, and nearly another fifth, albeit legally free, are, to all intents and purposes, treated as a Pariah caste—was nevertheless likely to consider the essential difficulties of the case, as well as the gross nonsense which has been, and is, needlessly adding to them. Mr. Abdy, and five hundred more of his class, may talk as long as they please about the

equality of all the children of Adam, and condemn, as alike silly and sinful, the American repugnance to the notion of what they call "amalgamation"—but we take the liberty of doubting whether Mr. Abdy would willingly bestow his own sister in marriage upon the most polished specimen of the negro race that ever strutted as Comte Marmalade or Marquis de Molasseville at the court of Hayti; and we also remain excessively sceptical as to the possibility of bringing any negro *population* to any thing like the Anglo-American standard of intellect or civilisation for generations to come. Certain feelings which these gentlemen so *broadly* denounce in the Americans, are feelings which, right or wrong, have been partaken by all the civilised nations that ever came into contact with African negroes, from the dawn of history down to the present day; and they will not yield to argument—least of all to abuse. The difficulty in which this vast and rapidly-increasing population of alien blood involves the government and legislature of America, is great and real; and it little becomes Englishmen, aware, as we all are, by whose act a slave peasantry was first introduced into her territory, to assume a high and disdainful tone of language as to this subject. Least of all, is it either wise or decorous in us to assume such a tone at this particular time. Some obviously and absurdly-cruel particulars may be criticised *calmly* to good purpose—but let us not be too broad and rash in our censures. We have but yesterday emancipated our own West Indian slaves, at an enormous cost, and the results of that experiment are still (to speak gently) extremely doubtful. Let us beware of incurring the suspicion that we are willing to urge our example on the United States from motives not of philanthropy merely, but in part, at least, of mercantile calculation!

The condition of the scanty remains of the *red race* in the United States, is another subject on which Mr. Latrobe enters at some length. His own connection with a lineage of missionaries, had no doubt a strong effect in turning his researches into this channel. He adds:—

"We execrate the bloodthirstiness of the Spaniard, who exterminated whole tribes at once by the sword, under the banner of the blessed cross; and yet the conduct of the pilgrim fathers and their children towards the aborigines of the North, is hardly less culpable or less execrable. Like the Spaniard, the puritan warred under the banner of his faith, and considered the war as holy. No one who reads the history of these countries, since their first settlement, can draw any other conclusion than that the white man, secretly with his grasping hand, selfish policy, and want of faith, has been in almost every case, directly or indirectly, the cause of the horrors which he afterwards rose openly to retaliate. How often did he return evil for good! That the wrath of the Indian, when excited, was terrible, his anger cruel, and his blows indiscriminate, falling almost always on the comparatively innocent; and that defence, and perhaps retaliation, then became necessary to save the country from repetitions of those fearful scenes of murder and torture which make the early settlements a marvel and a romance, is also to be allowed: but the settlements of the various portions of America, with but few exceptions, is, equally in the north and south, a foul blot upon christendom.

"But the evil is now done, and unfortunately irreparable, in that part of the continent of America in which I am now writing to you. The Indian tribes have melted like snow from before the steady march of the whites, and diminished in number and power—beaten back, they first gave way and retired beyond the Mountains, and then beyond the Great River and to the westward of the Great Lakes. If you ask, where is that noble race whom Smith found in Virginia—the race of Powhatan, which then overspread that fair country, between the Alleghany and the sea?—where the powerful tribes of the East—the posterity of Uncas or Philip—the white man's friend or the white man's foe—or the tribes that clustered round the base of the White Mountains? the same answer suits all: They are gone! and scanty remnants, scattered here and there, hardly preserve their name."—*Latrobe*, vol. i. pp. 166, 167.

We think every reader will admit the sense and candour of the following extract from another letter on the same subject:—

"It is my firm conviction, that the government of the United States, as well as the population of its settled districts, are very sincere in their desire to see justice done to the remnant of these tribes; and, as far as is consistent with the general welfare of the community, to favour and succour them. The main difficulty is, how and by what means these ends are to be attained. The measures now generally adopted, of buying their various lands and reservations, where surrounded by the population of the states, and principally those of the east of the Mississippi, has met with much condemnation from Europeans, especially from those who know the secret of these purchases. The only valid apology which can be made for it, is that of stern and absolute necessity. If the existence of that be proved, the policy may be defended, however many things may seem to cast doubt on the expediency or the justice of thus expatriating the wrecks of these tribes from their small heritage of the land of their forefathers; for, though the land is virtually bought, and the tribe to a certain degree well remunerated, it is still expatriation. This plea I have, however unwillingly, been led at length to admit. The white men and the Indian cannot be near neighbours. They never will and never can amalgamate. Feuds, murders, disorders, will spring up; mutual aggression among the dissolute and ignorant of both classes will give rise to yet greater evils. If the Indian turns his back upon the alternative of civilisation, he must recede; and were it not even advantageous to the white, it would be mercy in the latter to attempt, by all lawful means, to arrange matters in such a way as to avoid the possibility of collision. Yet, granting that this policy is sound, because imperious, no one can look upon the state of the Indian, struggling for existence on the frontier, without commiseration. He is perhaps removed from an impoverished country, as far as the game is concerned, to one abounding in it, and of greater extent and richness of soil than that which he relinquishes. The annuity granted by government, the provision made for schools and agricultural instruction, would seem to place him in a more enviable situation, even though he were removed a thousand miles from the graves of his fathers. Yet here he is, if any thing, more exposed to oppression, from that proportion of the white population with whom he is in contact being in general the most abandoned."—pp. 168, 169.

Our author asks elsewhere:—

"What check is there upon an unprincipled agent, who knows that, for a bottle of whisky, an Indian will sign or say any thing—and, at the same time, his testimony is not valid in a court of justice?"

Mr. Latrobe has some most valuable letters on

the history of the old attempts to Christianise the native tribes, by Brainerd and his admirable brethren. With regard to the prospects of the missionaries now engaged among the red men beyond the Mississippi, he says:

"My general impression was that they were worthy men; rather upright than sound in their views for the civilisation and moral improvement of the tribes among whom they were sent to labour; and, like many of the brethren all over the world, far too weak-handed and deficient in worldly wisdom to cope effectually with the difficulties thrown in their way by the straggling but powerful community of traders, agents, and adventurers of every kind, with whom they must be associated in their intercourse with the Indians. Their work must be a work of faith and humble dependence on God, for by their own strength and wisdom they will achieve nothing —He can effect what men would pronounce impossible. In the lawless, licentious conduct of most of the nominal Christians connected with them, the Indian finds sufficient excuse for not quitting the faith of his fathers, as that proffered in exchange seems to produce such evil fruit." —pp. 70, 71.

We are afraid that very much the same thing might be justly said as to the case of other missionaries engaged among other Indians. But we must now introduce our readers to the society and manners of the Anglo-Americans themselves of the highest and best order, as described by this candid traveller. The following picture of the environs of Baltimore is in every respect delightful:—

"In returning northward, we made a halt of a fortnight in Baltimore and its neighbourhood. Many of the country-seats which stud the environs upon the upland slope, at various points and distances from the city, are singularly well situated and tastefully arranged; and I look back with unalloyed gratification to the hours spent among them, and the hospitality there enjoyed. Rural fetes are ordinarily given in these villas at this beautiful season of the year, when every tree and shrub appears in its freshest green, and every natural object excites to amusement and recreation.

"The numberless white four-petaled flowers of the dog-wood, which we had left in the latitude of New York in full beauty, had, it is true, become discoloured and half hidden by the green foliage which they precede, but the catalpa was in blossom in the vicinity of the country seats; the shrubberies were in their beauty; and, on the margin of the forests, which generally thickened to the back of these villas, the evening air was perfumed with the rich odour of the magnolia, whose snow-white blossom peeped out from its covert of glossy leaves. A thousand beautiful trees, either transported from their concealment in the woods, or tastefully preserved for the purposes of ornament, surrounded the lawns in front of the open colonnade.

"It was not till my return to Europe, in the height of summer, after a very short passage, that I was struck with the totally different character of the verdure, both of the field and forest, on the two continents. After the bright sward, and the varied summer foliage of the western woods, with their great preponderance of light greens, the English landscape seemed to exhibit nothing but *evergreens*—such was the depth of shade observable in the blue verdure of the rounded and heavy masses of foliage of our ordinary forest trees, and on the dark and thick meadow grass of our humid climate.

"A few hours before sunset, the different visiters generally assembled, by far the greater number consisting of the young and unmarried of both sexes. Under the shade of the trees, tables were covered with the delicacies of the season—among which the delicious fruit from which these Strawberry Parties took their name, was ordinarily seen in the greatest profusion, with its appropriate concomitants of cream and champagne. Many an enchanting spectacle of natural beauty and human contentment and pleasure have I observed spread before me, while sitting in the portico of one of these rural retreats, as the sun sunk slowly to its setting. The view from many of them commanded a wide prospect, to the south-east, over the forests and fine undulating slopes of the country in the direction of the city, whose domes and edifices peered over the woods, or were descried bordering the irregular lake-like divisions of the river. More remote lay the wider bay of the Patapsco, glistening with white sails, merging far in the distance into the broad Chesapeake; the long promontory of North Point, with its light-houses glistening in the sunshine; and, beyond all, the hardly perceptible thread of gold which marked the utmost limit of the horizon, and the eastern shore of Maryland.

"If to this noble view you add as a foreground the sweet intermingling forest, lawn, and shrubbery in the immediate vicinity of the dwelling—with the gay and graceful groups scattered over it—you would own with me that you had rarely gazed upon scenes so truly beautiful and guilelessly cheerful; so animated, so full of innocent pleasure, and so devoid of false glitter and glare, as those presented by the Maryland Strawberry Parties. Later comes the brief but beautiful twilight, with the wailing cry of the whip poor-will, the flight of the night hawk, and, above all, myriads of fire-flies filling the air with sparks, dancing in the deep shade, or streaming with their intermittent and gentle light among the groups, as they stroll in the open air or sit in the porticoes.

"The frank manners and uncontrolled intercourse between the young people of both sexes, and the confidence with which they are on all occasions left to their own discretion, is one remarkable feature in American society, and one that must strike every European. Unattended as this open confidence has hitherto been, with perhaps the rarest exceptions, no unpleasant results, it is a proof that thus far the society of the new world has an advantage over that of the old, where circumstances throw such difficulties in the way of most early marriages—where the poison of libertinism is more generally diffused—and where the whole structure of society warrants the most jealous care in the parent, and the utmost caution and reserve on the part of the daughter."—*Latrobe*, vol. ii. pp. 29—32.

Our readers cannot have failed to observe how many of the circumstances alluded to in this beautiful letter are identical with those dwelt upon in a very different spirit—considered as altogether deplorable in their results—by many other travellers of late years, and especially by M. de Beaumont. We extracted the passage on this very account. It affords a strong lesson to every one who undertakes to criticise the manners of a people with whom he is not of old and familiarly acquainted—and we think we can hardly do better than follow it up by another page, in which Mr. Latrobe brings the same lesson, one so often neglected, home to ourselves—our own business and bosoms. He says, after he has returned to England,—

"It was but the other day I was in company with a gentlemanly foreigner—a Prussian; acute, reasonable, and polite, traveling for his instruction and amusement, to see with his own eyes, and to hear with his own ears. The conversation turned upon the difference of the crimi-

nal law in our respective countries, and the mode of procedure in criminal cases. Two things had struck him with reference to that of England; first, the weight which we give to mere circumstantial evidence, in the absence of positive proof; and, secondly, the horrible severity of our code, and the administration of it. He stated that he had been seated for hours in the court of sessions in one of our southern cities, and that out of twenty or thirty cases under consideration not a single prisoner was acquitted. He was quite horrified! Accusation and conviction seemed to go hand in hand. The time occupied in one case was, as he thought, quite insufficient for patient investigation; and his blood curdled as he heard—*Guilty! Guilty! Guilty!* pronounced again and again by the foreman of the jury, before he had had time to make himself master of the bare accusation. The idea fixed, by the evidence of his own senses on his mind, was this—that in England every man who was accused must be, and was, condemned. And I wish you could have seen how wide he opened his eyes when he was forced unwillingly to relinquish his belief—by a calm explanation of the series of preparatory steps through which every individual case had passed before it came to the point where he had seen it arrive for positive decision. Of the examination before a magistrate, the reconsideration of cases by a grand jury, &c., he, till now, had had no opportunity of hearing; but he was brought to confess, after a while, that, all things considered, it was hardly to be conceived that innocence, if innocence there were, would not have been made evident in the previous stages of enquiry, and that nothing but incontrovertible evidence of guilt could be received and made the cause of condemnation.

"However, something was to be learned from this, and I trust I was not myself above profiting by the lesson, which many years of travel have assisted in impressing upon my mind; namely, that a stranger in a strange land sees with strange and partial eyes, and that the difficulty of forming a correct judgment, even with close observation, and without any disposition to distort facts, is far greater than might be supposed."—vol. ii. pp. 305, 306.

We sincerely hope this lesson will be held in mind by all future travellers in the United States. For ourselves, we are obliged to confess that we much wish we had kept it steadily before us when reviewing the recent work of Mrs. Trollope, and we may even add of Captain Basil Hall.* We have no suspicion that either of these able writers designed to give a false impression of the state of society in America: but we are constrained to acknowledge that we think if Washington Irving had undertaken a tour among our own provincial towns, he might have found materials for lively and amusing sketches of British manners not a bit better than those represented as *characteristic* of the Americans: indeed we strongly suspect that he might have found almost the same identical things and fashions. And how, after all, should this be otherwise? What were all those American towns sixty years ago but provincial British towns? Why should we be so ready to believe that manners and customs had changed so much within the life-time of one generation, while blood and language remained the same?

Let us hear no more then—at least, let us hear nothing in harsh, contemptuous, or arrogant language—about the petty circumstances which may happen to strike an English eye, accustomed to the highly-cultivated features of society in the upper walks of life in England, as offensively characteristic of the people of America, in their interior domestic intercourse among themselves. Let every man who designs to travel in America begin with making himself acquainted with the manners of the great masses of our own population—even of our own opulent and fairly educated population—and ask himself honestly, whether, supposing the present course of political changes to be persisted in, the grand problem of the Grotes, Warburtons, and Humes; fairly worked out, our aristocratical institutions in church and state got rid of, and the "monarchy of the middle classes" completely established here—let him ask himself, whether he seriously believes that, after the lapse of half a century, the foreign traveller from Vienna or St. Petersburg would not be very apt to go home again with much the same views as to the manners of the dominant caste in England, that have been of late made public on the subject of the social peculiarities of America.

There is only one general remark on that subject which we shall take the liberty of setting down; and we do so, because we already see a thousand proofs that it will, at no distant day, be just as applicable to us as it is to them. The whole doctrine of *social equality*—the one doctrine which lies at the root of all our own present political doings—is the doctrine of vanity, envy, and hypocrisy; and no nation can *pretend* to reduce it to practice—for really reducing it to practice is impossible—without acquiring habits of falsehood, which will soon show themselves in matters far remote from politics. We are laying the foundation of a system of gross and habitual fraud, to be developed with equal distinctness in all our relations. Every demagogue is a hypocrite; and in a nation swayed by demagogues, the majority, even of those who scorn *their* trade, will from necessity creep into habits of insincerity.

The abundance of unoccupied land in America, the ease with which it may be obtained and cultivated, and the prodigious demand and consequent high price of labour of every kind in this vast and thinly-peopled region, are the fortunate circumstances which have hitherto enabled the *gentlemen* to submit, sullenly and reluctantly, but still to *submit* to the yoke of the democracy. These have hitherto afforded protection to property—to that one thing upon which, in any old and thickly-peopled country, a tyrannical democracy would too soon turn every particle of its serious attention.

We adduce, however, the following examples of the facility with which physical prosperity may now be attained in America—not with any political view, but merely for the benefit of English emigrants. The first is the history of a small farmer not far from the town of Independence:—

"The settler had, in the course of the preceding spring, brought three hundred acres of land, at a dollar and a quarter per acre. He came to work upon it in the month of April, at which time the sound of the axe had never been heard in these forests. During the course of that month, he girdled the trees on ten acres, built himself a

* A great change of tone with regard to this country has come over the formerly abusive Quarterly.—*Ed. Museum.*

log hut, and brought his family out. At the close of May, after burning the brushwood and slightly breaking the surface, he sowed the ten acres, upon which the sun now shone freely, unobstructed by the dying spring foliage, with a bushel and a half of gourd-seed maize; and at the time of my visit in September, he showed me a crop upon the ground ready to harvest of fifty bushels to the acre—the whole return being consequently five hundred bushels for the one and a half sown. At the same time, the fodder yielded, by stripping the tall stems of the maize of their broad and redundant leaves, amounting to a thousand bundles, sufficient to afford winter food for fifteen head of cattle, which during the summer had lived and fattened in the forest, with their compeers the swine, without being a charge upon the settler. Besides this produce, the field had yielded fifty wagon-loads of pumpkins, of which great use is made, both for the family and the stock. Such is the amazing fertility of this region, and the facilities with which the necessaries of life may be procured! I have given you this single instance out of many of which I took exact and particular note.

"While I add that the whole tract purchased was of the same inexhaustible richness of soil—covered with the most exuberant and noble forest, many trees which I measured being six yards in girth—abounding with excellent water and limestone—situated at a point where there would be no difficulty in transporting any quantity of produce to a market—you may well suppose that the owner cannot but become wealthy."—*Latrobe*, vol. ii. p. 137.

What follows, refers to an experiment, on a much larger scale, in the back territory of the state of New York:—

"The estate of F——, consisting of about thirty-six thousand acres, was, little more than twenty years ago, in the state of nature; there was not a road passing through it, there was not a tree cut; but for ages the heavy forest, decking the country and shading the streams and ponds, had grown and come to maturity, and decayed and fallen, to add to the mould which covered its undulating surface. After the termination of the war, our host, the son of the original purchaser, came from the metropolis of the state, devoting himself to the improvement of his patrimony. He fearlessly laid the axe at the root of the trees, built himself a log hut, and began to cultivate a corner of his domain. In a year or two he married, and brought his young and accomplished wife, tenderly nurtured, of the best blood of the Union, to bear him companionship in his hut during the summer. In no country have you nobler examples of that devotion and heroism which enables woman to sacrifice self, and bend to circumstances. She was content with the comparative solitude of the forests, and to live—as people must live, whatever be their birth and breeding,—roughly and rudely in the backwoods. Thus they passed several years, oscillating between the best society of New York in the winter, and that of workmen and rude settlers in the summer. Their log hut was for many years their habitation. But their self-denial has long ere this had its reward.

"One-third of the whole estate was under steady culture at the time of our visit, and they counted sixteen hundred taxable inhabitants within their boundaries. Roads were opened to the north and south. The log hut had disappeared; and in its place a spacious and handsome country-seat, built of white marble, quarried on the estate, rose in a prominent situation on the bank of a limpid lake, two or three miles in circumference, surrounded by hanging woods and rocky shores. The tasteful elegance of the interior was in harmony with that of the exterior—shrubberies, gardens, orchards, and gravel walks occupied the immediate vicinity; nor were the bath-house and all the facilities for boating and fishing forgotten. Such were the charges effected by patience, perseverance, and taste."—p. 147.

Mr. Latrobe gives a great many most interesting and useful details respecting the recent settlements of many of our countrymen in the better condition of life, especially naval and military officers on half-pay, in the province of Upper Canada; and we recommend this part of his book to the earnest study of all persons *of the like class* who may feel inclined to follow their example.*

Mr. Latrobe is not one of those travellers who feel interested only in some one or two of the subjects which a new country presents to observation. He carries with him, wherever we find him, the same liberal curiosity, the same gentle sympathies, and the same vivid powers of description; and we know not whether his sketches of manners, civilised and barbarous, his historical disquisitions, or his letters on the phenomena of nature living and inanimate, are likely to be most generally admired. Nor do the real *antiquities* of America escape his enthusiasm. Our readers will do well to compare the following elegant passage with Mr. Flint's more detailed account of *the Indian mounds*, which we had occasion to quote a few years ago, when reviewing his "Ten Years in the Valley of the Mississippi:"—

"I never at any time approached the Indian mounds, those relics of a people and of a time of which no recollection or tradition has been preserved, without interest and feeling. That the hands that reared them should long ago have been mingled with the clay of which they formed these simple but enduring monuments, excites no wonder: generation departs after generation—one dynasty follows another—one nation perishes, and its place is filled by another; but it is seldom that all memory, all tradition is lost of a people. A name alone may remain, without any other distinctive feature,—but that is yet a name, and under it the existence of a distinct division of the human race may yet stand recorded in the book of the world's history. But here, on this vast continent, dispersed over a great extent of territory, you find the relics of an utterly forgotten race. They must have been a numerous one, for the magnitude of the works they have left behind them attest it. You see mounds raised upon the rich level plains of the west, which will ever remain a marvel. They must have attained to a certain degree of civilisation and sedentary habits, superior to the races whom the present age has seen in turn displaced by those of our own hue and blood:—they were more civilised, more powerful, more enlightened than the Indian races of our day. We read this truth in the vestiges of their towns and fortifications, and the lands once cultivated by them; yet it is in vain you pry into the secret of their deeds, time of existence, or history. You dig into their places of sepulture—you handle their bones; but they are silent, and tell you nothing; and the utensils you unearth only show you that they were numerous, and, however powerful, simple in their habits.

"Man is less perfect for the time being, and subject to greater vicissitudes than even the birds of the air and the

* Such persons, however, will find their best practical guide in the "Notes" lately published by Mr. Ferguson, of Woodhead, a skilful Scotch agriculturist, whose precept and example are of the most sterling value.

beasts of the field, whom he affects to govern and despise. And this is impressed on my mind as I listen to the song of these sweet birds. There are voices yet abroad in the land of those forgotten tribes, at this very moment, singing the same sweet strain as rang through the oak groves two thousand years ago! They have not forgotten the lessons taught the parents of their race in Paradise. God has stamped them with the species of perfection for which he designed them, and they have not departed from it. Their kind has suffered no vicissitude—they have probably neither deteriorated nor attained greater perfection in any respect since the day of their creation, but have carolled, and nestled and paired, from generation to generation; fulfilling the end for which they were apparently created; while race after race of human beings has arisen and passed away, and the earth has been alternately filled and deserted by nations and individuals perfect in nothing. Without the certainty of immortality, and the sweet hope of being restored, through God's mercy, to that estate from which we have fallen, might we not well be tempted to despair!"—vol. ii. p. 21-23.

We have bestowed so much of our space on these new authors—especially on Mr. Latrobe—that we find ourselves obliged to abstain from further quotations about America, and must, therefore, be contented to recommend once more in general terms the "Tour to the Prairies" of our old favourite, Mr. Washington Irving. We read the book with high interest, and not the less for the novel aspects and attitudes in which it brings our worthy friend himself before us. Clad in his leathern jerkin, mounted on his fiery steed, and armed with his huge blunderbuss, for close encounter with wolves, bears, buffaloes, and the other terrors of the Prairie, he must indeed have appeared very unlike what we had been used to meet announced under his name. But whether on a wild horse, or on an easy chair, he retains the same happy humour to be pleased with every thing, and the same happy power to please every body about him. His nephew has also lately published a very agreeable little work, in which much of the same sort of scenery and adventure is painted with no trivial share of the same talent.* Nor ought we to close our paper without naming "The Winter in the Far West," by Mr. Hoffman—another new book which will richly reward the reader's attention.

But the book of the season, as far as America is concerned, is unquestionably that of Mr. Latrobe. He is evidently an author from whose future lucubrations we may hope to receive large supplies of amusement and instruction. To what part of the world he has turned his steps, we do not know—but we understand he is again rambling somewhere, and we shall not fail to watch the result of his peregrinations.

* Indian Sketches, taken during an Expedition among the Pawnee Tribes and other Indians of North America. By John T. Irving, Jun. 2 vols. 12mo.

IRELAND.—The "Pilot" of Dublin, contains the particulars of the "O'Connell Fund" for the year 1834; the total amount of which is 13,454*l*. The tribute money raised during the last five years, is 80,000*l*.

From the London Metropolitan.

DIARY OF A BLASE'.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER SIMPLE," "JACOB FAITHFUL," "THE ADVENTURES OF JAPHET," &C.

(Continued from p. 513.)

CHAPTER XIII.—EN ROUTE.

May 26.

Passed Waterloo—was informed that two days before the Marquis of Anglesea had arrived there, and stayed a short time to visit the cemetery of his leg; a regular family visit of course, as all the *members* were present.

May 27.

Slept at Namur. The French are certainly superior to us in the art of rendering things agreeable. Now, even in the furnishing of an apartment, there is always something to relieve the eye, if not to interest you. I recollect when I was last in London, in furnished apartments, that as I lay awake in the morning, my eye caught the pattern of the paper. It was a shepherdess with her dog in repose, badly executed, and repeated without variation over the whole apartment. Of course, I had nothing to do but to calculate how many shepherdesses and dogs there were in the room, which, by counting the numbers in length and breadth, squaring the results, and deducting for door and windows, was soon accomplished. But how different was the effect produced by the paper of the room in which I slept last night! It was the history of Dunois, the celebrated Bastard of France, who prays, in his youth, that he may prove the bravest of the brave, and be rewarded with the fairest of the fair. This was not the true history, perhaps, of Dunois; but I am drawing the comparison between the associations and reminiscences conjured by this decoration, in opposition to the dull and tasteless recapitulation of the English manufacture. From the latter I could not extract a bare idea except that shepherdesses are, as a race, extinct, and that Lord Althorp had taken the tax off shepherds' dogs, by way of a bonus, to relieve a distressed capital of some hundred millions to which the agricultural interest had very properly replied, "Thank you for nothing, my lord;" but from the sight of the French paper what a host of recollections started up at the moment! The mind flew back to history, and was reveling in all the romance of chivalry, from King Arthur and his Knights, to the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

"Yet, after all," thought I, after a long reverie, "divest chivalry, so called, of its imposing effect, examine well into its nature and the manners of the times, and it must be acknowledged that modern warfare has a much greater claim than the ancient, to the title of chivalry. In former times men were cased in armour of proof, and before the discovery of gunpower had little to fear in a *mêlée*, except from those who, like themselves, were equally well armed and equally protected, and even then only from flesh wounds, which were seldom mortal. The lower classes, who served as common soldiers, were at the mercy of the mounted spearsmen, and could seldom make any impression upon their defences. In those days, as in the present, he who could command most gold carried the day, for the gold procured the steel harness, and a *plump* of spears brought into the field was more than equal to a thousand common men. He who had the best tempered armour was the most secure, and that was to be only procured by gold. He who could mount and case in iron the largest number of his followers, was the most powerful, and, generally speaking, the most lawless. Divest chivalry of its splendour, which threw a halo round it, and it was brutal, and almost cowardly. Single combats did certainly prove courage; but even in them, skill, and more than skill, personal strength, or the best horse, decided the victory. In fact, although not the origin, it was the upholder of the feudal system, in which might was right; and we may add, that the in-

vention of gunpowder, which placed every man upon a level, if not the cause of, certainly much assisted to the breaking up of the system. How much more of the true spirit of chivalry is required in the warfare of the present day, in which every man must stand for hours to be shot at like a target, witnessing the mowing down of his comrades, and silently filling up the intervals in the ranks made by their deaths, exposed to the same leaden messengers; a system of warfare, in which every individual is a part of a grand whole, acting upon one concerted and extended plan, and forced a hundred times to exhibit the passive and more perfect bravery of constancy, for once that he may forget his danger in the ardour of the charge! When shall we learn to call things by their right names?"

Liege, May 28.

Our landlord is a most loyal man, but there is a reason for it. Leopold took up his quarters at this hotel in his way to Spa. In every room we have upon every article of *fayence*—"Leopold, with the Genius of Belgium crowning him with laurels, while Truth is looking on." Every plate, every dish, is impressed with this proof print of loyalty. But this is not all, as the man said in the packet, "O no." All the wash-hand basins, jugs, and every other article required in a bedchamber, have the same loyal pattern at the bottom. Now it appeared to me, when I went to bed, that loyalty might be carried too far; and what may have been intended as respect, may be the cause of his majesty being treated with the greatest disrespect, and not only his sacred majesty, but the glorious Belgian constitution also. As for poor Truth, she is indeed said to sojourn at the bottom of a well; but in this instance, it would perhaps be as well that she should not be insulted——I am wrong, she always is, and always will be, insulted, when she appears in the purlieus of a court, or in the presence of a king.

After all, mine is a strange sort of diary. It is not a diary of events, but of thoughts and reminiscences, which are thrown up and caught as they float to the surface in the whirlpool of my brain. No wonder!—events are but as gleanings compared to the harvest of many years, although so negligently gathered into store. I have been puzzling myself these last two hours to find out what a man's brain is like. It is like a kaleidoscope, thought I; it contains various ideas of peculiar colours, and as you shift them round and past, you have a new pattern every moment. But no, it was not like a kaleidoscope, for its patterns are regular, and there is very little regularity in my brain, at all events.

It is like a pawnbroker's shop, thought I, full of heterogeneous pledges; and if you would take any thing out, experience stands at the counter and makes you pay her compound interest, while many articles of value are lost for ever, because memory cannot produce the duplicate.

And then I compared it to almost every thing, but none of my comparisons would hold good. After all, thought I, I have been only playing at "What are my thoughts like?" which is a childish game; and how can I possibly find out what my brain is like, when my brain don't choose to tell? However, I appealed to another as a last resource, "What is my brain like, my dear?"

"More like '*to go mad*' than any thing else," replied she.

It was a satisfactory answer, certainly; so I rose, and opening the window, lighted my cigar, and smoked myself into a reverie as I watched the smoke ascending from the chimneys of the good town of Liege.

And this is the city which travellers pass through, describing it as a manufacturing town, thought I. A city which has, in its time, produced a more moral influence upon society than any other in existence—a city that has led the van in the cause of religion and liberty. Liege presents a curious anomaly among the states of Europe. It is the only town and province which has been, for centuries, ruled by the clerical power, with the exception of Rome. But be it recollected, that at the very period that Christianity was offering up her martyrs at the blood-stained arena of the Colosseum, it was from Liege (or rather Tongres, for Liege was not then built) that she was spreading wide her tenets, unpersecuted and unrestrained, for she was too far removed from idolatry and imposture to be regarded. The province of Liege was the cradle of the Christian faith. From the earliest records there were bishops at Tongres, and it was about five hundred years after Christ that St. Monulphe, the reigning bishop, founded the city of Liege. From that time until the French Revolution, this town and these fertile provinces have always remained under clerical authority.

Although these prince-bishops proved that, upon necessity, they could change the crosier for the coat of mail, still, as by endowments and benefactions they increased their revenues, so did they, by the mildness of their sway, induce thousands to settle in their territory; and to increase their population which was to increase their wealth, they first granted to their citizens those privileges and liberties, which have, upon their precedent, been obtained by force or prayers by others. The very boast of the English of the present day, that *every man's house is his castle*, was the sacred grant of one of the bishops to the citizens at Liege, long before the feudal system had been abolished in our island.

I may also observe, for it is to be gained from the chronicles of this province, that the time at which it may be said that the catholic religion fell into its gross errors, appears to have been about one thousand years after the death of our Saviour. And as I thought of all this, and a great deal more, and smoked my cigar, I felt a great deal of respect for the good old city of Liege; and then I wandered back to the country I had passed through the day before, excelling in all lovely scenery. I had seen it before, but it was many years ago; but it may be seen many times without the least degree of satiety. It was the very country for a Blasé. I do not know any scenery which raises up such pleasurable sensations as that of the Valley of Meuse, taking it the whole way from Namur to Liege, and from Liege to Spa. It is not so magnificent as the Rhine, to which it bears a miniature resemblance. It is not of that description which creates a strong excitement, which is invariably succeeded by depression; but it is of that unchanging and ever pleasing joyous description, that you are delighted without being fatigued, and have stimulus sufficient to keep you constantly in silent admiration without demanding so much from the senses as to weary them. If I could have divested myself from the knowledge that I was in motion, and have fancied that the scene was moving past, I could have imagined myself seated at one of our large theatres, watching one of Stanfield's splendid panoramas. But the lighted end of my cigar at last approximated so near to my nose, that I was burnt out of my reverie; I took the last saveall whiffs, tried to hit an old woman's cap with the end of it, as I tossed it into the street, and retreated to the diurnal labour of shaving—of all human miseries, certainly, the "unkindest cut of all"—especially when the maids have borrowed your razor, during your absence, to reduce the volume of their corns.

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CHAPTER XIV.

I have been reading the "Salmonia" of Sir Humphrey Davy: what a pity it is that he did not write more, there are so many curious points started in it. I like that description of book, which, after reading a while, you drop it on your knee, and are led into a train of thought which may last an hour, before you look for the page

where you left off. There are two cases argued in this work, which led me into a meditation. The one is, a comparison between reason and instinct, and the other as to the degree of pain inflicted upon fish by taking them with the hook. Now it appeared to me in the first question, what has been advanced is by no means conclusive, and although it is the custom to offer a penny for your thoughts, I shall give mine for nothing, which is perhaps as much as they are worth, (I say that, to prevent others from making the sarcastic remark,) and in the second question, I think I can assist the cause of the lovers of the *gentle* art of angling—why *gentle*, I know not, unless it be that anglers bait with *gentles*, and are mostly *gentle*-men.

But before I attempt to prove that angling is not a cruel sport, I must first get rid of "reason and instinct." Of reason most undoubtedly, a philanthropist would reply. "Be it so;" nevertheless, I will argue the point, and if I do not succeed, I have only to hedge back upon Solomon, and enquire, "If man was born to misery as the sparks fly upwards, why are not the inferior classes of creation to have their share of it?"

I do not think that any one can trace out the line of demarcation between reason and instinct. Instinct in many points is wonderful, especially among insects; but where it is wonderful, it is a blind obedience, and inherited from generation to generation. We observe, as in the case of the bees, that they obey the truest laws of mathematics, and from these laws they never have deviated from their creation, and in all animals, as far as their self-defence or their sustenance are concerned, is shown a wonderful blind obedience to an unerring power, and a sagacity almost superior to reason. But wonderful as this is, it is still but instinct, as the progenitors of the race were equally guided by the same, and it is handed down without any improvement, or any decay in its power. Now, if it could be asserted that the instinct of animals was only thus inherited from race to race, and could "go no farther," the line of demarcation between reason and instinct would at once be manifest, as instinct would be blindly following certain fixed laws, while reason would ever be assisted by memory and invention. But we have not this boasted advantage on the side of reason, for animals have both memory and invention, and moreover, if they have not speech, they have equal means of communicating their ideas. That this memory and invention cannot be so much exercised as our own, may be true, but it is exercised to an extent equal to their wants, and they look no further; that is to say, that if any want not prepared for, or any thing should take place interfering with their habits and economy, instinct will enable them to meet the difficulty. There is nothing more wonderful than the application of mechanical power by ants. No engineer could calculate with greater nicety, and no set of men work together with such combination of force. After they have made ineffectual attempts to remove a heavy body, you will observe them to meet together, consult among themselves, and commence an entire new plan of operations. Bees, also, are always prepared to meet any new difficulty. If the *sphinx atropos*, or death's head moth, forces its way into the hive, the bees are well known, after having killed it with their stings, to embalm the dead body with wax—their reason for this is, that the body was too large for them to remove through the passage by which it entered, and they would avoid the unpleasant smell of the carcase. It may be argued, that instinct had always imparted to them this knowledge, but if so, they must have had a fresh accession of instinct after they had been domiciled with men, for it is well known that the hole in the tree, in which the wild bees form their cells, is invariably too small to admit any animal larger than themselves, and whose bodies they could remove with as much ease as they do the bodies of their own dead.

I could cite a hundred instances, which would prove that animals have invention independent of the instinct handed down from generation to generation. I will, however, content myself with one instance of superior invention in the elephant, which occurred at Ceylon. Parties were employed felling timber in the forests of Candia, and this timber, after having been squared, was dragged to the depôt by a large party of elephants, who, with their keepers, were sent there for that purpose. This work was so tedious that a large truck was made, capable of receiving a very heavy load of timber, which might be transported at once. This truck was dragged out by the elephants, and it was to be loaded. I should here observe, that when elephants work in a body, there is always one who, as if by common consent, takes the lead, and directs the others, who never refuse to obey him. The keepers of the elephants and the natives gave their orders, and the elephants obeyed, but the timber was so large, and the truck so high on its wheels, that the elephants could not put the timber in the truck according to the directions given by the men. After several attempts, the natives gave up the point, and retiring to the side of the road as usual, squatted down and held a consultation. In the mean time, the elephant who took the lead summoned the others, made them drag two of the squared pieces to the side of the truck, laid them at right angles with it, lifting one end of each on the truck, and leaving the other on the ground, thus formed an inclined plane. The timber was then brought by the elephants, without any interference on the part of the keepers or natives, who remained looking on, was pushed by the elephants with their foreheads up the inclined plane, and the truck was loaded. Here then is an instance in which inventive instinct—if that term may be used—was superior to the humbler reasoning powers.

That animals have the powers of memory as well as man, admits of no dispute. In elephants, horses, and dogs, we have hourly instances of it; but it descends much lower down—the piping bulfinch, who has been taught to whistle two or three waltzes in perfect concord, must have a good memory, or he would soon forget his notes. To detail instances of memory, would therefore be superfluous; but as it does occur to me while I write, I must give an amusing instance how the memory of a good thrashing overcame the ruling passion of a monkey, which is gluttony, the first and only instance that I ever saw it conquered.

I had on board of a ship which I commanded, a very large Cape baboon, who was a pet of mine, and also a little boy, who was a son of mine. When the baboon sat down on his hams, he was about as tall as the boy was when he walked. The boy having a tolerable appetite, received about noon a considerable slice of bread and butter, to keep him quiet till dinner time. I was on one of the carronades, busy with the sun's lower limb, bringing it in contact with the horizon, when the boy's lower limbs brought him in contact with the baboon, who having, as well as the boy, a strong predilection for bread and butter, and a stronger arm to take it withal, thought proper to help himself to that to which the boy had been already helped. In short, he snatched the bread and butter, and made short work of it, for it was in his pouch in a moment. Upon which the boy set up a yell, which attracted my notice to this violation of the articles of war, to which the baboon was equally amenable as any other person in the ship; for it is expressly stated in the preamble of every separate article, "All who are *in*, or *belonging* to." Whereupon I jumped off the carronade, and by way of assisting his digestion, I served out to the baboon, monkey's allowance, which is, more kicks than half-pence. The master reported that the heavens intimated that it was twelve o'clock, and with all the humility of a captain of a man-of-war, I ordered him to "make it so;" whereupon it was made, and so passed

that day. I do not remember how many days it was afterwards that I was on the carronade as usual, about the same time, and all parties were precisely in the same situations, the master by my side, the baboon under the booms, and the boy walking out of the cabin with his bread and butter. As before, he again passed the baboon, who again snatched the bread and butter from the boy, who again set up a squall, which again attracted my attention. I looked round, and the baboon caught my eye, which told him plainly that he'd soon catch what was not "at all *my eye*;" and he proved that he thought so, for he actually put the bread and butter back into the boy's hands. It was the only instance of which I ever knew or heard, of a monkey being capable of self-denial when his stomach was concerned, and I record it accordingly. (Par parenthèse:) it is well known that monkeys will take the small pox, measles, and I believe the scarlet fever, but this fellow, when the ship's company were dying of the cholera, took that disease, went through all its gradations, and died apparently in great agony.

As then, invention and memory are both common to instinct as well as to reason, where is the line of demarcation to be drawn; especially as, in the case of the elephants I have mentioned, superior instinct will invent when inferior reason is at fault? It would appear, if the two qualities must be associated, that at all events there are two varieties of instinct: blind instinct, which is superior to reason, so far that it never errs, as it is God who guides; and inventive instinct, which enables the superior animals to provide for unexpected difficulties, or to meet those which memory has impressed upon them. But if we examine ourselves, the difficulty becomes even greater—we have decidedly two separate qualities. We are instinctive as well as reasonable beings; and what is inventive instinct but a species of reason, if not reason itself?

But although I say that it is hardly possible to draw the line of demarcation, I do not mean to say that they are one and the same thing, for instinct and reason, if we are to judge by ourselves, are in direct opposition. Self-preservation is instinctive, all the pleasures of sense, all that people are too apt to consider as happiness in this world, I may say, all that we are told is wrong, all that our reason tells us we are not to indulge in, is *instinct*.

Such are the advantages of being reasonable beings in *this world;* undoubtedly, we have a right to claim for ourselves, and deny to the rest of the creation, the enjoyments of the next. Byron says,

"Man being reasonable, must get drunk."

That is to say, being reasonable and finding his reason a reason for being unhappy, he gets rid of his reason whenever he can. So do the most intellectual animals. The elephant and the monkey enjoy their bottle as much as we do. I should have been more inclined to agree with Byron, if he had said,

"Man being reasonable, must *go to the devil*."

For what are poor reasonable creatures to do, when instinct leads them to the "old gentleman," and reason, let her tug as hard as she pleases, is not sufficiently powerful to overcome the adverse force.

After all, I don't think that I have come to a very satisfactory conclusion. Like a puppy running round after his own tail, I am just where I was when I set out; but, like the puppy, I have been amused for the time. I only hope the reader will have been so too.

And now, my brethren, I proceed to the second part of my discourse, which is, to defend anglers and fly-fishers from the charge of cruelty.

It is very true that Shakspeare says, "The poor beetle that we tread on, in mortal sufferance, feels a pang as great as when a giant dies!" and it is equally true that it is as false as it is poetical.

There is a scale throughout nature, and that scale has been divided by unerring justice. Man is at the summit of this scale, being more fearfully and wonderfully made, more perfect than any other of the creation, more perfect in his form, more perfect in his intellect; he is finer strung in his nerves, acuter in his sympathies; he has more susceptibility to pleasure, more susceptibility to pain. He has pleasures denied to, and he has pains not shared with him by, the rest of the creation. He enjoys most, and he suffers most. From man the scale of creation descends, and in its descent, as animals are less and less perfect, so is meted out equal but smaller proportions of pleasure and pain, until we arrive to the Mollusca and Zoophyte, beings existing certainly, but existing without pleasure and without pain—existing only to fill up the endless variety, and add the links to the chain of nature necessary to render it complete. The question which naturally will be put is, "How do you know this? it is assertion, but not proof." But arguments are always commenced in this way. The assertion is the *quid*, the *est demonstrandum* always comes afterwards. I handle my nose, flourish my handkerchief, and proceed.

Man is the most perfect of creation. What part of his body, if separated from the rest, can he renew? No part except the hair and the nail. Reproduction can go no further. With the higher classes of animals also there is no reproduction, but even at this slight descent upon the scale, we may already point out a great difference. Although there is no reproduction, still there are decided proofs of inferiority; for instance, a hare or rabbit caught in a trap, will struggle till they escape, with the loss of a leg—a fox, which is carnivorous, will do more, he will *gnaw* off his own leg to escape. Do they die in consequence? no, they live and do well; but could a man live under such circumstances? impossible. And yet the conformation of the mammalia is not very dissimilar from our own; but man is the more perfect creature, and therefore has not the same resources.

I have hitherto referred only to the *limbs* of animals; I will now go further. I had a beautiful little monkey on board my ship. By accident it was crushed, and received such injury that the back-bone was divided at the loins, and the vertebra of the upper part protruded an inch outside of its skin. Such an accident in a man would have produced immediate death, but the monkey did not die: its lower limbs were of course paralysed. The vertebra which protruded, gradually rotted off, and in six weeks the animal was crawling about the decks with its fore feet. It was however, such a pitiable object, that I ordered it to be drowned. Now, if we descend lower down in the scale until we come to the reptiles and insects, we shall find not only that the loss of limbs is not attended with death, but that the members are reproduced. Let any one take a spider by its legs, it will leave them in your hands that it may escape. Confine the animal under a glass, and in a few weeks it will have all its members perfect as before. Lizards are still more peculiar in their reproduction. I was at Madeira for many months, and often caught the lizards which played about the walls and roofs of the out-houses, and if ever I caught a lizard by the tail, he would make a spring and leave his tail in my hand, which seemed to snap off as easily as would a small carrot. Now the tail of the lizard is longer than its body, and a continuation of the vertebræ of the back. I soon found out that lizards did not die from this extensive loss, but on the contrary, that their tails grew again. Even the first week afterwards a little end began to show itself, and in about two months the animal had reproduced the whole. What I am about to say now will probably be considered by some as incredible; they are, however, at full liberty to disbelieve it. One day I was looking out of the window with the late Tom Sheridan, who lived in the same house, and we observed on the roof of the outhouse a lizard with

two tails, but neither of them full grown, and we argued that at the time the animal lost his tail he must have suffered some division of the stump. Being at that time a naturalist, *i. e.* very cruel, I immediately caught a lizard, pulled off his tail, notched the vertebræ, and turned him loose again. Our conjectures were right: the animal in two or three weeks had two tails growing out like the one we had seen. I repeated this experiment several times, and it always appeared to succeed, and all the two-tailed lizards were called mine.

Now this power of reproduction increases as you descend the scale; as an instance, take the polypus, which is as near as possible at the bottom of it. If you cut a polypus into twenty pieces without any regard to division, in a short time you will have twenty perfect polypi.

Now the deductions I would draw from these remarks are—

That the most perfect animals are least capable of reproduction and most sensible of pain.

That as the scale of nature descends, animals become less perfect and more capable of reproduction.

Ergo—they cannot possibly feel the same pain as the more perfect.

Now, with respect to fish, they are very inferior in the scale of creation, being, with the exception of the cetaceous tribe, which class with the mammalia, all cold blooded animals, and much less perfect than reptiles or many insects. The nervous system is the real seat of all pain, and the more perfect the animal, the more complicated is that system: with cold-blooded animals the nervous organisation is next to nothing. Most fish, if they disengage themselves from the hook, will take the bait again, and if they do not, it is not on account of the pain, but because their instinct tells them there is danger. Moreover, it is very true, as Sir H. Davy observes, that fish are not killed by the hook, but by the hook's closing their mouths and producing suffocation. How, indeed, would it otherwise be possible to land a salmon of thirty pounds weight in all its strength and vigour with a piece of gut not thicker than three or four hairs?

Upon the same grounds that I argue that fish feel little comparative pain, so do I that the worm, which is so low in the scale of creation, does not suffer as supposed. Its writhings and twistings on the hook are efforts to escape natural to the form of the animal, and can be considered as little or nothing more. At the same time, I acknowledge, and indeed prove by my own arguments, that it is very cruel to *bob for whale*.

To suppose there are no gradations of feeling as well as perfection in the animal kingdom, would not only be arguing against all analogy, but against the justice and mercy of the Almighty, who does not allow a sparrow to fall to the earth without his knowledge. He gave all living things for our use and our sustenance; he gave us intellect to enable us to capture them: to suppose, therefore at the same time that he endowed them with so fine a nervous organisation as to make them undergo severe tortures previous to death, is supposing what is contrary to that goodness and mercy which, as shown towards us, we are ready to acknowledge and adore.

I cannot finish this subject without making a remark upon creation and its perfectibility. All *respectable* animals, from man down to a certain point of the scale, have their lice or parasites to feed upon them. Some wit, to exemplify this preying upon one another, wrote the following:—

"Great fleas have little fleas,
And less fleas to bite them;
These fleas have lesser fleas,
And so—*ad infinitum*."

This however is not strictly true. Parasites attach themselves only to the great. Upon these they can fatten. Having your blood sucked is, therefore, a great proof of high heraldry and perfectibility in the scale of creation. If animals were endowed with speech and pride like man, we might imagine one creature boasting to another, as a proof of his importance,

"And I, too, also have my louse!!"

(To be continued.)

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CONVERSATIONS OF AN AMERICAN WITH LORD BYRON.

During Lord Byron's stay at Florence, it fell in my way to visit that city in the course of an Italian tour. I had but newly arrived from the western world, and was ignorant of his lordship's residence there. I was returning one afternoon from a walk along the road that leads from the Porta San Gallo up the Pian di Mugnone, when I remarked an individual sauntering, with a somewhat irregular gait, along the stony bed of the torrent that rushes down the Mugnone in the rainy season. He seemed to be amusing himself with picking up pebbles, and now and then chucking them into the water that brawled in a shallow stream along its stony bed. A servant on horseback, holding another horse by the bridle, was waiting his movements upon the road that wound along the banks of the torrent. It was some days afterwards that I discovered that this individual was Lord Byron; but as I, of course, made no conjecture of this at the moment, the poet escaped a regular stare, and I took no further notice of him than was comprised in a glance or two. His occupation of poking among the pebbles recalled to my mind the adventure of the foolish Calandrino on the same spot, so amusingly told by Boccaccio, in his narrative of the tricks of the two wags Bruno and Buffalmaco. I paid this unknown individual the compliment of imagining that he might be somebody quite as foolish as the unlucky wight aforementioned, and though a subsequent discovery showed that a greater than Calandrino was here, yet I am by no means certain that the noble bard, "the great Napoleon of the realms of rhyme," did not practise a search through life after a phantom, to the full as tantalising and fruitless as Calandrino's hunt after the *invisible stone*:

——"unfound the boon, unslaked the thirst,
Though to the last in verge of his decay,
Some phantom lured, such as he thought at first;
Yet all in vain."

Once or twice after this, I chanced to encounter him on the same route, and heard him characterised by the peasants as a *Milor Inglese*, which appellation, however, they bestow upon any traveling Saunders or Tomkins, who goes *a cavallo* and gives himself airs. I never noticed him in the *Cascine*, which is the regular fashionable drive and promenade, and lies at the opposite extremity of the city: it is an extensive park, and filled every afternoon with crowds of people, particularly of the foreign residents. This, however, was probably the chief reason for his avoiding the spot, in that unsocial humour towards his own countrymen which is so distinguishing a mark in the history of his foreign residence and travels.

As a poet, however, he might be excused for resorting to the environs of the Porta San Gallo rather than to the Cascine, for there are reasons that justify the preference. The Cascine is a level extent of regular artificial walks and alleys, like the Tuileries and the Champs Elysées, with a prospect about as circumscribed. The *Contorni* of the Porta San Gallo present a more cheerful diversity of landscape, with variegations of surface, and the most ravishing sunset views of the hill of Fiesole, and the mountains towards the north. The walks, too, in this quarter are little frequented on ordinary occasions, and Byron was "never less alone than when alone."

Having learnt, at length, that the great poet was a dweller in the city, I naturally felt a strong desire of obtaining an introduction to one whose literary fame then pervaded all Europe, and was no less widely extended in the remote hemisphere of the west. But there was no getting access to him—so they said—he was snug as an oyster, and not to be approached without a special letter of introduction. Letters of introduction, I must add, are my abhorrence; I have been something of a traveller, and gone up and down through various sorts of business, and, upon my word, cannot recollect a single instance where a letter of introduction did me any good; at the present day, if I ever take one from a friend whom it would be uncivil to disregard, I commonly light my cigar with it, and introduce myself—I always find it answer; but this *en passant*. Byron, they said, would see no Englishman; I was an Englishman in language, though not in nationality, and imagined his Angliphobia extended no less to Jonathan than to John Bull. At first, therefore, I was led to think it a useless endeavour to seek an interview with the haughty Childe, but was presently informed by an individual somewhat familiar with his habits, that he was not at all shy of the Americans. I therefore lost no time in despatching him a note, soliciting the honour of paying him my respects in person, to which I received a very polite reply, stating that he would be happy to see me to-morrow afternoon. This invitation, I need not say, was punctually complied with.

I was at that time but a youth, and had no object in view in seeking his company beyond the common purposes of a young man on his rambles. Byron too was young; no one foresaw the abrupt termination that cut short his splendid career. Nothing was more distant, therefore, from my thoughts than the project of bringing away and booking his conversation, or the minutiæ of his dress, behaviour, habitation, &c., which become objects of so much curious interest to the world after the death of a celebrated man, but which it is not the best taste to obtrude upon the public during his lifetime. My recollections, therefore, of the several matters which occupy this paper, have become a trifle weakened during the space that has intervened between that day and the present; yet the novelty—to me—of the thing, and that strong interest which attaches to every thing connected with so extraordinary a personage, produced so deep and abiding an impression, that the substance, generally, of the conversation that passed between us, remains in my recollection as strongly as ever; though the language, of course, may not be altogether a literal transcript. Lord Byron lived then in a street in the rear of the church of Santa Maria Annunziata. A large garden at present intervenes between the house he occupied and the Palazzo Ximenes. It is a pleasant and very retired spot, with extensive and delightful views toward the north. He received me with great affability, and began chatting upon all sorts of subjects, asking twenty questions in a breath. I was a good deal surprised at the first sight of him; first, on discovering that he was the person I had seen on a former occasion, and whom, in my fancy, I had set down as a decided nobody—certainly not for a poet;—secondly, on remarking the total difference between the real Byron and all the portraits of him I had ever beheld. The likeness seemed to be drawn from the "Corsair," "Lara," or "Harold," a frowning, supercilious, disdainful thing; but here was an ordinary-looking man, who, if he was not short and thick, was at least shortish and thickish; and whose countenance had good humour to recommend it, but which, in spite of a certain regularity of features, I could not think remarkably handsome. Of his dress I remember but little; only his shirt collar was *not* turned down as in the portraits, and his pantaloons were strapped close over the feet, the lame one drawn up a little out of sight, which I understand was his usual practice.

I began a formal apology for the liberty I had taken with him, and hinted a conjecture that he was already annoyed by too frequent visits, but he cut me short by a laugh, and ran on in a very sarcastic way about the traveling English. I have been strongly induced to believe that the dislike which he affected to feel for his own countrymen was a mere crotchet, whatever his hostility towards individuals might have been. Why write volume after volume to gain the admiration of a people whom he hated or despised? In fact, he no more hated his countrymen in a body, than he hated his title, which, in like manner, he pretended at times to hold in disesteem; but the affectation of singularity gets into wiser heads sometimes than people are aware of. However, be this as it will, I had no reason to complain of any coolness of demeanour in his intercourse with me. "I am extremely partial," said he, "to the Americans; and if I enjoy any reputation among them, I can rely upon it as arising from an unbiassed judgment. They can have, of course, no original predilections for a titled personage, and the praise they bestow upon me must be sincere. I remember reading in the biography of George Frederic Cooke an extract from his journal, wherein he mentioned having seen the 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers' lying on the table of a public house somewhere in the interior of the United States. This was the first thing that sounded in my ears like real fame." I set this down at the time for a mere compliment, yet, after all, the circumstance, trifling as it was, may have been the foundation of that friendly bias toward the country which displays itself in many passages of his writings. I am aware at the same time that, in some published volume of his conversations, he is reported as saying, that he was never sincere

in his praises of the Americans; but as this assertion, according to the same authority, was uttered in a moment of ill-humour, occasioned by an attack upon him from some American writer, the insincerity is quite as likely to belong to the denial.

Lord Byron conversed with great readiness, but not at all in a sermonizing, bookish way. He skipped from one subject to another, broke off into digressions, left things half said, was often incoherent, sometimes ungrammatical, and now and then, in spite of his readiness at an idea, was at a loss for a word to express a very simple thing. What he uttered was, in a thousand instances, better said than if it had been coolly elaborated by study, yet it was no more than the prompting of the instant. We talked in a rambling style for some time, in the course of which he grew more cheerful than he appeared to be at first. His countenance struck me as susceptible of a great variety of expression, and his smile was in the highest degree engaging, although the habitual expression of his countenance, when not under the excitement of talk, was rather sombre than lively. I complimented him upon his good spirits, in which he allowed I had judged correctly, as he had not for many days felt more cheerful, or rather, as he explained it, less vexed with himself and the world. "Nobody's temper," he added, "is subject to greater ups and downs than mine. I am at times so hippish, that I am unfit for any Christian company; I fear many of my visiters go away with the opinion that I am icy and unsocial, though the truth is, when the fit is off, I am as much a boy as any stripling of eighteen. It is surprising how small an affair will damp my spirits: the merest trifle, if I be in a 'concatenation accordingly,'—the recollection of a thing done with and forgotten a dozen years ago,—a word said by somebody that neither I nor the rest of the world care anything about;—things, in short, not worth mentioning. I have actually laughed at myself," continued he, "when I reflected afterwards that such nothings disturbed me. It is but fair to add, that trifles can sometimes cheer as well as vex me."

"You will go to England, of course," said he to me. "Yes, merry England," replied I. "I know of no such place," returned he; "but as to the England that gave me birth, the people there have the saddest way of being merry that can be imagined." I remarked that he had lived some time among the Italians, and had adopted their notions on the subject: they can imagine no merriment disconnected with sunshine, vineyards, and the open air, and are unable to conceive how a human being can be cheerful amid fog and coal-smoke. "No, no," returned he; "I retain perfectly well the recollection of all I felt when in England. Society," he repeated, "is in an unnatural state in England: mountains of wealth contrasted with the deepest abysses of poverty. The higher classes are an egotistical, vain, frivolous, and degraded set; the middle classes befool and exhaust themselves in their attempts to ape the higher; and the lower class are miserable. You see I am not blind to the defects of my countrymen; God knows I never flattered them, and they give me no thanks for my honesty. They hate me *en masse* for telling them homely truths, and for showing them that I despise their cant." "Do you really suppose," asked I, "that manners are more depraved now than they were a century ago?" "Yes," replied he; "and the fact is nowhere more evident than in the prevalence of cant, and that squeamishness in point of language that has gained ground in proportion as real purity of morals has declined. What is gained in language is lost in virtue, and half mankind are shallow enough to be imposed upon by the deception."

He talked of himself and of his personal affairs with a freedom which rather surprised me. But some one has said that in his poetry he "made the world his confidant." In conversation he certainly was not reserved upon many points where ordinary persons would have felt it incumbent upon them to be specially discreet with an acquaintance of recent formation. His sketches of his friends and intimates were drawn with very bold and dashing strokes. I should conjecture, however, that his judgments of individuals were less correct than his opinions of mankind in the abstract; as, in the former case, his impressions were to a considerable extent the result of sudden impulses, while, in the latter, his convictions arose from long and varied observation. He allowed frankly that he was indebted to the hints of others for some of the most esteemed passages in his poetry. "I never," said he, "considered myself interdicted from helping myself to another man's stray ideas. I have Pope to countenance me in this, '*solemque quis dicere falsum audeat?*' Pope was a great hunter up of grains of wheat in bushels of chaff: perhaps I have not been so laborious a searcher, but I have been no more scrupulous than he in making use of whatever fell in my way. Mankind have been writing books so long, that an author may be excused for offering no thoughts absolutely new; we must select, and call that invention. A writer at the present day has hardly any other resource than to take the thoughts of others and cast them into new forms of association and contrast. Plagiarism, to be sure, is branded of old, but it is never held criminal except when done in a clumsy way, like stealing among the Spartans. A good thought is often far better expressed at second hand than at the first utterance. If a rich material has fallen into incompetent hands, it would be the height of injustice to debar a more skilful artisan from taking possession of it and working it up. Commend me to a good pilferer,—you may laugh at it as a paradox, but I assure you the most original writers are the greatest thieves."

The conversation happening to turn upon religion—"People give themselves," said Byron, "a great deal of pains in guessing at my religious belief, if I may judge from the criticisms upon my writings, as well as the anonymous letters sent me;—they pretend to discover so many contradictory sentiments in what I have said, as if they expected me to be settled and distinct in a matter which is clear to nobody. Thousands, I dare say, enquire of one another what my religion is, who have never in their lives thought of asking the same question with regard to themselves. Stop the first man you meet, and put him upon his oath,

a hundred to one that he never took pains to satisfy himself what things he truly and confidently believed, though his professions may be as distinct and literal as creeds and articles can make them. It is one thing to believe a doctrine from full and convincing evidence, and another thing to believe it, because we tell one another so. I am not in good odour with the professedly pious, yet I am a better Christian than nine-tenths of them. Most people consider me, I suppose, as something between a Pagan and a Pyrrhonist; but I am one step in advance of the dubitating Greek, for I believe that pleasure is pleasant, and though every thing is uncertain, yet something must be true. This, to be sure, is a very comprehensive creed; yet it has the merit of being plain and significant, which can be said of few others."

I remarked to him the odd effect with which many points in the manners of the Italians struck me, new as I was to this quarter of the world; in particular, the observation of a lady, on my assuring her that I had as yet formed no *liaison* in the city, who exclaimed, with a stare of incredulity, "What! five days in Florence, and no *amorosa* yet?" "Ah!" said Byron, "these people are no hypocrites, say what you will of the freedom of their manners; there is no cant prevalent here. Go to England, and you will find a laxity of morals as great as in any city of Italy, though it does not strike the eye at first sight, under the ostentatious prudery and icy manners of the people." "But don't you think it best for the public morals in certain cases," said I, "to assume a virtue though we have it not?" "No," said he; "for the consequence must be the common result of all dissimulation: we begin by deceiving others, and we end by deceiving ourselves; so that, in the upshot, we imagine ourselves virtuous, because we have practised telling the world we are so. Just so it has turned out in England. The English imagine themselves the most moral people in the world, and they are only the best satisfied with their own morality."

"I have been in love a great many times," said Byron, "but I always had a low opinion of women!" This remark from such a man as Byron, startled me, and I could not avoid expressing my surprise, adding, "that such a declaration would not be believed by his fair readers." But he persisted in the assertion, and asked me if I thought Raphael had a very exalted notion of the sex, because he painted so many graceful and engaging female figures? "As a proof of his actual taste and discernment in female matters," added Byron, "look at his Fornarina, the idol of his affections, a strapping country hoyden—as fat, coarse, and unsentimental in looks, as one could desire. But, after all, as to women, there is no living with them nor without them."

Dante, he observed, could not have been possessed by any very deep-rooted passion for his Beatrice, inasmuch as he married Gemma Donati within a year after her death. "Dante," said Byron, "is a favourite with me: there are many points in which I resemble him. He was a good *hater;* witness the truculency with which he has cut up his enemies in the 'Divina Commedia.' He was exiled from his home—he never ceased to remind his countrymen of their failings, and his misfortunes were the cause of his poetical fame; for had he passed his life as a magistrate of Florence, his grand poem never would have been written. Last, though not least, he separated from his wife. I do not know whether it will fall to my lot to die an exile like him, though in my present temper of mind, I feel little inclination to avoid such a fate. The kindest wish that an Arab could express was, 'May you die among your friends.' But the refinements of modern civilisation have put in our mouths the equally fervent ejaculation of, 'Save me from my friends.'"

His countenance fell at these words, and I perceived that thoughts, not the most agreeable, had been stirred up by this part of the conversation. But, in a few moments, he resumed a certain gaiety of manner, and exclaimed, "No matter, '*sessa*, let the world slide.' After all, we give ourselves a vast deal of anxiety that turns out to be useless; the greatest error a man can commit is, to think too seriously of the business of human life. The whole is a cheat—a brilliant deception. To fill up a few hours with business, to smile and sigh half a dozen times, and round off the whole with a slumber—is there any thing more than this? I don't know," continued he, "whether I shall live to be very old—most probably I shall not; but I feel curious to know how an old man feels, and I make it a point to question every aged man that falls in my way as to the state of his sensations. They commonly tell me life is not worth enjoying; yet all of them wish to live on, which I account vastly foolish. Young as I am in years, I feel old; and how I shall look upon life twenty years hence, causes me some speculation. At my age, one would be called in the prime of life; yet my thoughts are sere and yellow. At eighteen the feelings begin to deaden; at twenty-five the sharpest edge of every sensation is decidedly taken off; and at thirty, there is nothing worth living for. The greatest of all living puzzles is, to know for what purpose so strange a being as man was created. The most satisfactory definition of the human species is one which I found in a book the other day. It was this, 'Man may be considered as—*a digestive tube!*' But mind,—the book was a medical one.

"At school," said Byron, "I used to imagine I was thought dull, which mortified me exceedingly; for my own part, I thought myself neither above nor below mediocrity. I was very fond of desultory reading, but went to my task as a task. I remember, however, one occasion on which I was beset by the suspicion, that I had less intellect than the other boys; the thought made me shed tears, but the next day I laughed to think I had been vexed by such an apprehension. I made rhymes, I cannot tell how early; certainly as soon as eight or nine. They were very wretched, of course; but I remembered some of them afterwards, and they were better than I expected. Among other things, I recollect some doggerel in the ballad style, about a sea-fight; for I was possessed at one period with a strong whim to be a sailor, and spent hours in imagining myself an admiral, strutting on the quarter-deck. This was poetry, for it was one of the first movements of

that perpetual inclination of the mind to detach itself from the humdrum scenery of real life, that makes our whole existence a struggle. 'Tis of no use to say what I think of myself now; a great many people pretend to know me much better than I profess to know myself. The judgments men pass upon their own characters are commonly extravagant or preposterous. Dr. Johnson pronounced himself 'a good humoured fellow!' Think of surly Sam pretending to good humour."

Notwithstanding the severe and condemnatory language in which he had indulged in speaking of many individuals of his acquaintance, yet he afterwards reverted to them in a style that showed he felt a sincere regard for them. "Nothing is more false," said he, "than the common notion that friendship is dependent upon similarity of taste and temper. There is ******, one of the few to whom I feel really attached; we agree so little in opinion, that whoever heard our disputes would imagine we were born to be eternal antagonists instead of friends: caprice exists as much in friendship as in love. There are hundreds of men, too, whom I dislike, without knowing the reason why, though I have often had the dislike removed upon subsequent acquaintance. I am a great physiognomist, and cannot help forming a judgment of a man by his countenance. One-half mankind have no particular expression in the face, and in half the others the expression is dubious, but the remainder have speaking features. Sir Walter Scott," he added, "had a dubious face: Fox looked like a Dutch burgomaster."

Byron had always spoken of Scott in the highest terms of commendation, both as a man and as a writer. "Other authors," said he, "have written better than he, but no one has written so much, and written it all so well. What a rich invention is his delineation of character!" I instanced among his defects the imperfect construction of some of the stories, such as their improbability, &c. "The truth is," said Byron, "no story ought to be well constructed, or probable, in the ordinary sense of the word. If you relate only common events, and ascribe actions to such motives only as would produce them in common characters, what materials have you for a romance? The drama is a picture of life, where the objects represented are real, though the grouping is such as the ordinary business of mankind does not exhibit." "What do you think," asked I, "to be the best drawn character in English romance?" "Tom Pipes, by all means," replied his lordship.

Byron had a great fondness for lugubrious subjects, and talked of death in a manner that showed an uncommon tendency of thought that way in a person so young. "I have long been reconciled to the thoughts of dying," said he, which I accounted for by suggesting that an event so far off could excite but little terror. "You mistake," said he; "I contemplate the possibility, and even the probability of an early death, when I make up my mind to welcome it. But there is one thought to which I never could be reconciled, which is that of losing my reason; and the possibility of such a catastrophe late in life makes me willing to withdraw from the scene at an early hour!" These remarks struck me, as I had myself been impressed with the belief that he had a spice of madness in his composition, but never was prepared for the open avowal of such a thing on his part. "Madness, or insanity," he added, "is much more prevalent than people imagine; indeed their notions respecting the nature of it are very loose. There are three stages of it, and it goes by three names—oddity, eccentricity, and insanity. One who differs a little from the rest of the world in his whims, taste, or behaviour, is called odd; he who differs still more is called eccentric; and when this difference passes a certain bound it is termed insanity. All men of genius are a little mad." "Do you think," said I, "that Scott is mad?" He seemed a little puzzled at this, and allowed that few people would call him so, and he might pass for the exception that formed the rule. He then spoke of dreams, and said that he once dreamed of seeing his own ghost. "I was not at all frightened," added he, "but was thrown into a strange puzzle of thought in endeavouring to account for the existence of the ghost independent of myself; which proves that one can reason in a dream. I am not certain I should behave with half so much coolness and discretion were I to encounter a ghost wide awake."

I should before have remarked that this conversation was the result of several visits which I subsequently paid him, as at our first interview he confined himself for the most part to such rambling disjointed chat as might amuse and satisfy a visiter whom possibly he might not encourage to repeat his call. I had not thought of going twice, but as he pressed me to do so in a manner that denoted something beyond a mere formality, I complied, and on that and all future occasions he discoursed with the freedom and openness of an old acquaintance. We were looking from the window into the garden, in the midst of which was a well: a pair of asses were trudging round and round to move the machinery by which the water was raised for irrigating the garden. "A thousand times," said Byron, "I have asked myself whether it may not be possible that the notion of Pythagoras may be true; and, in such a case, would a man change his lot for the worse by transmigrating into the body of one of the asses yonder? What is our life but a round of monotonous occupations and wearisome amusements? and what is the result of all human knowledge and human enquiries but to end where we began? Nay, the ass has the advantage of the man, for he does not think. We talk of man's superiority in the possession of intellect, but the only purpose it serves is to make him wretched."

"Civilisation," he continued, "seems to have done nothing for human happiness: no age so civilised as the present, yet at no time has the condition of mankind been so miserable. Nine-tenths of the people you meet will confess that they are weary of their existence, but who ever heard a savage complain that he was unhappy? Even in ancient times there appears to have been a deep-founded belief that he was the happiest or the least miserable who had the least to do with life. We apply the term 'philosophy' to a state

of mind the least affected by pleasant or painful emotions: if this be correct, a stick of wood is the most philosophical thing in the world."

He said a great deal more in praise of savage manners, and affirmed that men had deteriorated in consequence of the improvements, so called, of artificial life, which had created new diseases, new wants, and new sufferings. I dissented from him on one point, and stated a fact I had lately met with in some French writer, which was, that by actual experiment the average strength of a savage was ascertained to be considerably less than the average strength of a civilised man. But, as to the general question respecting the comparative happiness of the two, I thought it not equally clear. I went on to relate to him the instance of an American Indian, who was taken from the woods when an infant, brought up among the whites, educated at college, and made a complete gentleman; but the moment he was left free to follow his own inclinations, went back to the woods, and turned savage again: and of another, who was taken out of the woods young and educated in the city, and subsequently became a play actor; but one night, while on the stage, being informed that some of his tribe had come to the city to visit him, threw aside his robes on the instant, went off with them to the forest, and never returned. Byron listened with great interest to these and many other Indian tales which I related, affirming that they possessed great poetical capabilities to one who was familiar with the scenery. Among other narratives, I related that of Daniel Boon, the backwoodsman of Kentucky, which made a strong impression upon him. He appeared surprised when I informed him that Boon's adventures had been the subject of a long poem in America, and expressed a strong desire to see that and Boon's life, both which I promised to send him from America. To this conversation probably we owe several stanzas of "Don Juan," in which Boon and his savage life are lauded with great earnestness.

"You are very young," said he to me, "and your knowledge of mankind must necessarily be in a great measure strained through books. A great deal of our most useful knowledge must be buffeted into us, and that is the chief good you will reap from mixing with society. A great fault in young men is to trust too implicitly to the opinions of others—quite the reverse of what people generally suppose. Trust your own judgment where you have reason to think you possess any, and a man never need be at any loss in settling this point. Never ask any person's advice; I mean exactly what I say. You may ask another for information, because another may be better informed upon a given matter than you; but to ask advice implies that you have no judgment of your own to rely upon; and if you lack the judgment requisite for an undertaking, do not attempt it. Most people," he added, laughing, "think I have little of the character of a Mentor: but the mariner who has been shipwrecked is surely the best qualified to point out the rocks. Perhaps you have left home with the belief that life may be made to glide onward as smoothly as the little stream that flows by your door-stone; but, in the end, you will discover that this is a rough and turbulent world, and he that does not give blows must take them."

I had not imagined before my acquaintance with him, that Byron had read so much. He was perpetually surprising me by alluding to works which I never should have supposed he had thought of, and this in a manner that left no doubt he had studied attentively, and remembered well. His criticisms upon authors, ancient as well as modern, were, in general, acute and expressive, though I own he now and then put forth strictures that seemed dictated only by the affectation of singularity. "Tacitus," said he, "is praised by every body because he praises nobody"—a remark which might have recommended itself to him by its double quality of antithesis and misanthropy, but which struck me as perfectly just. A certain wealthy personage happening to be mentioned, Byron designated him as a fool: "But, upon second thought," added he, "I must recall that word, for I account no man a fool who knows enough to fill his pockets. Therefore, put money in thy purse." Here he launched out into praises upon wealth, which were reasonable enough as the world goes, but in the mouth of such a man as Byron sounded so oddly, that I could not forbear laughing. He perceived it, and asked if I did not think him serious. I could not deny that I was somewhat incredulous, at which he repeated what he had said, and added that he was grown so worldly-wise, that the saving of the smallest sum gave him a pleasure. To this I replied, "I would not hear your enemy say so." In spite, however, of his averments to the contrary, I still remained in the belief that this miserly feeling was mere pretence; but if such was the fact, he indulged in the humour for a long time, as other persons have remarked the same thing of him. "It is a man's duty, morally, to be rich," said he; "for without riches, what is the weight of his good example or precept in the world? Therefore, put money in thy purse."

Byron, as all accounts have stated, was very irregular in his diet, sometimes eating nothing but fish, sometimes restricting himself to vegetables, and sometimes indulging in every sort of luxury. He remarked to me that he never could settle the point to his satisfaction, as to what was the most proper regimen for him, inasmuch as no course of living that he had adopted had been able to secure him a proper amount of health and spirits. "Shelley," said he, "eats no meat, and maintains that half the ills of mankind arise from their carnivorous practices; yet I cannot say that I feel more than commonly savage after a beef-steak. I once had a strange desire to know how a man feels when starving to death, and went without food four days in the experiment; my ears rung, and I felt a burning sensation in the throat; but these and a faintness were all the discoveries I made. At one time I lived solely on potatoes, for fear of growing fat: but I have since discovered that *embonpoint*, in my case, does not depend either on the quality or quantity of the food swallowed. I am fond of a good dinner, and many of my luckiest thoughts have occurred to me while handling—not the pen, but the knife and fork."

"You are not married, I suppose?" said he to me; to which I replied that I was not. "But I dare say you will marry," continued Byron, "and you will do right. A man should marry by all means, yet I am convinced the greater part of marriages are unhappy; and this is not an opinion which I give as coming from myself, it is that of a very excellent, agreeable, and sensible lady, who married the man of her choice, and has not encountered, ostensibly, any extraordinary misfortune, as loss of health, riches, children, &c. She told me this unreservedly, and I never had any reason to doubt her sincerity. For all this I am convinced a man cannot be truly happy without a wife. It is a strange state of things we live in; a tendency so natural as that of the union of the sexes ought to lead only to the most harmonious results; yet the reverse is the fact: there is certainly something radically wrong in the constitution of society—'the times are out of joint.' It is strange, too, what little real liberty of choice is exercised by those even who marry according to what is thought their own inclinations. Doctor Johnson once proposed to have all matches made by appointment of the Lord Chancellor, affirming that the result would be quite as great an amount of domestic happiness as is produced by the actual system. I believe him. The deceptions which the two sexes play off upon each other bring as many ill-sorted couples into the bands of Hymen as ever could be done by the arbitrary pairings of a legal match-maker. Many a man thinks he marries by choice who only marries by accident: in this respect men have less the advantage of women than is generally supposed."

From the London Quarterly Review.

Pencilings by the Way; First Impressions of Foreign Scenes, Customs, and Manners. By N. P. W. New York, 1835.

"It is extraordinary," says the author, "how universal this feeling seems to be against America. A half hour *incog.* in any mixed company in England, I should think, would satisfy the most rose-coloured doubter on the subject."

This feeling, in which we certainly do not participate, will hardly be diminished, wherever it has hitherto prevailed, by the appearance of these "Pencilings." Mr. N. P. Willis enjoys, we believe, some reputation in his own country as a writer of verses. A volume of his rhymes was lately reprinted here, under the auspices of Mr. Barry Cornwall; but notwithstanding that editor's authority, the contents seemed to us of very slender merit—much upon a par with the young ladies' imitations of Wordsworth, Byron, and Moore, which crowd the gilded pages of our own *Annuals*. Mr. Willis's American fame and glory, however, seem to have procured for him a favourable reception in the society of this country; as indeed all Americans, whatever else they may say against us, must admit, that whenever they have any, even the slenderest, pretensions to personal distinction, they are sure of being individually well treated among us; our houses are opened to them, *cæteris paribus*, far more freely than to any other foreigners; and we approve of this on the whole, though we have observed not a few cases in which the results of such liberality were by no means agreeable. In Mr. Willis's case, the result has been, that, while visiting about in London and in our provinces as a young American sonnetter of the most ultra-sentimental delicacy, he was all the time the regular paid correspondent of a New York Journal, in which, week after week, appeared his prose reports of what he saw and heard in British society—these same fifty letters which now lie collected on our table, and which, we greatly fear, will tend to throw obstacles in the path of any American traveller who may happen to honour England with his presence during the next season or two. Mr. Willis's prose is, we willingly admit, better than his verse: it has many obvious faults, especially those of exaggeration and affectation; but it is decidedly clever, and the elements of what might be trained into a really good style are perceptible. He has depicted some of our northern "scenes" in a not unpleasing manner; and his descriptions of "customs and manners" are often amusing—bearing the impress of shrewdness and sagacity, but deriving their power of entertainment chiefly from the lights which they reflect on the customs and manners of the author's own country. For it must be obvious, that when a clever foreigner considers any thing he meets with in our society as deserving of being painted in detail to his own fellow-countrymen, that something was new to himself; and, accordingly, from Mr. Willis's elaborate portraitures of English interiors, we may, at all events, form a fair guess what American breakfasts, and dinners, and table-talk are not; or, at all events—and this we strongly suspect would be nearer the truth of the case—of what these things are not in those circles of American society with which the individual writer had happened to be familiar before he crossed the Atlantic.

We advise our readers to keep this last consideration in view: it would certainly not at all surprise us to hear that many of this person's *discoveries* had been received with a share of ridicule in his own country; that within her limits, had the *élite* of American houses been opened to him as liberally as some of those of the English nobility seem to have been, he might have found many of the features which he has thought so worthy of minute delineation here. We can ourselves bear witness that the *general tone* of the best society of the Old World does not impress all American travellers with the same startling effect of novelty which it appears to have produced on the mind of Mr. Willis. In short, we are apt to consider him as a just representative—not of the American mind and manners generally, but only of the young men of fair education among the busy, middling orders of the mercantile cities; and here again we find nothing to make us recall the notion expressed in a former article, that in our own provincial towns, a diligent observer might very probably discover, at this day, the counterpart of almost every trait which certain English travellers have dwelt upon, as exclusively characteristic of the domestic society of the United States. We can easily fancy

a smart young country attorney, or one of Mr. Joseph Hume's new parliamentary nominees, being affected, much as Mr. Willis was, by a casual inspection of some of those "English customs," which Mr. Willis has thought as strange and foreign as if he had witnessed them in Japan. To such persons, indeed, we are, as is well known, indebted for most of our own late "Novels of Fashionable Life;" and perhaps Mr. Willis may see reason to regret that he had not thrown his materials into that form of composition. A few adulteries, a divorce, and a duel, would have cost him little trouble; and for the rest, it would have only been to *travestie* the names which he has now produced with as little reserve as English voyagers have been used to bestow on those of the kings and dukes of the Guinea coast.

In the course of his wanderings, however, Mr. Willis was fortunate enough to be domesticated for a season in some of the most virtuous as well as refined of our noble circles; and we shall extract, as a more than commonly favourable specimen of his style, some passages from his "Letters written at Gordon Castle, in the autumn of 1834." Our readers will be forcibly reminded of Crabbe's "Learned Boy" staring through Silford Hall at the apron-string of "Madam Johnson;" but mixed with this there are now and then bits of solid, full-grown ignorance and impertinence, worthy of Baron d'Haussez himself;—and over not a few of the paragraphs a varnish of conceited vulgarity, which—call it either Yankee or Birmingham—is far too ludicrous to be seriously offensive. With what feelings the whole may have been perused by the generous lord and lady of the castle themselves, it is no business of ours to conjecture. We repeat that we have selected what seems to us, on the whole, a very favourable specimen of Mr. Willis's manner of description:—

"The immense iron gate surmounted by the Gordon arms, the handsome and spacious stone lodges on either side, the canonically fat porter in white stockings and gay livery, lifting his hat as he swung open the massive portal, all bespoke the entrance to a noble residence. The road within was edged with velvet sward, and rolled to the smoothness of a terrace-walk, the winding avenue lengthened away before, with trees of every variety of foliage; light carriages passed me, driven by ladies or gentlemen bound on their afternoon airing; a groom led up and down two beautiful blood-horses, prancing along, with side-saddles and morocco stirrups, and keepers with hounds and terriers; gentlemen on foot, idling along the walks, and servants in different liveries, hurrying to and fro, betokened a scene of busy gaiety before me. I had hardly noted these various circumstances, before a sudden curve in the road brought the castle into view, a vast stone pile with castellated wings, and in another moment I was at the door, where a dozen lounging and powdered menials were waiting on a party of ladies and gentlemen to their several carriages. It was the moment for the afternoon drive.

"The last phaeton dashed away, and my chaise advanced to the door. A handsome boy, in a kind of page's dress, immediately came to the window, addressed me by name, and informed me that his grace was out deer-shooting, but that my room was prepared, and he was ordered to wait on me. I followed him through a hall lined with statues, deer's horns, and armour, and was ushered into a large chamber, looking out on a park, extending with its lawns and woods to the edge of the horizon: a more lovely view never feasted human eye.

"'Who is at the castle?' I asked, as the boy busied himself in unstrapping my portmanteau. 'Oh, a great many, sir.' He stopped in his occupation, and began counting on his fingers. 'There's Lord Aberdeen, and Lord Claud Hamilton and Lady Harriette Hamilton—(them's his lordship's two step-children, you know, sir)—and the Duchess of Richmond, and Lady Sophia Lennox, and Lady Keith, and Lord Mandeville and Lord Aboyne, and Lord Stormont and Lady Stormont, and Lord Morton and Lady Morton, and Lady Alicia, and—and—and—twenty more, sir.' 'Twenty more lords and ladies?'—'No, sir; that's all the nobility.' 'And you can't remember the names of the others?'—'No, sir.' He was a proper page: he could not trouble his memory with the names of commoners. 'And how many sit down to dinner?'—'Above thirty, sir, besides the duke and duchess.' 'That will do.' And off tripped my slender gentleman with his laced jacket, giving the fire a terrible stir-up in his way out, and turning back to inform me that the dinner-hour was seven precisely.

"It was a mild, bright afternoon, quite warm for the end of an English September; and with a fire in the room, and a soft sunshine pouring in at the windows, a seat by the open casement was far from disagreeable. I passed the time till the sun set looking out on the park. Hill and valley lay between my eye and the horizon; sheep fed in picturesque flocks, and small fallow deer grazed near them; the trees were planted, and the distant forest shaped, by the hand of taste; and broad and beautiful as was the expanse taken in by the eye, it was evidently one princely possession. A mile from the castle wall, the shaven sward extended in a carpet of velvet softness, as bright as emerald, studded by clumps of shrubbery, like flowers wrought elegantly on tapestry; and across it bounded occasionally a hare, and the pheasants fed undisturbed near the thickets, or a lady with flowing riding-dress and flaunting feather, dashed into sight upon her fleet blood-palfrey, and was lost the next moment in the woods,—or a boy put his pony to its mettle up the ascent, or a gamekeeper idled into sight, with his gun in the hollow of his arm, and his hounds at his heels. And all this little world of enjoyment and luxury, and beauty, lay in the hand of one man, and was created by his wealth in these northern wilds of Scotland—a day's journey almost from the possession of any other human being. I never realised so forcibly the splendid results of wealth and primogeniture.

"The sun set in a blaze of fire among the pointed firs crowning the hills; and by the occasional prance of a horse's feet on the gravel, and the roll of rapid wheels, and now and then a gay laugh and merry voices, the different parties were returning to the castle. Soon after a loud gong sounded through the gallery—the signal to dress; and I left my musing occupation unwillingly to make my toilet for an appearance in a formidable circle of titled aristocrats, not one of whom I had ever seen—the duke himself a stranger to me, except through the kind letter of invitation lying upon the table.

"I was sitting by the fire, imagining forms and faces for the different persons who had been named to me, when there was a knock at the door, and a tall, white-haired gentleman, of noble physiognomy, but singularly cordial address, entered, with the broad red riband of a duke across his breast, and welcomed me most heartily to the castle."

We are rather surprised that a man who had traveled largely in Europe, and spent at least one winter in London, should have mistaken a gallant general's well-won red riband for a badge of his hereditary rank. But let Mr. Willis proceed—

"The gong sounded at the next moment, and, in our way down, he named over his other guests, and prepared me in a measure for the introductions which followed. The drawing-room was crowded like a *soirée*. The duchess, a very tall and very handsome woman, with a smile of the most winning sweetness, received me at the door, and I was presented successively to every person present. Dinner was announced immediately; and the difficult question of precedence being sooner settled than I had ever seen it before in so large a party, we passed through files of servants to the dining-room."

We should have supposed Mr. Willis might have observed before this time, that there are and can be no difficulties about precedence, where almost all the company have fixed rank. At New York the affair is no doubt a very troublesome one.

"It was a large and very lofty hall, supported at the ends by marble columns, within which was stationed a band of music, playing delightfully. The walls were lined with full-length family pictures, from old knights in armour to the modern dukes in *kilt of the Gordon plaid* [!]; and on the sideboards stood services of gold plate, the most gorgeously massive and the most beautiful in workmanship I have ever seen. There were among the vases several large coursing-cups, won by the duke's hounds, of exquisite shape and ornament.

"I fell into my place between a gentleman and a very beautiful woman, of perhaps twenty-two, neither of whose names I remembered, though I had but just been introduced. The duke probably anticipated as much, and as I took my seat he called out to me, from the top of the table, that I had upon my right Lady ———, 'the most agreeable woman in Scotland.' It was unnecessary to say that she was the most lovely.

"I have been struck every where in England with the beauty of the higher classes; and as I looked around me upon the aristocratic company at the table, I thought I had never seen 'heaven's image double-stamped as man and noble' so unequivocally clear. There were two young men and four or five young ladies of rank—and five or six people of more decided personal attractions could scarcely be found: the style of form and face at the same time being of that cast of superiority which goes by the expressive name of 'thoroughbred.' There is a striking difference in this respect between England and the countries of the continent: the *paysans* of France and the *contadini* of Italy being physically far superior to their degenerate masters; while the gentry and nobility of England differ from the peasantry in limb and feature, as the racer differs from the dray-horse, or the greyhound from the cur. The contrast between the manners of English and French gentlemen is quite as striking. The *empressement*, the warmth, the shrug and gesture of the Parisian; and the working eyebrow, dilating or contracting eye and conspirator-like action of the Italian in the most common conversation, are the antipodes of English high-breeding. I should say a North American Indian, in his more dignified phase, approached nearer to the manner of an English nobleman than any other person. The calm repose of person and feature, the self possession under all circumstances, that incapability of surprise or *déreglement*, and that decision about the slightest circumstance, and the apparent certainty that he is acting absolutely *comme il faut*, is equally 'gentlemanlike' and Indianlike. You cannot astonish an English gentleman. If a man goes into a fit at his side, or a servant drops a dish upon his shoulder, or he hears that the house is on fire, he sets down his wine-glass with the same deliberation. He has made up his mind what to do in all possible cases, and he does it. He is cold at a first introduction, and may bow stiffly (which he always does) in drinking wine with you, but it is his manner: and he would think an Englishman out of his senses, who should bow down to his very plate and smile as a Frenchman does on a similar occasion. Rather chilled by this, you are a little astonished when the ladies have left the table, and he closes his chair up to you, to receive an invitation to pass a month with him at his country-house, and to discover that at the very moment he bowed so coldly he was thinking how he should contrive to facilitate your plans for getting to him or seeing the country to advantage on the way.

"The band ceased playing when the ladies left the table, the gentlemen closed up, conversation assumed a merrier cast, coffee and *chasse-cofe* were brought in when the wines began to be circulated more slowly; and at eleven, there was a general move to the drawing-room. Cards, tea, and music filled up the time till twelve, and then the ladies took their departure, and the gentlemen sat down to supper. I got to bed somewhere about two o'clock; and thus ended an evening which I had anticipated as stiff and embarrassing, but which is marked in my tablets as one of the most social and kindly I have had the good fortune to record on my travels. I have described it, and shall describe others minutely—and I hope there is no necessity of reminding any one that my apology for thus disclosing scenes of private life has been already made. Their interest as sketches by an American of *the society that most interests Americans, and the distance at which they are published*, justify them, I would hope, from any charge of indelicacy."

We can well believe that Mr. Willis has been depicting the sort of society that most interests his countrymen;—

"Born to be slaves and struggling to be lords,"

their servile adulation of rank and title—their stupid admiration of processions and levées, and so forth, are leading features in almost all the American books of travels that we have met with—and the same spirit shows itself largely in the present author. But we do not exactly see how the fact of these letters having been first published in a New York newspaper can at all affect the question of delicacy or indelicacy: hitherto, however, we have not quoted any thing very offensive. For some things in the next day's journal we certainly cannot say so much—

"I arose late on the first morning after my arrival at Gordon Castle, and found the large party already assembled about the breakfast-table. I was struck on entering with the different air of the room. The deep windows, opening out upon the park, had the effect of sombre landscapes in oaken frames; the troops of liveried servants, the glitter of plate, the music, that had contributed to the splendour of the scene the night before, were gone; the duke sat laughing at the head of the table, with a newspaper in his hand, dressed in a coarse shooting-jacket and coloured cravat; the duchess was in a plain morning-dress and cap of the simplest character; and the high-born women about the table, whom I had left glittering with jewels and dressed in all the attractions of fashion, appeared with the simplest *coiffure* and a toilet of studied plainness. The ten or twelve noblemen present were engrossed with their letters or newspapers over tea and toast; and in them, perhaps, the transformation was still greater. The *soigné* man of fashion of the night before, faultless in costume and distinguished in his appearance, in the full force of the term, was enveloped now in a coat of fustian, with a coarse waistcoat of plaid, a gingham cravat, and hobnailed shoes (for shooting); and in place of the gay hila-

rity of the supper-table, wore a face of calm indifference, and ate his breakfast and read the paper in a rarely broken silence. *I wondered*, as I looked about me, what would be the impression of *many people in my own country*, could they look in upon that plain party, aware that it was composed of the proudest nobility and the highest fashion of England"!!!

Mr. Willis's astonishment that the duke and his guests did not go a-shooting in red and green ribands, &c. &c., is particularly delightful. We are reminded of the monkish illuminations where kings and queens are represented as lying in bed with their crowns and sceptres—

"Breakfast in England is a confidential and unceremonious hour, and servants are generally dispensed with. This is to me, I confess, an advantage it has over every other meal. I detest eating with twenty tall fellows standing opposite, whose business it is to watch me. The coffee and tea were on the table, with toast, muffins, oat-cakes, marmalades, jellies, fish, and all the paraphernalia of a Scotish breakfast; and on the sideboard stood cold meats for those who liked them, and they were expected to go to it and help themselves. Nothing could be more easy, unceremonious, and affable, than the whole *tone* of the *meal*. One after another rose and fell into groups in the windows, or walked up and down the long room, and, with one or two others, I joined the duke at the head of the table, who gave us some interesting particulars of the salmon fisheries of the Spey. The privilege of fishing the river within his lands is bought of him at the pretty sum of eight thousand pounds a-year! A salmon was brought in for me to see, as of remarkable size, which was not more than half the weight of our common American salmon.

"The ladies went off unaccompanied to their walks in the park and other avocations; those bound for the covers joined the gamekeepers, who were waiting with their dogs in the leash at the stables; some paired off to the billiard-room, and I was left with Lord Aberdeen in the breakfast-room alone. The tory ex-minister made a thousand enquiries, with great apparent interest, about America. When secretary for foreign affairs in the Wellington cabinet, he had known Mr. M'Lane intimately. He said he seldom had been so impressed with a man's honesty and straightforwardness, and never did public business with any one with more pleasure. He admired Mr. M'Lane, and hoped he enjoyed his friendship. He wished he might return as our minister to England. One such honourable, uncompromising man, *he said*, was worth a score of *practised diplomatists*. He spoke of Gallatin and Rush in the same flattering manner, but recurred continually to Mr. M'Lane, of whom he could scarce say enough. His politics would not naturally lead him to approve of the administration of General Jackson, but he seemed to admire the president very much as a man."

It is now that we begin to feel how impossible it is for any man to write a book upon this plan without falling into scrapes, which, if he has any fund of sense and feeling, he will repent all the rest of his days. It is fortunate in this particular case, that what Lord Aberdeen said to Mr. Willis might be repeated in print without paining any of the persons his lordship talkëd of: but what he did say, he said under the impression that the guest of the Duke of Gordon was a gentleman; and there are abundance of passages in Mr. Willis's book which can leave no doubt that, had the noble earl spoken in a different sense, it would not, at all events, have been from any feeling of what was due to his lordship, or to himself, that Mr. Willis would have hesitated to report the conversation with equal freedom. We do not doubt that the next paragraph was meant to be the very quintessence of politeness—but we, nevertheless, consider it with unmitigated disgust—

"Lord Aberdeen has the name of being the proudest and coldest aristocrat of England. It is amusing to see the person who bears such a character!"

We think Mr. Willis should have, at least, informed us where he had picked up his notions of this nobleman's name and character. Does he study the radical newspapers for views of our eminent men, and then *amuse* himself with getting introductions to their country houses, that he may see how far the original corresponds with the caricature?

"He is of the middle height, rather clumsily made, with an address more of sober dignity than of pride or reserve. With a black coat much worn, and always too large for him; a pair of coarse check trowsers very ill made, a waistcoat buttoned up to his throat, and a cravat of the most primitive *négligé*—his aristocracy is certainly not in his dress. His manners are of absolute simplicity, amounting almost to want of style. He crosses his hands behind him, and balances on his heels: in conversation his voice is low and cold, and he seldom smiles. Yet there is a certain benignity in his countenance, and an indefinable superiority and high breeding in his simple address, that would betray his rank after a few minutes' conversation to any shrewd observer. It is only in his manner toward the ladies of the party that he would be immediately distinguishable from men of lower rank."

It is obvious that Mr. Willis considers Lord Aberdeen's personal manners as not less characteristic of *an earl*, than the duke's red riband was yesterday of his still higher station in the peerage.

"The routine of Gordon castle was what each one chose to make it. Between breakfast and lunch the ladies were generally invisible, and the gentlemen rode, or shot, or played billiards, or kept their rooms. At two o'clock, a dish or two of hot game and a profusion of cold meats were set on the small tables in the dining-room, and every body came in for a kind of lounging half meal, which occupied perhaps an hour. Thence all adjourned to the drawing room, under the windows of which were drawn up carriages of all descriptions, with grooms, outriders, footmen, and saddle-horses for gentlemen and ladies. Parties were then made up for driving or riding, and from a pony-chaise to a phaeton and four, there was no class of vehicle which was not at your disposal. In ten minutes the carriages were usually all filled, and away they flew, some to the banks of the Spey or the sea side, some to the drives in the park, and with the delightful consciousness that, speed where you would, the horizon scarce limited the possession of your host, and you were every where at home. The ornamental gates flying open at your approach, miles distant from the castle; the herds of red deer trooping away from the sound of wheels in the silent park; the stately pheasants feeding tamely in the immense preserves; the hares scarce troubling themselves to get out of the length of the whip; the stalking gamekeepers *lifting their hats* in the dark recesses of the forest—there was something in this perpetual reminding of *your privileges*, which, as a novelty, was far from disagreeable. I could not at the time bring myself to feel, what *perhaps would be more poetical and republican*, (!!) that a ride in the wild and unfenced forest of my own country would have been more to my taste."

The next paragraph amused us particularly. The Duchess of Gordon, it seems, in driving Mr. Willis through her park in a pony-chaise, made some enquiries about the trees of the American forests; his commentary is as follows:—

"People in Europe are more curious about the comparison of the natural productions of America with those of England, than about our social and political differences. A man who does not care to know whether the president has destroyed the bank, or the bank the president,—or whether Mrs. Trollope has flattered the Americans or not,—will be very much interested to know if the pine-tree in his park is comparable to the same tree in America; if the same cattle are found there, or the woods stocked with the same game as his own. I would recommend a little study of trees particularly, and of vegetation *generally*, as valuable knowledge for an American coming abroad. I think there is nothing on which I have been so often questioned."

Notwithstanding all his experience, Mr. Willis cannot understand why English ladies and gentlemen should, in conversing with an American, select topics on which there is no risk of any serious differences of opinion,—or questions which are likely to bring out something like satisfactory information. His vanity, perhaps his national rather than his personal vanity, blinds him. He never suspects that an individual who would not give one fig for *his* opinion about the social differences of England and America—and who would be more likely to judge Mrs. Trollope from observation of Mr. Willis himself than to adopt Mr. Willis's criticisms on that lady's book—might give Mr. Willis full credit for having a pair of good eyes in his head, and being able to tell wherein the trees, cattle, and game of a Scotish domain differed from those of an American forest. This passage, by the way, confirms our suspicion of Mr. Willis's own *cockneyism:* we really had not suspected the existence of any class of American travellers to whom it could be at all needful to point out "a little study of trees" as "valuable knowledge before coming abroad." But what Mr. Willis himself says in the sequel about the "repose" of "high life" might have of itself sufficed to make him scratch this precious paragraph from his tablets. He goes on:—

"The number at the dinner-table of Gordon Castle was seldom less than thirty, but the company was continually varied by departures and arrivals. No sensation was made by either one or the other. A traveling-carriage dashed up to the door, was disburdened of its load, and drove round to the stables, and the question was seldom asked, 'Who is arrived?' You were sure to see at dinner—and an addition of half a dozen to the party made no perceptible difference in any thing. Leave takings were managed in the same quiet way. Adieus were made to the duke and duchess, and to no one else except he happened to encounter the parting guest upon the staircase or were more than a common acquaintance. In short, in every way the *gêne* of life seemed weeded out, and if unhappiness or ennui found its way into the castle, it was introduced in the sufferer's own bosom. For me, I gave myself up to the enjoyment with an *abandon* I could not resist. With kindness and courtesy in every look, the luxuries and comforts of a regal establishment at my freest disposal; solitude when I pleased, company when I pleased, the whole visible horizon fenced in for the enjoyment of a household, of which I was a temporary portion, and no enemy except time and the gout, I felt as if I had been spirited into some castle of felicity, and had not come by the royal mail coach at all. The great spell of high life in this country seems to be *repose*. All violent sensations are avoided, as out of taste. In conversation, nothing is so 'odd' (a word, by the way, that in England means every thing disagreeable) as emphasis or startling epithet, or gesture, and in common intercourse nothing so vulgar as any approach to a 'scene.' The high-bred Englishman studies to express himself in the plainest words that will convey his meaning, and is just as simple and calm in describing the death of his friend, and just as technical, so to speak, as in discussing the weather. For all extraordinary admiration the word 'capital' suffices; for all ordinary praise the word 'nice!' for all condemnation in morals, manners, or religion, the word 'odd!' To express yourself out of this simple vocabulary is to raise the eyebrows of the whole company at once, and to stamp yourself under-bred or a foreigner. This sounds ridiculous, but it is the exponent not only of good breeding but of the true philosophy of social life. The general happiness of a party consists in giving every individual an equal chance, and in wounding no one's self-love. What is called an 'overpowering person' is immediately shunned, for he talks too much, and excites too much attention. In any other country he would be called 'amusing.' He is considered here as a mere monopoliser of the general interest, and his laurels, talk he never so well, shadow the rest of the company. You meet your most intimate friend in society after a long separation, and he gives you his hand as if you had parted at breakfast. If he had expressed all he felt, it would have been a 'scene,' and the repose of the company would have been disturbed."

There is some truth, as well as a great deal of exaggeration, in this little lecture of our *arbiter elegantiarum;* but we think his vanity has again deceived him when he proceeds to account for some of (we presume) his own less fortunate experiences in English society, simply on the grounds thus alluded to:—

"You invite a clever man to dine with you, and he enriches his descriptions with new epithets and original words. He is offensive. He eclipses the language of your other guests, and is out of keeping with the received and subdued tone to which the most common intellect rises with ease."

We can conceive of much more offensive things in "a clever man" than either his "new epithets" or his "original words;" and we extremely doubt that—

"The 'unsafeness of Americans' in society, (I quote a phrase I have heard used a thousand times) arises *wholly* from the American habit of applying high-wrought language to *trifles*."

He adds,—

"The natural consequence is continual misapprehension, offence is given where none was intended; words that have no meaning are the ground of quarrels, and GENTLEMEN ARE SHY OF US"!!

We hope the explanation may be satisfactory to the shy gentlemen of whom Mr. Willis complains.

Mr. Willis's letters from Edinburgh are singularly barren; and yet he was there at the time of the meeting of those active gastro-pateties who are pleased to call themselves the British Associa-

tion of Science,*—and moreover of what was called the Grey, but was in reality the Brougham, dinner of August, 1834. Our traveler, luckily we believe for all his senses, was not at the dinner,—but he went to the "Grey Ball" of the night after:

"Dancing was going on with great spirit when we entered; Lord Grey's statesman-like head was bowing industriously on the platform; Lady Grey and her daughters sat looking on from the same elevated position, and Lord Brougham's ugliest and shrewdest of human faces flitted about through the crowd, good fellow to every body, and followed by all eyes but those of the young. One or two of the Scotish nobility were there; but whigism is not popular among *les hautes volailles*, and the ball, though crowded, was but thinly sprinkled with 'porcelain.'"

We fancy our readers have had enough of this "illustrious stranger;" but we cannot think of concluding without one specimen of his "Life in London;" and we select from a letter which one would naturally expect to be as little offensive as any letter of such a series could well be—*viz.*, that in which Mr. Willis gives the world an account of his first meeting with Mr. Moore. This occurred at a dinner given by the Countess of Blessington to a very small party—all of whom, be it observed, with the single exception of the poetaster, were obviously familiar friends and acquaintance of the poet.

"I was at Lady Blessington's at eight. Moore had not arrived, but the other persons of the party—a Russian count, who spoke all the languages of Europe as well as his own; a Roman banker, whose dynasty is more powerful than the pope's; a clever English nobleman; and the 'observed of all observers,' Count D'Orsay, stood in the window upon the park, killing, as they might, the melancholy twilight half hour preceding dinner.

"'Mr. Moore!' cried the footman at the bottom of the staircase. 'Mr. Moore!' cried the footman at the top. And with his glass at his eye, stumbling over an ottoman, between his near sightedness and the darkness of the room, enter the poet. Half a glance tells you that he is at home on a carpet. Sliding his little feet up to Lady Blessington (of whom he was a lover when she was sixteen, and to whom some of the sweetest of his songs were written), he made his compliments with a gaiety and an ease, combined with a kind of worshiping deference, that was worthy of a prime minister at the court of love.

"Dinner was announced; the Russian handed down 'miladi,' and I found myself seated opposite Moore, with a blaze of light on his Bacchus head, and the mirrors with which the superb octagonal room is panneled reflecting every motion.

"The soup vanished in the busy silence that beseems it; and as the courses commenced their procession, Lady Blessington led the conversation with the brilliancy and ease for which she is remarkable over all the women of her time..... Her excessive beauty is less an inspiration than the wondrous talent with which she draws from every person around her his peculiar excellence. Talking better than anybody else, and narrating, particularly, with a graphic power that I never saw excelled, this distinguished woman seems striving only to make others unfold themselves; and never had *diffidence* (??) a more apprehensive and encouraging listener. But this is a subject with which I should never be done.

"Some one remarked that Scott's Life of Napoleon was a failure. 'I think little of it,' said Moore; 'but after all it was an embarrassing task, and Scott did what a wise man would do—made as much of his subject as was politic and necessary, and no more.' 'It will not live,' said *some one else*; 'as much because it is a bad book, as because it is the life of an individual.'"

We presume it was nobody but Mr. Willis that could have made this last remark to the author of the Life of Sheridan, the Life of Byron, and the Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Lady Blessington, no doubt, felt rather awkward; but Mr. Moore turned the corner adroitly and airily:—

"'But *what* an individual!' Moore replied. 'Voltaire's life of Charles the Twelfth was the life of an individual; yet that will live and be read as long as there is a book in the world; and what was he to Napoleon?'"

Mr. Moore might have appealed to better things than Voltaire's Life of Charles the Twelfth; but let that pass. We much doubt if all the pretty things which we have quoted will so far propitiate Lady Blessington as to make her again admit to her table the animal who has printed what ensues:—

"O'Connell was mentioned. 'He is a powerful creature,' said Moore; 'but his eloquence has done great harm both to England and Ireland. There is nothing so powerful as oratory. The faculty of '*thinking on his legs*' is a tremendous engine in the hands of any man. There is an undue admiration for this faculty, and a sway permitted to it, which was always more dangerous to a country than any thing else. Lord Althorp is a wonderful instance of what a man may do *without* talking. There is a general confidence in him—a universal belief in his honesty, which serves him instead. Peel is a fine speaker, but admirable as he had been as an oppositionist, he *failed* when he came to lead the house [!!!] O'Connell would be irresistible were it not for the two blots on his character—the contributions in Ireland for his support, and his refusal to give satisfaction to the man he is still coward enough to attack. They may say what they will of dueling; it is the great preserver of the decencies of society. The old school which made a man responsible for his words, was the better. I must confess I think so. Then, in O'Connell's case, he had not made his vow against dueling when Peel challenged him. He accepted the challenge, and Peel went to Dover on his way to France, where they were to meet; and O'Connell pleaded his wife's illness, and delayed till the law interfered. Some other Irish patriot, about the same time, refused a challenge on account of the illness of his daughter, and one of the Dublin wits made a good epigram on the two—

"'Some men with a horror of slaughter,
Improve on the scripture command,
And 'honour their' wife and daughter,
'That their days may be long in the land.'"

The great period of Ireland's glory was between '82 and '98, and it was a time when a man almost lived with a

* The body has since held a successful festival at Dublin, and Bristol is the next point of attraction. There all the talents are to congregate, for the purpose of discussing the comparative anatomy and gastronomic phenomena of *Chelonia Mydas*—(called by the unassociated, TURTLE)—and we understand that the corporation of that ancient city, eager to encourage merit, and determined not to be outdone by the Universities, have resolved to confer the degree of Alderman on the most efficient of the performers.

pistol in his hand. Grattan's dying advice to his son was, 'Be always ready with the pistol!' . . . . . Talking of Grattan, is it not wonderful, that with all the agitation in Ireland we have have had no such men since his time? Look at the Irish newspapers. The whole country in convulsion—people's *lives, fortunes, and religion at stake*, and not a gleam of talent from one year's end to the other. [!] It is natural for sparks to be struck out in a time of violence like this—but Ireland, for all that is worth living, is *dead!* You can scarcely reckon Shiel of the calibre of her spirits of old, and O'Connell, with all his fauits, stands 'alone in his glory.'"

With this passage we conclude—from it alone the reader will see what is the distinguishing characteristic of Mr. Willis as an "unsafe" traveller. The freedoms taken by many preceding writers in describing scenes of social and domestic life, abroad and at home, have often excited pain and disgust. We have not a word to advance in extenuation of such things; but this we must say, that in as far as we are acquainted with either English or American literature, this is the first example of a man creeping into your home, and forthwith printing—accurately or inaccurately, no matter which—before your claret is dry on his lips—unrestrained *table talk on delicate subjects, and capable of compromising individuals.*

From the London Metropolitan.

JAPHET IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER SIMPLE," &c.

(Continued from p. 538.)

I was not yet weaned from the world, but I was fast advancing to that state, when a very smart young quaker came on a visit to Reading. He was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Cophagus, and was soon, as might be expected, an admirer of Susannah, but he received no encouragement. He was an idle person, and passed much of his time sitting in my shop and talking with me, and being much less reserved and unguarded than the generality of the young men of the sect, I gradually became intimate with him. One day, when my assistant was out, he said to me, "Friend Gnou-land, tell me candidly, hast thou ever seen my face before?"

"Not that I can recollect, friend Talbot."

"Then my recollection is better than yours: and now having obtained thy friendship as one of the society, I will remind thee of our former acquaintance. When thou wert Mr. N-e-w-land, walking about town with Major Carbonnell, I was Lieutenant Talbot, of the ——— Dragoon Guards."

I was dumb with astonishment, and I stared him in the face.

"Yes," continued he, bursting into laughter, "such is the fact. You have thought, perhaps, that you were the only man of fashion who had ever been transformed into a quaker; now you behold another, so no longer imagine yourself the phœnix of your tribe."

"I do certainly recollect that name," replied I; "but although, as you must be acquainted with my history, it is very easy to conceive why I may have joined the society, yet, upon what grounds you can have so done, is to me inexplicable."

"Newland, it certainly does require explanation; it has been, I assert, my misfortune, and not my fault. Not that I am not happy. On the contrary, I feel that I am now in my proper situation. I ought to have been born of quaker parents—at all events, I was born a quaker in disposition; but I will come to-morrow early, and then, if you will give your man something to do out of the way, I will tell you my history. I know that you will keep my secret"

The next morning he came, and as soon as we were alone he imparted to me what follows.

"I recollect well, Newland, when you were one of the leaders of fashion. I was then in the Dragoon Guards, and although not very intimate with you, had the honour of a recognition when we met at parties. I cannot help laughing, upon my soul, when I look at us both now; but never mind. I was of course a great deal with my regiment, and at the club. My father, as you may not perhaps be aware, was highly connected, and all the family have been brought up to the army; the question of profession has never been mooted by us, and every Talbot has turned a soldier as naturally as a young duck takes to the water. Well, I entered the army, admired my uniform, and was admired by the young ladies. Before I received my lieutenant's commission, my father, the old gentleman, died, and left me a younger brother's fortune of four hundred per annum; but, as my uncle said, 'It was quite enough for a Talbot, who would push himself forward in his profession, as the Talbots had ever done before him.' I soon found out that my income was not sufficient to enable me to continue in the Guards, and my uncle was very anxious that I should exchange into a regiment on service. I therefore, by purchase, obtained a company in the 23d, ordered out to reduce the French colonies in the West Indies, and I sailed with all the expectation of covering myself with as much glory as the Talbots had done from time immemorial. We landed, and in a short time the bullets and grape were flying in all directions, and then I discovered, what I declare never for a moment came into my head before, to wit—that I had mistaken my profession."

"How do you mean, Talbot?"

"Mean! why, that I was deficient in a certain qualification, which never was before denied to a Talbot—courage."

"And you never knew that before?"

"Never, upon my honour; my mind was always full of courage. In my mind's eye I built castles of feats of bravery, which should eclipse all the Talbots, from him who burnt Joan of Arc, down to the present day. I assure you, that surprised as other people were, no one was more surprised than myself. Our regiment was ordered to advance, and I led on my company, but the bullets flew like hail. I tried to go on, but I could not; at last, notwithstanding all my endeavours to the contrary, I fairly took to my heels. I was met by the commanding officer—in fact, I ran right against him. He ordered me back, and I returned to my regiment, not feeling at all afraid. Again I was in the fire, again I resisted the impulse, but it was of no use, and at last, just before the assault took place, I ran away as if the devil was after me. Wasn't it odd?"

"Very odd, indeed," replied I, laughing.

"Yes, but you do not exactly understand why it was odd. You know what philosophers tell you about volition; and that the body is governed by the mind, consequently obeys it; now, you see, in my case, it was exactly reversed. I tell you, that it is a fact, that in mind I am as brave as any man in existence; but I had a cowardly carcass, and what is still worse, it proved the master of my mind, and ran away with it. I had no mind to run away; on the contrary, I wished to have been of the forlorn hope, and had volunteered, but was refused. Surely, if I had not courage I should have avoided such a post of danger. Is it not so?"

"It certainly appears strange that you should volunteer for the forlorn hope, and then run away."

"That 's just what I say. I have the soul of the Tal-

bots, but a body which don't belong to the family, and too powerful for the soul."

"So it appears. Well, go on."

"It was go off, instead of going on. I tried again that day to mount the breach, and as the fire was over, I succeeded; but there was a mark against me, and it was intimated that I should have an opportunity of redeeming my character."

"Well?"

"There was a fort to be stormed the next day, and I requested to lead my company in advance. Surely that was no proof of want of courage? Permission was granted. We were warmly received, and I felt that my legs refused to advance; so what did I do?—I tied my sash round my thigh, and telling the men that I was wounded, requested they would carry me to the attack. Surely that was courage?"

"Most undoubtedly so. It was like a Talbot."

"We were at the foot of the breach; when the shot flew about me, I kicked and wrestled so, that the two men who carried me were obliged to let me go, and my rascally body was at liberty. I say unfortunately, for only conceive, if they had carried me wounded up the breach, what an heroic act it would have been considered on my part; but fate decided it otherwise. If I had lain still when they dropped me, I should have done well, but I was anxious to get up the breach, that is, my mind was so bent; but as soon as I got on my legs, confound them if they didn't run away with me! and then I was found half a mile from the fort with a pretended wound. That was enough; I had a hint that the sooner I went home the better. On account of the family I was permitted to sell out, and I then walked the streets as a private gentleman, but no one would speak to me. I argued the point with several, but they were obstinate, and would not be convinced; they said that it was no use talking about being brave, if I ran away."

"They were not philosophers, Talbot."

"No, they could not comprehend how the mind and the body could be at variance. It was no use arguing; they would have it that the movements of the body depended upon the mind, and that I had made a mistake; and that I was a coward in soul as well as body."

"Well, what did you do?"

"Oh, I did nothing! I had a great mind to knock them down, but as I knew my body would not assist me, I thought it better to leave it alone. However, they taunted me so, by calling me fighting Tom, that my uncle shut his door upon me as a disgrace to the family, saying, he wished the first bullet had laid me dead—very kind of him—at last my patience was worn out, and I looked about to find whether there were not some people who did not consider courage as a *sine qua non*. I found that the quakers' tenets were against fighting, and therefore courage could not be necessary, so I have joined them, and I find that, if not a good soldier, I am at all events a very respectable quaker; and now you have the whole of my story—and tell me if you are of my opinion."

"Why, really it's a very difficult point to decide. I never heard such a case of disintegration before. I must think upon it."

"Of course you will not say a word about it, Newland."

"Never fear, I will keep your secret, Talbot. How long have you worn the dress?"

"Oh, more than a year. By the by, what a nice young person that Susannah Temple is. I've a great mind to propose for her."

"But you must first ascertain what your body says to it, Talbot," replied I, sternly. "I allow no one to interfere with me, quaker or not."

"My dear fellow, I beg your pardon, I shall think no more about her," said Talbot, rising up, as he observed that I looked very fierce. "I wish you a good morning. I leave Reading to-morrow. I will call on you, and say good-b'ye, if I can;" and I saw no more of friend Talbot, whose mind was all courage, but whose body was so renegade.

About a month after this, I heard a sailor with one leg, and a handful of ballads, singing in a most lachrymal tone,

"Why, what's that to you if my eyes I'm a wiping?
A tear is a pleasure, d'ye see, in its way"—

"Bless your honour, shy a copper to poor Jack, who's lost his leg in the service. Thanky, your honour," and he continued,

"It 's nonsense for trifles, I own, to be piping,
But they who can't pity—why I pities they,
Says the captain, says he; I shall never forget it,
Of courage, you know, boys, the true from the sham."

"Back your maintopsail, your worship, for half a minute, and just assist a poor dismantled craft, who has been riddled in the wars. 'Tis a furious lion.' Long life to your honour—' In battle so let it.'

"'Tis a furious lion, in battle so let it;
But duty appeased—but duty appeased—

"Buy a song, young woman, to sing to your sweetheart, while you sit on his knee in the dog-watch—

"But duty appeased, 'tis the heart of a lamb."

I believe there are few people who do not take a strong interest in the English sailor, particularly in one who has been maimed in the defence of his country. I always have, and as I heard the poor disabled fellow bawling out his ditty, certainly not with a very remarkable voice or execution, I pulled out the drawer behind the counter, and took out some halfpence to give him. When I caught his eye I beckoned to him, and he entered the shop.

"Here, my good fellow," said I, "although a man of peace myself, yet I feel for those who suffer in the wars;" and I put the money to him.

"May your honour never know a banyan day," replied the sailor; "and a sickly season for you, into the bargain."

"Nay, friend, that is not a kind wish to others," replied I.

The sailor fixed his eyes earnestly upon me, as if in astonishment, for until I had answered he had not looked at me particularly.

"What are you looking at?" said I.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed he. "It is—yet it cannot be!"

"Cannot be! what, friend?"

He ran out of the door, and read the name over the shop, and then came in, and sank upon a chair outside of the counter. "Japhet, I have found you at last!" exclaimed he, faintly.

"Good Heaven! who are you?"

He threw off his hat, with false ringlets fastened to the inside of it, and I beheld *Timothy*. In a moment I sprang over the counter, and was in his arms. "Is it possible," exclaimed I, after a short silence on both sides, "that I find you, Timothy, a disabled sailor?"

"Is it possible, Japhet," replied Timothy, "that I find you a broad-brimmed quaker?"

"Even so, Timothy. I am really and truly one."

"Then you are less disguised than I am," replied Timothy, kicking off his wooden leg, and letting down his own, which had been tied up to his thigh, and concealed in his wide blue trowsers. "I am no more a sailor than you are, Japhet; and since you left me, have never yet seen the salt water, which I talk and sing so much about."

"Then thou hast been deceiving, Timothy, which I regret much."

"Now I do perceive that you are a quaker," replied

Tim; "but do not blame me until you have heard my story. Thank God, I have found you at last. But tell me, Japhet, you will not send me away, will you? If your dress is changed, your heart is not. Pray answer me, before I say any thing more. You know I can be useful here."

"Indeed, Timothy, I have often wished for you since I have been here, and it will be your own fault if I part with you. You shall assist me in the shop; but you must dress like me."

"Dress like you! have I not always dressed like you? When we started from Cophagus's, were we not dressed much alike? did we not wear spangled jackets together? did I not wear your livery, and belong to you? I'll put on any thing, Japhet—but we must not part again."

"My dear Timothy, I trust we shall not; but I expect my assistant here soon, and do not wish that he should see you in that garb. Go to a small public-house at the farther end of this street, and when you see me pass, come out to me, and we will walk out into the country, and consult together."

"I have put up at a small house not far off, and have some clothes there; I will alter my dress, and meet you. God bless you, Japhet."

Timothy then picked up his ballads, which were scattered on the floor, put up his leg, and putting on his wooden stump, hastened away, after once more silently pressing my hand.

In half an hour my assistant returned, and I desired him to remain in the shop, as I was going out on business. I then walked to the appointed rendezvous, and was soon joined by Tim, who had discarded his sailor's disguise, and was in what is called a shabby genteel sort of dress. After the first renewed greeting, I requested Tim to let me know what had occurred to him since our separation.

"You cannot imagine, Japhet, what my feelings were when I found, by your note, that you had left me. I had perceived how unhappy you had been for a long while, and I was equally distressed, although I knew not the cause. I had no idea until I got your letter, that you had lost all your money; and I felt it more unkind of you to leave me then, than if you had been comfortable and independent. As for looking after you, that I knew would be useless; and I immediately went to Mr. Masterton, to take his advice as to how I should proceed. Mr. Masterton had received your letter, and appeared to be very much annoyed. 'Very foolish boy,' said he, 'but there is nothing that can be done now. He is mad, and that is all that can be said in his excuse. You must do as he tells you, I suppose, and try the best for yourself. I will help you in any way that I can, my poor fellow,' said he, 'so don't cry.' I went back to the house and collected together your papers, which I sealed up. I knew that the house was to be given up in a few days. I sold the furniture, and made the best I could of the remainder of your wardrobe, and other things of value that you had left; indeed, every thing, with the exception of the dressing-case and pistols, which belonged to Major Carbonnell, and I thought you might perhaps some day like to have them."

"How very kind of you, Timothy, to think of me in that way. I shall indeed be glad; but no—what have I to do with pistols or silver dressing-cases now? I must not have them, but still I thank you all the same."

"The furniture and every thing else fetched 430*l.*, after all expenses were paid."

"I am glad of it, Timothy, for your sake; but I am sorry, judging by your present plight, that it appears to have done you but little good."

"Because I did not make use of it, Japhet. What could I do with all that money? I took it to Mr. Masterton, with all your papers, and the dressing-case and pistols:—he has it now ready for you when you ask for it. He was very kind to me, and offered to do any thing for me; but I resolved to go in search of you. I had more money in my pocket when you went away than I generally have, and with the surplus of what you left for the bills, I had twelve or fourteen pounds. So I wished Mr. Masterton good-b'ye, and have ever since been on my adventures in search of my master."

"Not master, Timothy; say rather of your friend."

"Well, of both if you please, Japhet; and very pretty adventures I have had, I assure you, and some very hair-breadth escapes."

"I think, when we compare notes, mine will be found the most eventful, Timothy; but we can talk of them, and compare notes another time. At present, whom do you think I am residing with?"

"A quaker, I presume."

"You have guessed right so far; but who do you think that quaker is?"

"There I'm at fault."

"Mr. Cophagus."

At this intelligence Timothy gave a leap in the air, turned round on his heel, and tumbled on the grass in a fit of immoderate laughter. "Cophagus!—a quaker!" cried he at last. "Oh! I long to see him. Snuffle, snuffle—broad brims—wide skirts—and so on. Capital!"

"It is very true, Timothy, but you must not mock at the persuasion."

"I did not intend it, Japhet, but there is something to me so ridiculous in the idea. But," continued Timothy, "is it not still stranger, that after having separated so many years, we should all meet again—and that I should find Mr. Cophagus—an apothecary's shop—you dispensing medicines—and I—as I hope to be—carrying them about as I did before. Well, I shall row in the same boat, and I will be a quaker as well as you both."

"Well, we will now return, and I will take you to Mr. Cophagus, who will, I am sure, be glad to see you."

"First, Japhet, let me have some quaker's clothes: I should prefer it."

"You shall have a suit of mine, Timothy, since you wish it; but recollect it is not at all necessary, nor indeed will it be permitted that you enter into the sect without preparatory examination as to your fitness for admission."

I then went to the shop, and sending out the assistant, walked home and took out a coarse suit of clothes, with which I hastened to Timothy. He put them on in the shop, and then walking behind the counter, said, "This is my place, and here I shall remain as long as you do."

"I hope so, Timothy; as for the one who is with me at present, I can easily procure him other employment, and he will not be sorry to go, for he is a married man, and does not like the confinement."

"I have some money," said Timothy, taking out of his old clothes a dirty rag, and producing nearly twenty pounds. "I am well off, you see."

"You are, indeed," replied I.

"Yes, there is nothing like being a sailor with one leg, singing ballads. Do you know, Japhet, that sometimes I have taken more than a *pound* a day since I have shammed the sailor?"

"Not very honestly, Tim."

"Perhaps not, Japhet; but it is very strange, and yet very true, that when honest I could make nothing, and when I deceived, I have done very well."

I could not help calling to mind that the same had occurred to me during my eventful career; but I had long considered that there was no excuse for dishonesty, and that, in the end, it would only lead to exposure and disgrace. I went home early in the evening to introduce Timothy to Mr. Cophagus, who received him with great kindness, and agreed immediately that he ought to be with me in the shop. Timothy paid his respects to the

ladies, and then went down with Ephraim, who took him under his protection. In a few days he was as established with us as if he had been living with us for months. I had some trouble, at first, in checking his vivacity and turn for ridicule; but that was gradually effected, and I found him not only a great acquisition, but, as he always was, a cheerful and affectionate companion. I had, during the first days of our meeting, recounted my adventures, and made many enquiries of Timothy relative to my few friends. He told me that from Mr. Masterton he had learnt that Lady de Clare and Fleta had called upon him very much afflicted with the contents of my letter—that Lord Windermear also had been very much vexed and annoyed—that Mr. Masterton had advised him to obtain another situation as a valet, which he had refused, and at the same time told him his intention of searching for me. He had promised Mr. Masterton to let him know if he found me, and then bade him farewell.

"I used to lie in bed, Japhet," continued Timothy, "and think upon the best method of proceeding. At last, I agreed to myself, that to look for you as you looked after your father, would be a wild-goose chase, and that my money would soon be gone; so I reflected whether I might not take up some roving trade which would support me, and at the same time enable me to proceed from place to place. What do you think was my first speculation? Why, I saw a man with a dog harnessed in a little cart, crying dog's meat and cat's meat, and I said to myself, 'Now there's the very thing—there's a profession—I can travel and earn my livelihood.' I entered into conversation with him, as he stopped at a low public-house, treating him to a pot of beer; and having gained all I wanted as to the mysteries of the profession, I called for another pot, and proposed that I should purchase his whole concern, down to his knife and apron. The fellow agreed, and after a good deal of bargaining, I paid him three guineas for the *set out* or *set up*, which you please. He asked me whether I meant to hawk in London or not, and I told him no, that I should travel the country. He advised the western road, as there were more populous towns on it. Well, we had another pot to clench the bargain, and I paid down the money and took possession, quite delighted with my new occupation. Away I went to Brentford, selling a bit here and there by the way, and at last arrived at the very bench where we had sat down together and eaten our meal."

"It is strange that I did the same, and a very unlucky bench it proved to me."

"So it did to me, as you shall hear. I had taken up my quarters at that inn, and for three days had done very well in Brentford. On the third evening I had just come back, it was nearly dusk, and I took my seat on the bench, thinking of you. My dog, rather tired, was lying down before the cart, when all of a sudden I heard a sharp whistle. The dog sprang on his legs immediately and ran off several yards before I could prevent him. The whistle was repeated, and away went the dog and cart like lightning. I ran as fast as I could, but could not overtake him; and I perceived that his old master was running a-head of the dog as hard as he could, and this was the reason why the dog was off. Still I should, I think, have overtaken him, but an old woman coming out of a door with a saucepan to pour the hot water into the gutter, I knocked her down and tumbled right over her down into a cellar without steps. There I was, and before I could climb out again, man, dog, cart, cat's meat and dog's meat, had all vanished, and I have never seen them since. The rascal got clear off, and I was a bankrupt. So much for my first set-up in business."

"You forgot to purchase the *good will* when you made your bargain, Timothy, for the stock in trade."

"Very true, Japhet. However, after receiving a very fair share of abuse from the old woman, and a plaister of hot greens in my face—for she went supperless to bed, rather than not have her revenge—I walked back to the inn, and sat down in the tap. The two men next to me were hawkers; one carried a large pack of dimities and calicoes, and the other a box full of combs, needles, tapes, scissors, knives, and mock-gold trinkets. I entered into conversation with them, and as I again stood treat, I soon was very intimate. They told me what their profits were, and how they contrived to get on, and I thought for a rambling life it was by no means an unpleasant one; so having obtained all the information I required, I went back to town, took out a hawker's license, for which I paid two guineas, and purchasing at a shop, to which they gave me a direction, a pretty fair quantity of articles in the tape and scissor line, off I set once more on my travels. I took the north road this time, and picked up a very comfortable subsistence selling my goods for a few halfpence here, and a few halfpence there, at the cottages as I passed by; but I soon found out that, without a newspaper, I was not a confirmed hawker, and the more radical the newspaper the better. A newspaper will pay half the expenses of a hawker, if he can read. At every house, particularly every small hedge ale-house, he is received and placed in the best corner of the chimney, and has his board and lodging, with the exception of what he drinks, gratis, if he will pull out the newspaper and read it to those around him who cannot read, particularly if he can explain what is unintelligible. Now I became a great politician, and moreover, a great radical, for such were the politics of all the lower classes. I lived well, slept well, and sold my wares very fast. I did not take more than three shillings in the day, yet as two out of the three were clear profit, I did pretty well. However, a little accident happened which obliged me to change my profession, or at least, the nature of the articles which I dealt in."

"What was that?"

"A mere trifle. I had arrived late at a small ale-house, had put my pack, which was in a painted deal box, on the table in the tap-room, and was very busy, after reading a paragraph in the newspaper, making a fine speech, which I always found was received with great applause, and many shakes of the hand, as a prime good fellow—a speech about community of rights, agrarian division, and the propriety of an equal distribution of property, proving that as we were all born alike, no one had a right to have more property than his neighbour. The people had all gathered around me, applauding violently, when I thought I might as well look after my pack, which had been for some time hidden from my sight by the crowd, when, to my mortification, I found out that my earnest assertions on the propriety of community of property had had such an influence upon some of my listeners, that they had walked off with my pack and its contents. Unfortunately, I had deposited in my boxes all my money, considering it safer there than in my pockets, and had nothing left but about seventeen shillings in silver, which I had received within the last three days. Every one was very sorry, but no one knew any thing about it: and when I challenged the landlord as answerable, he called me a radical blackguard, and turned me out of the door."

"If you had looked a little more after your own property, and interfered less with that of other people, you would have done better, Tim," observed I, laughing.

"Very true; but at all events, I have never been a radical since," replied Tim. "But to go on. I walked off to the nearest town, and I commenced in a more humble way. I purchased a basket, and then, with the remainder of my money, I bought the commonest crockery ware, such as basins, jugs, mugs, and putting them on my head, off I went again upon my new speculation. I wandered about with my crockery, but it was

hard work. I could not reap the profits which I did as a hawker and pedlar. I averaged, however, from ten to twelve shillings a week, and that was about sufficient for my support. I went down into as many kitchens as would have sufficed to have found a dozen mothers, supposing mine to be a cook; but I did not see any one who was at all like me. Sometimes a cook replaced a basin she had broken, by giving me as much meat as had cost her mistress five shillings, and thus avoided a scolding, for an article which was worth only two-pence. At other times a cottager would give me a lodging, and would consider himself rewarded with a mug that only cost me one penny. I was more than three months employed carrying crockery in every direction, and never, during the whole time, ever broke one article, until one day, as I passed through Eton, there was a regular smash of the whole concern."

"Indeed, how was that?"

"I met about a dozen of the Eton boys, and they proposed a cock-shy, as they called it, that is, I was to place my articles on the top of a post, and they were to throw stones at them at a certain distance, paying me a certain sum for each throw. Well, this I thought a very good bargain, so I put up a mug (worth one penny) at one penny a throw. It was knocked down at the second shot, so it was just as well to put the full price upon them at once, they were such remarkable good aimers at any thing. Each boy had a stick, upon which I notched off their throws, and how much they would have to pay when all was over. One article after another was put up on the post until my basket was empty, and then I wanted to settle with them; but as soon as I talked about that, they all burst out into a loud laugh, and took to their heels. I chased them, but one might as well have chased eels. If I got hold of one, the others pulled me behind until he escaped, and at last they were all off, and I had nothing left."

"Not your basket?"

"No, not even that; for while I was busy after some that ran one way, the others kicked my basket before them like a foot ball, until it was fairly out of sight. I had only eight-pence in my pocket, so you perceive, Japhet, how I was going down in the world."

"You were, indeed, Tim."

"Well, I walked away, cursing all the Eton boys and all their tutors, who did not teach them honesty as well as Latin and Greek, and put up at a very humble sort of abode, where they sold small beer, and gave beds at two-pence per night, and I may add, with plenty of fleas in the bargain. There I fell in with some ballad singers and mumpers, who were making very merry, and who asked me what was the matter. I told them how I had been treated, and they laughed at me, but gave me some supper, so I forgave them. An old man, who governed the party, then asked me whether I had any money. I produced my enormous capital of eight-pence. 'Quite enough if you are clever,' said he; 'quite enough—many a man with half that sum has ended in rolling in his carriage. A man with thousands has only the advance of you a few years. You will pay for your lodging, and then spend this sixpence in matches, and hawk them about the town. If you are lucky, it will be a shilling by to-morrow night. Besides, you go down into areas, and sometimes enter a kitchen, when the cook is above stairs. There are plenty of things to be picked up.' 'But I am not dishonest,' said I. 'Well, then, every man to his liking; only if you were, you would ride in your own coach sooner.' 'And suppose I should lose all this, or none will buy my matches, what then?' replied I, 'I shall starve.' 'Starve—no, no—no one starves in this country; all you have to do is to get into jail—committed for a month—you will live better perhaps than you ever did before. I have been in every jail in England, and I know the good ones, for even in jails there is a great difference. Now the one in this town is one of the best in all England, and I patronises it during the winter.' I was much amused with the discourse of this mumper, who appeared to be one of the merriest old vagabonds in England. I took his advice, bought sixpenny worth of matches, and commenced my new vagrant speculation.

"The first day I picked up three-pence, for one quarter of my stock, and returned to the same place where I had slept the night before, but the fraternity had quitted on an expedition. I spent my two-pence in bread and cheese, and paid one penny for my lodging, and again I started the next morning, but I was very unsuccessful; nobody appeared to want matches that day, and after walking, from seven o'clock in the morning to past seven in the evening, without selling one farthing's worth, I sat down at the porch of a chapel, quite tired and worn out. At last I fell asleep, and how do you think I was awoke? By a strong sense of suffocation, and up I sprang, coughing, and nearly choked, surrounded with smoke. Some mischievous boys, perceiving that I was fast asleep, had set fire to my matches, as I held them in my hand between my legs, and I did not wake until my fingers were severely burnt. There was an end of my speculation in matches, because there was an end of all my capital."

"My poor Timothy, I really feel for you."

"Not at all, my dear Japhet; I never, in all my distress, was sentenced to execution—my miseries were trifles, to be laughed at. However, I felt very miserable at the time, and walked off, thinking about the propriety of getting into jail as soon as I could, for the beggar had strongly recommended it. I was at the outskirts of the town, when I perceived two men tussling with one another, and I walked towards them. 'I say,' says one, who appeared to be a constable, 'you must come along with me. Don't you see that there board? All wagrants shall be taken up, and dealt with according to *la*.' 'Now may the devil hold you in his claws, you old psalm-singing thief—an't I a sailor—and an't I a wagrant by profession, and all according to law?' 'That won't do,' says the other; 'I commands you in the king's name, to let me take you to prison, and I commands you also, young man,' says he—for I had walked up to them—'I commands you, as a lawful subject, to assist me.' 'What will you give the poor fellow for his trouble?' said the sailor. 'It's his duty, as a lawful subject, and I'll give him nothing; but I'll put him in prison if he don't.' 'Then you old rhinoceros, I'll give him five shillings if he'll help me, and so now he may take his choice.' At all events, thought I, this will turn out lucky one way or the other; but I will support the man who is most generous; so I went up to the constable, who was a burly sort of a fellow, and tripped up his heels, and down he came on the back of his head. You know my old trick, Japhet?"

"Yes; I never knew you fail at that."

"Well, the sailor says to me, 'I've a notion you've damaged his upper works, so let us start off, and clap on all sail for the next town. I know where to drop my anchor. Come along with me, and as long as I've a shot in the locker, d—n me if I won't share it with one who has proved a friend in need.' The constable did not come to his senses, he was very much stunned, but we loosened his neckcloth, and left him there, and started off as fast as we could. My new companion, who had a wooden leg, stopped by a gate, and clambered over it. 'We must lose no time,' said he; 'and I may just as well have the benefit of both legs.' So saying, he took off his wooden stump, and let down his real leg, which was fixed up just as you saw mine. I made no comments, but off we set, and at a good round pace gained a village about five miles distant. 'Here we will put up for the night; but they will look for us to-

morrow at day-light, or a little after, therefore we must be starting early. I know the law-beggars well, they won't turn out afore sunrise.' He stopped at a paltry ale-house, where we were admitted, and soon were busy with a much better supper than I had ever imagined they could have produced; but my new friend ordered right and left, with a tone of authority, and every body in the house appeared at his beck and command. After a couple of glasses of grog, we retired to our bed.

"The next morning we started before break of day, on our road to another town, where my companion said the constables would never take the trouble to come after him. On our way he questioned me as to my mode of getting my livelihood, and I narrated how unfortunate I had been. 'One good turn deserves another,' replied the sailor; 'and now I'll set you up in trade. Can you sing? Have you any thing of a voice?' 'I can't say that I have,' replied I. 'I don't mean whether you can sing in tune, or have a good voice, that's no consequence; all I want to know is, have you a good loud one?' 'Loud enough, if that's all.' 'That's all that's requisite; so long as you can make yourself heard—you may then howl like a jackall, or bellow like a mad buffalo, no matter which—as many pay us for to get rid of us, as out of charity; and so long as the money comes, what's the odds? Why, I once knew an old chap, who could only play one tune on the clarionet, and that tune out of all tune, who made his fortune in six or seven streets, for every one gave him money, and told him to go away. When he found out that, he came every morning as regular as clock-work. Now there was one of the streets which was chiefly occupied by music sellers and Italian singers—for them foreigners always herd together—and this tune, 'which the old cow died of,' as the saying is, used to be their horror, and out came the halfpence to send him away. There was a sort of club also in that street, of larking sort of young men, and when they perceived that the others gave the old man money to get rid of his squeaking, they sent him out money, with orders to stay and play to them, so then the others sent out more for him to go away, and between the two, the old fellow brought home more money than all the cadgers and mumpers in the district. Now, if you have a loud voice, I can provide you with all the rest.' 'Do you gain your livelihood by that?' 'To be sure I do; and I can tell you, that of all the trades going, there is none equal to it. You see, my hearty, I have been on board of a man-of-war—not that I'm a sailor, or was ever bred to the sea—but I was shipped as a landsman, and did duty in the waist and after-guard. I know little or nothing of my duty as a seaman, nor was it required in the station I was in, so I never learnt, although I was four years on board; all I learnt was the lingo and slang—and that you must contrive to learn from me. I bolted, and made my way good to Lunnun, but I should soon have been picked up and put on board the tender again, if I hadn't got this wooden stump made, which I now carry in my hand. I had plenty of songs, and I commenced my profession, and a real good un it is, I can tell you. Why, do you know, that a'ter a good victory, I have sometimes picked up as much as two pounds a-day, for weeks running; as it is, I averages from fifteen shillings to a pound. Now, as you helped me away from that land shark, who would soon have found out that I had two legs, and have put me into limbo as an impostor, I will teach you to arn your livelihood after my fashion. You shall work with me until you are fit to start alone, and then there's plenty of room in England for both of us; but mind, never tell any one what you pick up, or every mumper in the island will put on a suit of sailor's clothes, and the thing will be blown upon.' Of course, this was too good an offer to be rejected, and I joyfully acceded. At first, I worked with him as having only one arm, the other being tied down to my side, and my jacket sleeve hanging loose and empty, and we roared away right and left, so as to bring down a shower of coppers wherever we went. In about three weeks my friend thought I was able to start by myself, and giving me half of the ballads, and five shillings to start with, I shook hands and parted with, next to you, the best friend that I certainly ever had. Ever since I have been crossing the country in every direction, with plenty of money in my pocket, and always with one eye looking sharp out for you. My beautiful voice fortunately attracted your attention, and here I am, and at an end of my history; but if ever I am away from you, and in distress again, depend upon it I shall take to my wooden leg and ballads for support."

Such were the adventures of Timothy, who was metamorphosed into a precise quaker. "I do not like the idea of your taking up a system of deceit, Timothy. It may so happen—for who knows what may occur?—that you may again be thrown upon your own resources. Now would it not be better that you should obtain a more intimate knowledge of the profession which we are now in, which is liberal, and equally profitable? By attention and study you will be able to dispense medicines and make up prescriptions as well as myself, and who knows but that some day you may be the owner of a shop like this?"

"Verily, verily, thy words do savour of much wisdom," replied Tim, in a grave voice; "and I will even so follow thy advice."

I knew that he was mocking me in this reply, but I paid no attention to that; I was satisfied that he consented. I now made him assist me, and under my directions he made up the prescriptions. I explained to him the nature of every medicine; and I made him read many books of physic and surgery. In short, after two or three months I could trust to Timothy as well as if I were in the shop myself; and having an errand boy, I had much more leisure, and I left him in charge after dinner. The business prospered, and I was laying up money. My leisure time, I hardly need say, was spent with Mr. Cophagus and his family, and my attachment to Susannah Temple increased every day. Indeed, both Mr. and Mrs. Cophagus considered that it was to be a match, and often joked with me when Susannah was not present. With respect to Susannah, I could not perceive that I was farther advanced in her affections than after I had known her two months. She was always kind and considerate, evidently interested in my welfare, always checking in me any thing like levity—frank and confiding in her opinions—and charitable to all, as I thought, except to me. But I made no advance that I could perceive. The fact was, that I dared not speak to her as I might have done to another who was not so perfect. And yet she smiled, as I thought, more kindly when I returned than at other times, and never appeared to be tired of my company. If I did sometimes mention the marriage of another, or attentions paid which would, in all probability, end in marriage, it would create no confusion or blushing on her part, she would talk over that subject as composedly as any other. I was puzzled, and I had been fifteen months constantly in her company, and had never dared to tell her that I loved her. But one day Mr. Cophagus brought up the subject when we were alone. He commenced by stating how happy he had been as a married man, that he had given up all hopes of a family, and that he should like to see Susannah Temple, his sister-in-law, well married, that he might leave his property to her children; and then he put the very pertinent question—"Japhet—verily—thou hast done well—good business—money coming in fast—settle, Japhet—marry—have children—and so on. Susannah—nice girl—good wife—pop question—all right—sly puss—won't say no—um—what d'ye say?—and so on." I replied that I was very

much attached to Susannah, but that I was afraid that the attachment was not mutual, and therefore hesitated to propose. Cophagus then said that he would make his wife sound his sister, and let me know the result.

This was in the morning just before I was about to walk over to the shop, and I left the house in a state of anxiety and suspense. When I arrived at the shop, I found Tim there as usual; but the colour in his face was heightened as he said to me, "Read this, Japhet," and handed to me the "Reading Mercury." I read an advertisement as follows:—

"If Japhet Newland, who was left at the Foundling Asylum, and afterwards was for some time in London, will call at No. 16, Throgmorton Court, Minories, he will hear of something very much to his advantage, and will discover that of which he has been so long in search. Should this reach his eye, he is requested to write immediately to the above address, with full particulars of his situation. Should any one who reads this be able to give any information relative to the said J. N., he will be liberally rewarded."

I sank down on the chair. "Merciful Heaven! this can be no mistake—'he will discover the object of his search.' Timothy, my dear Timothy, I have at last found out my father."

"So I should imagine, my dear Japhet," replied Timothy, "and I trust it will not prove a disappointment."

"They never would be so cruel, Timothy," replied I.

"But still it is evident that Mr. Masterton is concerned in it," observed Timothy.

"Why so?" enquired I.

"How otherwise should it appear in the Reading newspapers? He must have examined the post-mark of my letter."

To explain this, I must remind the reader that Timothy had promised to write to Mr. Masterton when he found me; and he requested my permission shortly after we had met again. I consented to his keeping his word, but restricted him to saying any more than "that he had found me, and that I was well and happy." There was no address in the letter as a clue to Mr. Masterton as to where I might be, and it could only have been from the post-mark that he could have formed any idea. Timothy's surmise was therefore very probable; but I would not believe that Mr. Masterton would consent to the insertion of that portion of the advertisement, if there was no foundation for it.

"What will you do, Japhet?"

"Do," replied I, recovering from my reverie, for the information had again roused up all my dormant feelings—"Do," replied I, "why, I shall set off for town this very morning."

"In that dress, Japhet?"

"I suppose I must," replied I, "for I have no time to procure another;" and all my former ideas of fashion and appearance were roused, and in full activity—my pride recovered its ascendency.

"Well," replied Timothy, "I hope you will find your father all that you could wish."

"I'm sure of it, Tim—I'm sure of it," replied I; "you must run and take a place in the first coach."

"But you are not going without seeing Mr. and Mrs. Cophagus, and——Miss Temple," continued Tim, laying an emphasis upon the latter name.

"Of course not," replied I, colouring deeply. "I will go at once. Give me the newspaper, Tim."

I took the newspaper, and hastened to the house of Mr. Cophagus. I found them all three sitting in the breakfast parlour, Mr. Cophagus, as usual, reading, with his spectacles on his nose, and the ladies at work. "What is the matter, friend Japhet?" exclaimed Mr. Cophagus, as I burst into the room, my countenance lighted up with excitement. "Read that, sir!" said I to Mr. Cophagus. Mr. Cophagus read it. "Hum—bad news—lose Japhet—man of fashion—and so on," said Cophagus, pointing out the paragraph to his wife, as he handed over the paper.

In the mean time I watched the countenance of Susannah—a slight emotion, but instantly checked, was visible at Mr. Cophagus's remark. She then remained quiet until her sister, who had read the paragraph, handed the paper to her. "I give thee joy, Japhet, at the prospect of finding out thy parent," said Mrs. Cophagus. "I trust thou wilt find in him one who is to be esteemed as a man. When departest thou?"

"Immediately," replied I.

"I cannot blame thee—the ties of nature are ever powerful. I trust that thou wilt write to us, and that we soon shall see thee return."

"Yes, yes," said Cophagus, "see father—shake hands—come back—heh!—settle here—and so on."

"I shall not be altogether my own master, perhaps," observed I. "If my father desires that I remain with him, must not I obey? But I know nothing at present. You shall hear from me. Timothy can take my place in the——" I could not bear the idea of the word shop, and I stopped. Susannah, for the first time, looked me earnestly in the face, but she said nothing. Mr. and Mrs. Cophagus, who probably had been talking over the subject of our conversation, and thought this a good opportunity to allow me to have an *éclaircissement* with Susannah, left the room, saying they would look after my portmanteau and linen. "Susannah," said I, "you do not appear to rejoice with me."

"Japhet Newland, I will rejoice at every thing which may tend to thy happiness, believe me; but I do not feel assured but that this trial may prove too great, and that thou mayest fall away. Indeed, I perceive even now that thou art excited with new ideas, and visions of pride."

"If I am wrong, forgive me. Susannah, you must know that the whole object of my existence has been to find my father; and now that I have every reason to suppose that my wish is obtained, can you be surprised, or can you blame me, that I long to be pressed in his arms?"

"Nay, Japhet, for that filial feeling I do commend thee; but ask thy own heart, is that the only feeling which now exciteth thee? Dost thou not expect to find thy father one high in rank and power? Dost thou not anticipate to join once more the world which thou hast quitted, yet still hast sighed for? Dost thou not already feel contempt for thy honest profession:—nay, more, dost thou not only long to cast off the plain attire, and not only the attire, but the sect which in thy adversity thou didst embrace the tenets of? Ask thy own heart, and reply if thou wilt, but I press thee not so to do; for the truth would be painful, and a lie, thou knowest, I do utterly abhor."

I felt that Susannah spoke the truth, and I would not deny it. I sat down by her. "Susannah," said I, "it is not very easy to change at once. I have mixed for years in the world, with you I have been but a few months. I will not deny but that the feelings you have expressed have risen in my heart, but I will try to repress them; at least, for your sake, Susannah, I would try to repress them, for I value your opinion more than that of the whole world. You have the power to do with me as you please:—will you exert that power?"

"Answer me, Japhet," replied Susannah. "The faith which is not built upon a more solid foundation than to win the favour of an erring being like myself is but weak; that power over thee which thou expectest will fix thee in the right path, may soon be lost, and what is then to direct thee? If no purer motives than earthly affection are to be thy stay, most surely thou wilt fall. But no more of this; thou hast a duty to perform, which is to go to thy earthly father, and seek his bless-

ing. Nay more, I would that thou shouldest once more enter into the world; there thou mayest decide. Shouldest thou return to us, thy friends will rejoice, and not one of them will be more joyful than Susannah Temple. Fare thee well, Japhet, mayest thou prove superior to temptation. I will pray for thee—earnestly I will pray for thee, Japhet," continued Susannah, with a quivering of her lips and broken voice, and she left the room.

I went up stairs, and found that all was ready, and I took leave of Mr. and Mrs. Cophagus, both of whom expressed their hopes that I would not leave them for ever. "Oh, no," replied I, "I should indeed be base, if I did." I left them, and with Ephraim following with my portmanteau, I quitted the house. I had gone about twenty yards when I recollected that I had left on the table the newspaper with the direction whom to apply to in the advertisement, and desiring Ephraim to proceed, I returned back. When I entered the parlour, Susannah Temple was resting her face in her hands and weeping bitterly. The opening of the door made her start up; she perceived that it was me, and she turned away. "I beg your pardon, I left the newspaper," said I, stammering. I was about to throw myself at her feet, declare my sincere affection, and give up all idea of finding my father until we were married, when she, without saying a word, passed quickly by me and hastened out of the room. "She loves me then," thought I; "thank God:—I will not go yet, I will speak to her first." I sat down, quite overpowered with contending feelings. The paper was in my hand, the paragraph was again read, and I thought but of my father.

In half an hour I had shaken hands with Timothy and quitted the town of Reading. How I arrived in London, that is to say, what passed or what we passed, I know not; my mind was in such a state of excitement. I hardly know how to express the state that I was in. It was a sort of mental whirling which blinded me—round and round—from my father and the expected meeting, then to Susannah, my departure and her tears—castle building of every description. After the coach stopped, there I remained fixed on the top of it, not aware that we were in London until the coachman asked me whether the spirit did not move me to get down. I recollected myself, and calling a hackney-coach, gave orders to be driven to the Piazza, Covent Garden.

"Piazza, Common Garden," said the waterman, "why that ban't an 'otel for the like o' you, master. They'il torment you to death, them young chaps."

I had forgotten that I was dressed as a quaker. "Tell the coachman to stop at the first cloth warehouse where they have ready-made cloaks," said I. The man did so; I went out and purchased a roquelaure, which enveloped my whole person. I then stopped at a hatter's, and purchased a hat according to the mode. "Now drive to the Piazza," said I, entering the coach. I know not why, but I was resolved to go to that hotel. It was the one I had stayed at when I first arrived in London, and I wished to see it again. When the hackney coach stopped, I asked the waiter who came out whether he had apartments, and answering me in the affirmative, I followed him, and was shown into the same rooms I had previously occupied. "These will do," said I, "now let me have something to eat, and send for a good tailor." The waiter offered to remove my cloak, but I refused, saying that I was cold. He left the room, and I threw myself on the sofa, running over all the scenes which had passed in that room with Carbonnell, Harcourt, and others. My thoughts were broken in upon by the arrival of the tailor. "Stop a moment," said I, "and let him come in when I ring." So ashamed was I of my quaker's dress, that I threw off my coat and waistcoat, and put on my cloak again, before I rang the bell for the tailor to come up. "Mr. ——," said I, "I must have a suit of clothes ready by to-morrow at ten o'clock."

"Impossible, sir."

"Impossible!" said I, "and you pretend to be a fashionable tailor. Leave the room."

At this peremptory behaviour the tailor imagined that I must be somebody.

"I will do my possible, sir, and if I can only get home in time to start the workmen, I think it may be managed. Of course you are aware of the expense of night work."

"I am only aware of this, that if I give an order, I am accustomed to have it obeyed; I learned that from my poor friend, Major Carbonnell."

The tailor bowed low; there was magic in the name, although the man was dead.

"Here have I been masquerading in a quaker's dress, to please a puritanical young lady, and I am obliged to be off without any other clothes in my portmanteau; so take my measure, and I expect the clothes at ten precisely." So saying, I threw off my roquelaure, and desired him to proceed. This accomplished, the tradesman took his leave. Shortly afterwards, the door opened, and as I lay wrapped up in my cloak on the sofa, in came the landlord and two waiters, each bearing a dish of my supper. I wished them at the devil; but I was still more surprised when the landlord made a low bow, saying, "Happy to see you returned, Mr. Newland; you've been away some time—another grand tour, I presume."

"Yes, Mr. ——, I have had a few adventures since I was last here," replied I, carelessly, "but I am not very well. You may leave the supper, and if I feel inclined, I will take a little by-and-bye,—no one need wait."

The landlord and waiter bowed and went out of the room. I turned the key of the door, put on my quaker's coat, and made a hearty supper, for I had had nothing since breakfast. When I had finished, I returned to the sofa, and I could not help analysing my own conduct. "Alas," thought I, "Susannah, how rightly did you judge me! I am not away from you more than eighteen hours, and here I am ashamed of the dress which I have so long worn, and been satisfied with, in your society. Truly did you say that I was full of pride, and would joyfully re-enter the world of vanity and vexation." And I thought of Susannah, and her tears after my supposed departure, and I felt angry and annoyed at my want of strength of mind and my worldly feelings.

I retired early to bed, and did not awake until the next morning. When I rang the bell, the chambermaid brought in my clothes from the tailor's: I dressed, and I will not deny that I was pleased with the alteration. After breakfast I ordered a coach, and drove to No. 16, Throgmorton Court, Minories. The house was dirty outside, and the windows had not been cleaned apparently for years, and it was with some difficulty when I went in that I could decipher a tall, haggard-looking man seated at a desk.

"Your pleasure, sir," said he.

"Am I speaking to the principal?" replied I.

"Yes, sir, my name is Chatfeld."

"I come to you, sir, relative to an advertisement which appeared in the papers. I refer to this," continued I, putting the newspaper down on the desk, and pointing to the advertisement.

"Oh, yes, very true; can you give us any information?"

"Yes, sir, I can, and the most satisfactory."

"Then, sir, I am sorry that you have had so much trouble, but you must call at Lincoln's Inn upon a lawyer of the name of Masterton: the whole affair is now in his hands."

"Can you, sir, inform me who is the party that is enquiring after this young man?"

"Why, yes; it is a General De Benyon, who has lately returned from the East Indies."

"Good God! is it possible!" thought I; "how strange that my own wild fancy should have settled upon him as my father!"

I hurried away; threw myself into the hackney-coach, and desired the man to drive to Lincoln's Inn. I hastened to Mr. Masterton's rooms: he was fortunately at home, although he stood at the table with his hat and great coat on, ready to go out.

"My dear sir, have you forgotten me?" said I, in a voice choked with emotion, taking his hand and squeezing it with rapture.

"By heavens, you are determined that I shall not forget you for some minutes, at least," exclaimed he, wringing his hand with pain. "Who the devil are you?"

Mr. Masterton could not see without his spectacles, and my subdued voice he had not recognised. He pulled them out, as I made no reply, and fixing them across his nose—"Hah! why yes—it is Japhet, is it not?"

"It is indeed, sir," said I, offering my hand, which he shook warmly.

"Not quite so hard, my dear fellow, this time," said the old lawyer; "I acknowledge your vigour, and that is sufficient. I am very glad to see you, Japhet, I am indeed—you—you scamp—you ungrateful fellow. Sit down—sit down—first help me off with my great coat: I presume the advertisement has brought you into existence again. Well, it's all true; and you have at last found your father, or, rather, he has found you. And what's more strange, you hit upon the right person: that's strange—very strange indeed."

"Where is he, sir?" interrupted I, "where is he—take me to him."

"No, rather be excused," replied Mr. Masterton, "for he is gone to Ireland, so you must wait."

"Wait, sir! oh no—I must follow him."

"That will only do harm; for he is rather a queer sort of old gentleman, and although he acknowledges that he left you as *Japhet*, and has searched for you, yet he is so afraid of somebody else's brat being put upon him that he insists upon most undeniable proofs. Now we cannot trace you from the hospital unless we can find that fellow Cophagus, and we have made every search after him, and no one can tell where he is."

"But I left him but yesterday morning, sir," replied I, "and Timothy as well."

"Good—very good; we must send for him or go to him; besides, he has the packet entrusted to the care of Miss Maitland, to whom he was executor, which proves the marriage of your father. Very strange—very strange, indeed, that you should have hit upon it as you did—almost supernatural. However, all right now, my dear boy, and I congratulate you. Your father is a very strange person: he has lived like a despot among slaves all his life, and will not be thwarted, I can tell you. If you say a word in contradiction, he'll disinherit you: terrible old tiger, I must say. If it had not been for your sake, I should have done with him long ago. He seems to think the world ought to be at his feet. Depend upon it, Japhet, there is no hurry about seeing him; and see him you shall not, until we have every proof of your identity ready to produce to him. I hope you have the bump of veneration strong, Japhet, and plenty of filial duty, or you will be kicked out of the house in a week. D—n me, if he didn't call me an old thief of a lawyer."

"Indeed, sir," replied I laughing; "I must apologise to you for my father's conduct."

"Never mind, Japhet; I don't care about a trifle; but why don't you ask after your friends?"

"I have longed so to do, sir," replied I. "Lord Windermear——"

"Is quite well, and will be most happy to see you."

"Lady de Clare, and her daughter——"

"Lady de Clare has entered into society again, and her daughter, as you call her—your Fleta, *alias* Cecilia de Clare—is the belle of the metropolis. But now, sir, as I have answered all your interrogatories, and satisfied you upon the most essential points, will you favour me with a narrative of your adventures (for adventures I am sure you must have had) since you ran away from us all in that ungrateful manner."

"Most certainly, sir, I will; and, as you say, I have had adventures. But it really will be a long story."

"Then we 'll dine here, and pass the evening together—so that 's settled."

I dismissed the coach, while Mr. Masterton gave his orders for dinner, and we then turned the key of the door to avoid intrusion, and I commenced. It was nearly dinner time before I had finished my story.

"Well, you really appear to be born for getting into scrapes, and getting out of them again in a miraculous way," observed Mr. Masterton. "Your life would make a novel."

"It would indeed, sir," replied I. "I only hope, like all novels, it will wind up well."

"So do I; but dinner's ready, Japhet, and after dinner we 'll talk the matter over again, for there are some points upon which I require some explanation."

We sat down to dinner; and when we had finished, and the table had been cleared, we drew to the fire, with our bottle of wine. Mr. Masterton stirred the fire, called for his slippers, and then crossing his legs over the fender, resumed the subject.

"Japhet, I consider it most fortunate that we have met previous to your introduction to your father. You have so far to congratulate yourself, that your family is undeniably good, there being, as you know, an Irish peerage in it; of which, however, you have no chance, as the present earl has a numerous offspring. You are also fortunate as far as money is concerned, as I have every reason to believe that your father is a very rich man, and of course you are his only child; but I must now prepare you to meet with a very different person than perhaps the fond anticipations of youth may have led you to expect. Your father has no paternal feelings that I can discover; he has wealth, and he wishes to leave it—he has therefore sought you out. But he is despotic, violent, and absurd; the least opposition to his will makes him furious; and, I am sorry to add, that I am afraid that he is very mean. He suffered severely when young from poverty, and his own father was almost as authoritative and unforgiving as himself. And now I will state how it was that you were left at the Asylum when an infant. Your grandfather had procured for your father a commission in the army, and soon afterwards procured him a lieutenancy. He ordered him to marry a young lady of large fortune, whom he had never seen, and sent for him for that purpose. I understand that she was very beautiful; and had your father seen her, it is probable he would have made no objection, but he very foolishly sent a peremptory refusal, for which he was dismissed for ever. In a short time afterwards, your father fell in love with a young lady of great personal attractions, and supposed to possess a large fortune. To deceive her, he pretended to be the heir to the earldom, and, after a hasty courtship, they ran off, and were married. When they compared notes, which they soon did, it was discovered that, on his side, he had nothing but the pay of a subaltern, and on hers, that she had not one shilling. Your father stormed, and called his wife an impostor; she recriminated; and the second morning after the marriage was passed in tears on her side, and oaths and revilings on his. The lady, however, appeared the most sensible party of the two. Their marriage was not known; she

had run away on a pretence to visit a relative, and it was actually supposed, in the country town where she resided, that such was the case. 'Why should we quarrel in this way?' observed she. 'You, Edmund, wished to marry a fortune, and not me—I may plead guilty to the same duplicity. We have made a mistake; but it is not too late. It is supposed that I am on a visit to ———, and that you are on furlough for a few days. Did you confide your secret to any of your brother officers?' 'Not one,' muttered your father. 'Well, then, let us part as if nothing had happened, and nobody will be the wiser. We are equally interested in keeping the secret. Is it agreed?' Your father immediately consented. He accompanied your mother to the house at ———, where she was expected, and she framed a story for her delay, by having met such a very polite young man. Your father returned to his regiment, and thus did they, like two privateers, who, when they meet and engage, as soon as they find out their mistake, hoist their colours, and sheer off by mutual consent."

"I can't say much for my mother's affection or delicacy," observed I.

"The less you say the better, Japhet; however, that is your father's story. And now to proceed. It appears that about two months afterwards, your father received a letter from your mother, acquainting him that their short intercourse had been productive of certain results, and requesting that he would take the necessary steps to provide for the child, and avoid exposure, or that she would be obliged to confess her marriage. By what means they contrived to avoid exposure until the period of her confinement, I know not, but your father states that the child was born in a house in London, and, by agreement, was instantly put into his hands; that he, with the consent of his wife, left you at the door of the asylum, with the paper and the bank note, from which you received the name of Newland. At the time, he had no idea of reclaiming you himself, but the mother had, for heartless as she appears to have been, yet a mother must feel for her child. Your father's regiment was then ordered out to the East Indies, and he was rapidly promoted for his gallantry and good conduct during the war in the Mysore territory. Once only has he returned home on furlough, and then he did make enquiries after you; not, it appears, with a view of finding you out on his own account, but from a promise which he made your mother."

"My mother! what, have they met since?"

"Yes; your mother went out to India on speculation, passing off as a single girl, and was very well married there, I was going to say; however, she committed a very splendid bigamy."

"Good heavens! how totally destitute of principle!"

"Your father asserts that your mother was a free-thinker, Japhet; her father had made her one; without religion a woman has no stay. Your father was in the up country during the time that your mother arrived, and was married to one of the council at Calcutta. Your father says that they met at a ball at Government House. She was still a very handsome woman, and much admired. When your father recognised her, and was told that she was lately married to the honourable Mr. ———, he was quite electrified, and would have quitted the room; but she had perceived him, and walking up to him with the greatest coolness, claimed him as an old acquaintance in England, and afterwards they often met, but she never adverted to what had passed between them, until the time for his departure to England on leave, and she then sent for him, and begged that he would make some enquiries after *you*, Japhet. He did so, and you know the result. On his return to India, he found that your mother had been carried off by the prevailing pestilence. At that period your father was not rich, but he was then appointed to the chief command in the Carnatic, and reaped a golden harvest in return for his success and bravery. It appears, as far as I could obtain it from him, that as long as your mother was alive, he felt no interest about you, but her death, and the subsequent wealth which poured upon him, has now induced him to find out an heir, to whom it may be bequeathed.

"Such, Japhet, are the outlines of your father's history; and I must point out that he has no feelings of affection for you at present. The conduct of your mother is ever before him, and if it were not that he wishes an heir, I should almost say that his feelings are those of dislike. You may create an interest in his heart, it is true; and he may be gratified by your personal appearance; but you will have a very difficult task, as you will have to submit to his caprices and fancies; and I am afraid that, to a high spirit like yours, they will be almost unbearable."

"Really, sir, I begin to feel that the fondest anticipations are seldom realised, and almost to wish that I had not been sought for by my father. I was happy and contented, and now I do not see any chance of having to congratulate myself on the change."

"On one or two points I also wish to question you. It appears that you have entered into the sect denominated quakers. Tell me candidly, do you subscribe heartily and sincerely to their doctrines? And, I was going to add, is it your intention to remain with them? I perceive much difficulty in all this."

"The tenets of the sect I certainly do believe to be more in accordance with the Christian religion than any other; and I have no hesitation in asserting, from my knowledge of those who belong to that sect, that they, generally speaking, lead better lives. There are some points connected with their worship, which, at first, I considered ridiculous: the feeling has, however, worn off. As to their quaint manner of speaking, that has been grossly exaggerated. Their dress is a part of their religion."

"Why so, Japhet?"

"I can reply to you in the words of Susannah Temple, when I made the same interrogatory. 'You think the peculiarity of our dress is an outward form which is not required. It was put on to separate us from others, and as a proof that we had discarded vanity. I am aware that it is not a proof of our sincerity; but still the discarding of the dress is a proof of insincerity. We consider, that to admire the person is vain, and our creed is humility. It is therefore an outward and visible sign, that we would act up to those tenets which we profess. It is not all who wear the dress who are quakers in heart or conduct; but we know that when it is put aside, that the tenets of our persuasion are at the same time renounced; therefore do we consider it essential. I do not mean to say but that the heart may be as pure, and the faith continue as steadfast, without such signs outwardly, but it is a part of our creed, and we must not choose, but either reject all or none.'"

"Very well argued by the little quakeress; and now, Japhet, I should like to put another question to you. Are you very much attached to this young puritan?"

"I will not deny but that I am. I love her sincerely."

"Does your love carry you so far, that you would for her sake continue a quaker, and marry her?"

"I have asked myself that question at least a hundred times during the last twenty-four hours, and I cannot decide. If she would dress as others do, and allow me to do the same, I would marry her to-morrow; whether I shall ever make up my mind to adhere to the persuasion, and live and die a quaker for her sake, is quite another matter—but I am afraid not—I am too worldly-minded. The fact is, I am in a very awkward position with respect to her. I have never acknowledged my

affection, or asked for a return; but she knows that I love her, and I know that she loves me."

"Like all vain boys, you flatter yourself."

"I leave you to judge, sir," replied I, repeating to him our parting *tête-à-tete*, and how I had returned, and found her in tears.

"All that certainly is very corroborative evidence; but tell me, Japhet, do you think she loves you well enough to abandon all for your sake?"

"No, nor never will, sir; she is too high-principled, too high-minded. She might suffer greatly, but she never would swerve from what she thought was right."

"She must be a fine character, Japhet, but you will be in a dilemma: indeed, it appears to me, that your troubles are now commencing instead of ending, and that you would have been much happier where you were, than you will be by being again brought out into the world. Your prospect is not over cheerful. You have an awkward father to deal with; you will be under a strong check, I 've a notion, and I am afraid you will find that, notwithstanding you will be once more received into society, all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

"I am afraid you are right, sir," replied I; "but at all events, it will be something gained to be acknowledged to the world by a father of good family, whatever else I may have to submit to. I have been the sport of fortune all my life, and probably she has not yet done playing with me; but it is late, and I will now wish you good night."

"Good night, Japhet; if I have any intelligence, I will let you know. Lady de Clare's address is No. 13 Park Street. You will, of course, go there as soon as you can."

"I will, sir, after I have written my letters to my friends at Reading."

I returned home to reflect upon what Mr. Masterton had told me, and, I must say, that I was not very well pleased with his various information. His account of my mother, although she was no more, distressed me; and from the character which he gave of my father, I felt convinced that my happiness would not be at all increased by my having finally attained the long-desired object of my wishes. Strange to say, I had no sooner discovered my father, but I wished that he had never turned up; and when I compared the peaceful and happy state of existence which I had lately passed, with the prospects of what I had in future to submit to, I bitterly repented that the advertisement had been seen by Timothy; still, on one point I was peculiarly anxious, without hardly daring to anatomise my feelings; it was relative to Cecilia de Clare, and what Mr. Masterton had mentioned in the course of our conversation. The next morning I wrote to Timothy and to Mr. Cophagus, giving them a short detail of what I had been informed of by Mr. Masterton, and expressing a wish, which I then really did feel, that I had never been summoned away from them.

(To be continued.)

FREAK OF NATURE.—A gentleman has brought to our office a pear, taken from a tree of the jargonelle species, in the garden of Mr. Thomas Milton, of Pershore, which presents a very curious instance of the manner in which nature sometimes departs from her usual rules. When the pear was partly grown, a blossom sprung from the eye, and in due time another pear was formed; and from the eye of this last pear another blossom appeared, and produced fruit: so that the pear is literally now *tria juncta in uno*. It has been presented to the Natural History Society, and means will no doubt be taken to preserve it.—*Worcester Journal.*

From the London New Monthly Magazine.

EPISTLE TO HORACE SMITH,

FROM ALGIERS.

Dear HORACE, be melted to tears;
For I 'm melting with heat as I rhyme;—
Though the name of this place is All-jeers,
'T is no joke to be caught in its clime.

With a shaver from France who came o'er,
To an African inn I ascend;
I am cast on a barbarous shore,
Where a barber alone is my friend.

Do you ask me the sights and the news
Of this wonderful city to sing?
Alas! my hotel has its muse;
But no muse of the Helicon's spring.

My windows afford me the sight
Of a people all diverse in hue:
They look black, yellow, olive, and white—
Whilst I, in my sorrow, look blue.

Here are groups for the painter to take,
Whose figures jocosely combine,—
The Arab, disguised in his haik,*
And the Frenchman, disguised in his wine.

In his breeches, of petticoat size,
You may say, as the Mussulman goes,
That his garb is a fair compromise
'Twixt a kilt and a pair of small-clothes.

The Mooresses, shrouded in white,
Save two holes for their eyes that give room,
Seem like corpses in sport or in spite,
That have slily whipp'd out of the tomb.

The old Jewish dames make me sick:
If I were the Devil, I declare,
Such hags should not mount a broom-stick
In my service, to ride through the air.

But, hipp'd and undined as I am,
My hippogriff's course I must rein;
For the pain of my thirst is no sham,
Though I 'm bawling aloud for Champagne.

Dinner 's brought; but their wines have no pith,—
They are flat as the Statutes at Law;
And for all that they bring, my dear Smith,
Would a glass of brown stout they could draw.

O'er each French trashy dish as I bend,
My heart feels a patriot's grief;
And the round tears, O England! descend,
When I think on a round of thy beef.

Yes, my soul sentimentally craves
British beer.—Hail! Britannia, hail!
To thy flag on the foam of the waves,
And the foam on thy flagons of ale.

Yet I own, in this hour of my drought,
A dessert has most welcomely come;
There are peaches that melt in the mouth,
And grapes blue and big as a plum.

There are melons, too, luscious and great—
But the slices I eat shall be few
For from melons incautiously ate,
Melan-cholic effects might ensue.

"Horrid pun!" you 'll exclaim; but be calm,
Though my letter bears date, as you view,
From the land of the date-bearing palm,
I will palm no more puns upon you.

T. CAMPBELL.

* A mantle worn by the natives.

From the London Spectator.

DR. HOGG'S VISIT TO DAMASCUS AND JERUSALEM.

Within the memory of the present generation a journey to the Holy Land was in reality a *pilgrimage*, to be accomplished with nearly as much difficulty and privation as during the middle ages, so far as regarded Palestine itself. The "march of intellect" in Turkey and in Egypt, the reforms effected both by sultan and pasha, and the influence upon Mahomedan opinion which has been produced by the spread of European commerce, by the great events of the Napoleonic wars, and more lately by the successes of the Russian invasions, have considerably lessened the risks of traveling. For some years past, Syria, Palestine, and Asia Minor, with the exception of Damascus, have been accessible to any tourist who could submit to the exertions and inconveniences of traveling in a semi-barbarous country; and many movement-loving persons, both English and foreign, have extended their grand tour from Rome to Jerusalem and the Seven Churches. This was all very well in itself, but, unluckily, they were determined to narrate their adventures to the world without discriminating between the different positions of themselves and their predecessors. A person who tells us something *new* is certain of attention; and, if his information be incomplete or superficial, his readers receive it with every allowance when it has been snatched up at the peril of his life and amidst the *necessary* hurry of a forced journey. But a man who travels rapidly over a beaten ground which is patent to the world at large can see but little which has not been seen already; and his observations not only want the freshness of novelty, but this want is unredeemed in the reader's mind by the peculiar hazard or difficulty of making them.

These remarks have an immediate application to the work before us. Had Dr. Hogg visited a country of which we knew but little, his publication would have been a valuable addition to our books of travels, but the districts he passed through have been lately traversed by several tourists, and, amongst others, by the Rev. Vere Munro; who not only sojourned in the same places, but appears to have devoted a longer time to the examination of their curiosities than the doctor was enabled to bestow. Hence the value of his sketches on the road have been rather deteriorated by the lateness of their appearance; for though the route of each traveller and the circumstances attending it were different, the generic features were the same. For this accidental drawback no blame whatever attaches to Dr. Hogg: his movements appear to have been in a measure regulated by a companion, and his own health required those valetudinarian conveniences which the more robust organisation of his reverend predecessor enabled him to laugh to scorn. These circumstances, however, are matter of regret; for our author possesses a quick and keen perception of character, a terse and animated style, with an occasional felicity of expression that would have enabled him to produce a series of capital sketches of Asiatic life, had time and opportunity been allowed him to study it.

Dr. Hogg introduces himself to the reader as having reached that point of life when a man may be allowed to consider himself as neither old nor young. After some years of successful practice in England, he retired to Naples, to repair the inroads made by laborious exertion on a constitution never robust; and we are happy to learn it has afforded him an agreeable retreat. In April, 1832, an opportunity "presented itself of accompanying an intelligent friend to the East;" and the doctor gladly availed himself of it. Proceeding by sea to Alexandria, they touched at Sicily and Malta in their course, and remained long enough at each to enable our traveller to make some agreeable observations. At Alexandria he saw what there was to be seen; and amongst other curiosities the ruler of Egypt: he then set sail for Syria, and landed at Tripoli. From this place he crossed Lebanon to Balbec, and thence passed on to Damascus; where he arrived soon after its occupation by the troops of Ibrahim Pasha. His descriptions of this celebrated city and of its inhabitants occupy a considerable portion of his work; and after having exhausted the subjects which his time and means allowed him to investigate, he set off for Jerusalem by way of Sidon, Tyre, and Acre, passing through the district of the Druses, and calling upon Lady Hester Stanhope in his route. At the Holy City he was prevented by illness from instituting many enquiries—a matter of slight importance in a spot which has been so often examined and described. As soon as he was sufficiently convalescent, he returned to Egypt and made a trip up the Nile to the second cataract, of which tour he gives a brief but spirited account in a single chapter.

One object of Dr. Hogg in publishing his travels was to throw a light on the present political condition of the countries through which he passed. His facts, however, are not sufficiently numerous or important to render this a very conspicuous feature in his work, and the conclusions to which they lead have little novelty. The main subjects of his *Visit* are the incidents of traveling, the scenery through which he passes, and the persons he meets. Of his qualifications and manner we have already spoken, but a few extracts will give a better notion than any criticism. Here is a sample of the

DISCIPLINE OF IBRAHIM'S ARMY.

"One evening, at Jaffa, as I returned from a solitary walk on the shore, I remarked, on passing a barrack, an Egyptian soldier, who hastily withdrew from an upper window. In a few moments he reappeared, and with an air indicating rather contemptuous insult than mischievous intention, threw two large stones, which fell at my feet. This outrage I could only resent by a menacing gesture; but resolved to complain to the authorities of so gross a violation of the pasha's promised protection. The consul took up the affair warmly, assuring me that I should obtain justice; for he had himself with much satisfaction lately witnessed the punishment of three soldiers who had been detected trespassing in his garden outside the walls. Accompanied by the consular dragoman, I instantly sought the military commander, was received with attentive civility, coffee and pipes were brought in, and my complaint made with the usual formalities. A serjeant, promptly despatched to ascertain the offender, returned in a few minutes with a procession into the hall. First appeared two athletic men, bearing large sticks, then a soldier, with a countenance evidently disturbed by apprehension. Two others followed, carrying a chain, attached to a pole, and a few stragglers brought up the rear. The process was summary; the dragoman, at my request, explaining to me sentence by sentence what passed. The culprit made his salaam; and in reply to the question why he threw the stones, simply stated that having found them on the floor, he had hurled them from the window without observing that any one was passing below. No further question was asked; but the officer, taking his pipe from his mouth, coolly pronounced, 'Give him fifty.' The soldier, without a word, laid himself on the floor, kicked off his shoes, and in a moment his feet were firmly fixed in a loop made in the chain by the two soldiers who held it. Sleeves were instantly tucked up and the stick raised; but ere it fell I sprung from the divan, and placing myself before the criminal, exclaimed 'La, la!' ('No, no!') waving my hand to arrest the blow. I then desired the dragoman to thank the commandant for his promptitude, to request that the punishment might be remitted, and to assure him that the only object of my appeal was answered; for the soldiers, aware that Frank travellers were protected by the Egyptian government, would now be convinced that they were entitled to re-

spect. The officer, without moving a muscle, replied, 'If you wish him to be punished, there is the offender; if you are satisfied, let him go.' On leaving the barrack, I perceived that the termination of this disagreeable affair was satisfactory to the soldiers; for smiles, and taib, taib, (good, good,) greeted me on every side, although the worthy consul shook his head when he heard the tale, fearing that such unprecedented clemency might tend to diminish European importance."

The following is another example in a different way;—a proof of how soon a barbarian becomes an adept in scientific destruction.

ACRE AFTER THE SIEGE.

"Acre, of less extent than we had anticipated, and occupying a projection of land, with the sea enclosing a third of its circuit, is now a dreary, uninhabited waste—a melancholy picture of devastation and ruin. Closely besieged for five months and twenty-one days, during which time upwards of thirty-five thousand shells were thrown into the town, not a single habitation has escaped uninjured. Whole streets are blocked up with half demolished houses, and others are filled to the first story with fractured remnants of roofs and floors. Every door and window has been torn down and consumed for fuel, shattered arches and tottering walls still seem to menace destruction, and narrow passages through heaps of rubbish afford the only access to various parts of the town. One of the principal bazaars it would be dangerous to enter; and another, of spacious dimensions, has only been saved by an arched roof from entire destruction.

"Near the magnificent mosque built by the atrocious Jezzar, a handsome fountain, within a sort of Chinese pavilion, protected by a beautiful grating of bronze, has happily escaped. Here a flight of steps leads into a court, surrounded by a half demolished cloister, resting on small columns of coloured marble. The pavement, richly variegated, had been shaded with groups of palm and plane trees, and two richly ornamented fountains were buried beneath the fragments of handsome domes. The interior, richly lined with compartments of coloured marble, was surmounted with a spacious and lofty cupola, every where shivered and perforated. It was gaudily painted, decorated with Arabic inscriptions, and still sustained by fractured portions of a beautiful colonnade. On one side, near the gallery, stood a high pulpit of Cipolino marble, and the rich mosaic floor, cruelly mutilated and strewed with book covers, was heaped with broken masses of porphyry and granite, among which lay an enormous bronze crescent that had fallen from the summit of the dome. Shot and shells had here made fearful havoc; the books had been carried off as a trophy, and the court without was converted into a military station."

THE FAR-FAMED EGYPTIAN ALMES.

"So much had been said of the extraordinary performances of the almés, or public dancers, who are always summoned to enliven with their exhibitions the festivities with which both Turkish and Levantine families celebrate marriages, baptisms, and other happy events that lead to the assembling of their friends, that we gladly took advantage of an offer made to us to witness their skill. On this occasion, a *corps de ballet* consisted of four female dancers, whose agile evolutions were regulated by an orchestra composed of three male performers, seated on the ground. One of these played the dulcimer, the second a sort of violin with a single string, and the third a small tambourine inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The personal appearance of the ladies was any thing but attractive; and their gaudy and bespangled finery such as would have equally suited performers of a similar class in the front of a booth at Bartholomew Fair. They were variously and curiously dressed, two of them only being natives of Egypt. One had her hair arranged behind in long plaits, and to the extremities of these a considerable number of small gold coin were attached; while others had rows of these coins arranged round their foreheads, or suspended in their ears. Their eye-lashes were blackened with antimony and their nails stained with henna. The capacious trousers of one of the exhibitors were of gold and silver brocade, enriched with spangles, and the waist of this lady was enriched with a solid Cashmere shawl. Their necks and wrists were loaded with heavy metallic necklaces and bracelets, to which, in one instance, massive anklets were superadded. The ballet was commenced by a dancer whose steps were slow and little varied, but in the movement of whose arms there was occasionally something graceful as she raised them over her head to strike together a pair of cymbals that she held in her hands. Another soon joined her, and proceeded in the same monotonous style; but the dance quickly degenerated into a species of revolting pantomime, an exhibition of looks and gestures without grace or elegance, and such as long habit alone could allow in any country to be tolerated. The tambourine player occasionally assisted the instruments with his voice, and some of his notes were not unmelodious; but his affected tones of tenderness were accompanied with so much grimace as often to produce a ludicrous effect. The whole scene excited only a feeling of pity and disgust, and we quitted it before the first set of dancers, fatigued by their exertions, were replaced by the second."

The observations at Damascus, the stronghold of Mahomedan bigotry, have not in themselves the variety and depth that might have been expected; and such as they are they depend for their effect upon the perusal of the whole. The most striking passages too have been for some time before the public, through an early notice in the Foreign Quarterly. Quitting, therefore, the Syriac part of the work, we will close with a few passages from the European section, which, after all, is the best and the most effectively written.

AMERICANS AT MALTA.

"In Malta I had remarked large arm-chairs, furnished with rockers, in two different drawing-rooms, and one also in a shop that I casually entered, which led me to enquire if the use of such chairs, confined to the nursery in England, was common here. To my great surprise, I was informed that the custom of using rocking-chairs had been imported from America; and a lady, to whom the adventure occurred, greatly entertained me by relating the effect produced on herself and her daughters by the first sight of a family rocking scene.

"This lady, soon after her arrival, had occasion to return a visit to an American family, recently settled here. The party visited consisted of a father, mother, and three grown-up young people, all somewhat of a tall, spare make, with that sort of primitive mien which seems to characterise the inhabitants of some of the States. The visiters took their places on a sofa in the drawing-room, and the family arranged themselves opposite, according to their seniority, in arm-chairs. When the first civilities had passed, and conversation had begun to flag, the lady of the house, whose appearance and cap were alike somewhat starched, proceeded with much composure to rock herself in her chair. The young people—their civil speeches concluded—with an easy unconcern, one by one, followed their mother's example. At length the father, who had hitherto borne the principal burden of conversation, seemed unconsciously to fall into the same movement. Thus seated, in rather an awful semicircle, and all gently indulging in the same soothing exercise, the impression upon the strangers was quite astounding. The lady, who had hardly recovered from the effects of her voyage, began to grow dizzy, and to think with dismay of what she had suffered on board; while her young

companions, highly entertained with so novel a scene, had great difficulty to restrain their mirth. They gladly made their visit as short as was consistent with the customary forms, heartily rejoiced to make their escape without disturbing the gravity of the party by an involuntary laugh."

A HIGHLAND MARTINET.

"The Highlander, wherever he serves, still maintains his ancient national characteristics. Here, as elsewhere, he is distinguished by a lofty, independent bearing, that almost amounts in appearance, but in appearance only, to an insolent insubordination; and he not unfrequently exhibits a somewhat arrogant assumption of knowing exactly his duty, and a dogged determination not to overstep it a single inch.

"This has recently been exemplified in a ludicrous occurrence that took place here. A medical officer not very popular in the regiment observed one day, on quitting the military hospital, that a Highlander on duty did not give him the customary salute. The doctor stood still, looking fiercely at the sentinel, as well to remind him of his neglect as to afford him an opportunity of repairing his remissness. 'What for d'ye look at me?' said Sandy, with an oblique toss of the head and a sarcastic wrinkling of the upper lip and nose. 'You don't know me, perhaps?' replied the outraged Esculapian, 'or don't know your duty?' 'Know ye!' said Sandy with a look of ineffable disdain; 'I know ye weel enou', and know my duty too; and that is to salute the *uniform* of the service; but if folk choose to come here without the regulation cap, they need no' look for the compliment fra' the like o' me.'"

ILLNESS AT SEA IN MAN AND BRUTE.

"The complicated miseries of an illness at sea can only be estimated by those who have unfortunately experienced them. Every portion of space on board is necessarily appropriated to its special use; and this is so nicely calculated, that the wretched sufferer is in every body's way, and thus feels acutely the embarrassment of his involuntary helplessness. The imprisoned inmates of a loaded vessel, ill at ease perhaps themselves, with few external objects to occupy their attention, seem to allow a portion of the ordinary charities of human nature to become dormant. Scarcely a word or look of sympathy is bestowed upon the invalid: 'few and far between' are the enquiries how he fares; and it seems as if the customary restraints of civilised society alone saved him from being trampled upon by every passing foot, or thrown overboard, like any other nuisance. * *

"I now quite understand the feeling that impels our wretched fowls in the hencoop to harass and drive from their food such of their companions as droop and hang the wing. Rendered furious by the irksomeness of confinement, in a space that hardly allows them to move, their animosity is directed against those deprived, by debility, of the power of self-defence. One of these miserable victims, let out to-day upon deck as a relief from incessant persecution, instantly flew into the sea, as if resolutely bent upon self-destruction. A boat was immediately lowered, our live stock not being abundant; but its apparent design had succeeded so well, that before it could be taken up its sufferings had come to a close."

The author informs us that, since his return, a British commerce has sprung up with Damascus, which he thinks will lead to important results; and in an Appendix he furnishes a short account of the commodities which are imported thither, and the return the Damascenes are enabled to yield. That, under a tolerable government, the inhabitants of Asia Minor would become large consumers of manufactured goods, and producers of many of the most valuable raw commodities, there can be no doubt. But to accomplish this will require time: the habits of a nation cannot be changed as quickly as their rulers or their forms of government; nor skill and industry substituted at once for awkwardness and sloth. If, however, the prospect of immediate advantage were greater than we believe it to be, we should be unwilling to aim at procuring it by the costly means which Dr. Hogg's suggestions would end in. To him, in his retreat at Naples, eastern interference, followed by an eastern war, might be an agreeable excitement; but those who live in England naturally consider the probable cost of endeavouring to accomplish paper possibilities.

From the Monthly Review.

The Linwoods; or "Sixty Years since" in America. By Miss Sedgwick. London: Churton. 1835.

This is one of the most refined novels we ever read, both in conception and execution. The authoress is deservedly considered the first female writer in this department, that America has produced. She has a deep and tender insight as regards human nature, especially in developing the female heart: indeed "The Linwoods" affords a happy proof, that the sex can best describe themselves. But Miss Sedgwick has other superior talents as a novelist, for with all her feminine sympathy, she possesses mighty power, whether she addreses herself to the loftier feelings of our nature or to our intellect. Her patriotism, for example, is pure and exalted, and though it be with silken cords, she yet binds us to her principles irresistibly and pleasureably. In short, when carried along with her in this captive style, it is with a high and perfect love for the writer herself filling the heart, along with the charms of the tale, or the beauty of the characters that appear in it.

The period of American history which she has chosen for her tale, is, as the title intimates, one that must ever possess unparalleled interest to the children of the United States. She has introduced some celebrated names, that are the property of history, such as Washington, La Fayette, Sir Henry Clinton, and some others. But yet it is much more of a domestic than an historical novel; her aim being to exhibit the feeling of the times she speaks of, which necessarily afford a rich field for the painter of picturesque domestic features. In doing so, by the vividness of her imagination, the truth of her colouring, and the tenderness and gracefulness of her sentiments, she has produced a most fascinating, affecting, and even instructive work. The story abounds with heart-stirring events and incidents, and with a finely varied and contrasted array of characters. Eliot Lee is to our heart's delight as a republican —a proper officer under Washington; a young man who has all that is natural in an unsophisticated but cultivated mind, whether as a lamb by the fireside, or a lion in the field. Isabella Linwood is perhaps more of the heroine than he is of the hero, in elevation of mind, strength of principle, and devotedness to duty. But to us Bessie Lee is the most original, as she is the most tender creation in the whole performance. A sweeter, gentler, more innocent, yet more sensitively frail image never appeared to the muse's

eye. Then there is Lady Anne, a spirited, self-complacent, light-hearted, and truth-loving girl, who to some will appear a more natural character. Very many of the passages in which these several personages and many others figure, possess striking power and faithful delineation, in which the writer's own lovely mind is ever conspicuous. But any thing farther from us, than this slight introduction, as respects the current of the story, we should be sorry to offer here, excepting a few scenes, gleaned without connection or much selection, where we find it in our power to do so, from the moderate compass and completion of the pictures. Our first extract regards the departure of the plain, affectionate, but determined Eliot Lee to offer himself as a volunteer to the great republican chief. There is a pathos both melting and humorous in it, that can escape none who are acquainted with homely loves and weaknesses.

"Bessie was sitting beside her brother, her head on his shoulder, and crying as if her heart went out with every sob. The youngest boy, Hal, sat on Eliot's knee, with one arm round his neck, his cheek lying on Bessie's, dropping tear after tear, sighing, and half wondering why it was so.

"The good mother had arrived at that age when grief rather congeals the spirit than melts it. Her lips were compressed, her eyes tearless, and her movements tremulous. She was busying herself in the last offices, doing up parcels, taking last stitches, and performing those services that seem to have been assigned to women as safety valves for their effervescing feelings.

"A neat table was spread with ham, bread, sweetmeats, cakes, and every delicacy the house afforded—all were untasted. Not a word was heard except such broken sentences as 'Come Bessie, I will promise to be good if you will to be happy!'

"'Eliot, how easy for you—how impossible for me!'

"The sacred scene was now broken in upon by some well-meaning but untimely visiters. Eliot's approaching departure had created a sensation in Westbrook; the good people of that rustic place not having arrived at the refined stage in the progress of society, when emotion and fellow feeling are not expressed, or expressed only by certain conventional forms. First entered Master Hale, with Miss Sally Ryal. Master Hale 'hoped it was no intrusion;' and Miss Sally answered, 'by no means; she had come to lend a helping hand, and not to intrude'—whereupon she bustled about, helped herself and her companion to chairs, and unsettled every body else in the room. Mrs. Lee assumed a more tranquil mien; poor Bessie suppressed her sobs, and withdrew to a window, and Eliot tried to look composed and manly. The children, like springs relieved from a pressure, reverted to their natural state, dashed off their tears, and began whispering among themselves. Miss Sally produced from her work-bag a comforter for Mr. Eliot, of her own knitting, which 'she trusted would keep out the cold and rheumatism;' and she was kindly showing him how to adjust it, when she spied a chain of braided hair around his neck,—'Ah, ha, Mr. Eliot, a love token!' she exclaimed.

"'Yes, it is,' said little Fanny, who was watching her proceedings: 'Bessie and I cut locks of hair from all the children's heads and mother's, and braided it for him; and I guess it will warm his bosom more than your comforter will, Miss Sally.'

"Visiters now began to throng. One man in a green old age, who had lost a leg at Bunker's Hill, came hobbling in, and clapping Eliot on the shoulder said, 'This is you, my boy! This is what I wanted to see your father's son a-doing: I'd go too, if the rascals had left me both my legs. Cheer up, widow, and thank the Lord you've got such a son to offer up to your country—the richer the gift, the better the giver, you know; but I don't wonder you feel kind o' qualmish at the thoughts of losing the lad. Come, Master Hale, can't you say something? A little bit of Greek, or Latin, or 'most any thing, to keep up their *spirits*, at the last gasp as it were.'

"The good schoolmaster, quite unruffled, proceeded to offer Eliot a time-worn Virgil; and finished by expressing his hopes, that he would imitate Cæsar in maintaining his studies in the camp, and keep the scholar even-handed with the soldier.'

"Eliot charmed the old pedagogue, by assuring him he should be more apt at imitating Cæsar's studies than his soldiership, and himself bestowed Virgil in his portmanteau.

"A good lady now stepped forth, and seeming something scandalised that, as she said, 'no serious truth had been spoken at this peculiar season,' she concluded a technical exhortation by giving Eliot a pair of stockings, into which she had wrought St. Paul's description of the gospel armour. 'The Scripture,' she feared, 'did not often find its way to the camp; and she thought a passage might be blessed, as a single kernel of wheat, even sown among tares, sometimes produced its like.'

"Eliot thanked her, and said, 'it was impossible to have too much of the best thing in the world; but he hoped she would have less solicitude about him, when he assured her that his mother had found place for a pocket Bible in his portmanteau.'

"A meek looking creature now stole up to Mrs. Lee, and putting a roll of closely compressed lint into her hand, said, 'tuck it in with his things, *Miss* Lee. Don't let it scare you—I trust he will dress other people's wounds, not his own with it.—My! that will come natural to him. It's made from the shirt Mr. Eliot stripped from himself, and tore into bandages for my poor Sam, that time he was scalt. Mr. Eliot was a boy then, but he has the same heart now.'

"Mrs. Lee dropped a tear on the lint, as she stowed it away in the closely packed portmanteau.

"'There comes crazy Anny!' exclaimed the children; and a woman appeared at the door, scarcely past middle age, carrying in her hand a pole, on which she had tied thirteen strips of cloth of every colour, and stuck them over with white paper stars. Her face was pale and weather-worn and her eye sunken, but brilliant with the wild flashing light that marks insanity. The moment her eye fell on Eliot, her imagination was excited—'Glory to the Lord!' she cried—'glory to the Lord! A leader hath come forth from among my people! Go on, Eliot Lee, and we will gird thee about with the prayers of the widow and the blessings of the childless! This is comfort! But you could not comfort me, Eliot Lee, though you spoke like an angel, that time you was sent to me with the news the boy was shot.'"—vol. i. p. 115-25.

Eliot is entrusted, in the course of his military service, by Washington, with despatches to Sir Henry Clinton at New York, with the protection, of course, of a flag of truce, and has the honour to dine there with the royalist governor and a number of the British, where he has to submit to a good deal of annoyance, partly from the neglect, and partly from the impertinence of some of the guests. A Major St. Clair chooses to be facetious at the expense of Eliot, in relation to the commissariat department of what was called the rebel army; and after being pestered a good deal by this popinjay of a major, who asks how do you live? Eliot, with a burst of manly pride, answers—

" 'I'll tell you how we live, sir'—the earnest tone of his voice attracted attention—'we live on salt beef, brown bread, and beans, when we can get them; and when we cannot, some of us fast, and some share their horses' messes.'

" 'Bless me—how annoying!'

" 'You may possibly have heard, sir,' resumed Eliot, 'of the water that was miraculously sweetened, and of certain bread that came down from Heaven; and we, who live on this nutriment that excites your pity, and feel from day to day our resolution growing bolder and our hopes brighter, we fancy a real presence in the brown bread, and an inspiration in the water that wells up through the green turf of our native land.' "—vol. ii. p. 23.

There is attached to the Linwood family, who, with the exception of a son, are strong royalists, a domestic whose name is Rose, and though a *nigger*, her affections, her judgment, her magnanimity, are of the first order. Miss Sedgwick's representation of her is a fine and hearty assertion of the feelings and rights of Rose's race. Rose was a slave—for slaves at that period were almost the only servants even in the province of New York. Alas! English power, cupidity, and example, were all in favour of the slave market in those days; and what a load of iniquity and cloud of danger have they entailed upon the Americans, who, now that they are free themselves, will not to their fellowmen grant equal rights! Rose was a great favourite, but still she was not free. Favours and gifts of every description were bestowed upon her, and when on one New Year's day, our heroine, Isabella Linwood, then a child of eight summers' growth, presented Rose with a silken dress, and asked, are you not now as happy as any lady in the land;—the other replied—

" 'Happy!' echoed Rose, her countenance changing; 'I may seem so; but since I came to a thinking age, I never have had one happy hour or minute, Miss Belle.'

" 'Oh Rose, Rose! why not, for pity's sake?'

" 'I am a *slave*.'

" 'Pshaw, Rosy, dear! is that all?—I thought you was in earnest.' She perceived Rose was indeed in earnest; and she added, in an expostulating tone, 'Are not papa and mamma ever so kind to you? and do not Herbert and I love you next best to them?'

" 'Yes, and that lightens the yoke; but still it is a yoke, and it *galls*. I can be bought and sold like the cattle. I would die to-morrow to be free to-day. Oh, free breath is good—free breath is good!' She uttered this with closed teeth, and tears rolling down her cheeks.

" Tears on Rose's cheeks! Isabella could not resist them, and pouring down a shower from her own bright eyes, she exclaimed, 'You shall be free, Rose,' and flew to appeal to her father. Her father kissed her, called her 'the best little girl in the world,' and laughed at her suit.

" 'Rose is a fool,' he said; 'she had reason to complain when she lived with her old mistress, who used to cuff her; but now she *was* free in every thing but the name—far better off than nine-tenths of the people in the world.' This sophistry silenced, but did not satisfy Isabella. The spirit of truth and independence in her own mind responded to the cravings of Rose's, and the thrilling tone in which those words were spoken, 'it is a yoke, and it galls,' continued to ring in her ears."—vol. ii. pp. 36, 37.

Isabella Linwood is a heroine in person, demeanour, sentiment, and genius, with a soul that aspired to heaven, but that was not above the carking cares of earth. With all her loftiness she was graceful and beautifully feminine, pure in purpose, inflexible in honour. Though of English parentage, her brother was born in America, and had in his early boyhood imbibed the republican sentiments which had for years been taking root before they were dreamed of elsewhere. Herbert Linwood's father, and his sister Isabella, were staunch on the other side—the former pertinaciously so, and making no allowance for opposite opinions. The sister, though she lamented her brother's errors of opinion, as she believed them, admired his consistency; and when he voluntarily left his paternal roof, rather than belie his principles and former professions, he rose wonderfully in her sisterly love. Herbert joins Washington's army, and is afterwards, on a secret visit to New York, taken prisoner. Notwithstanding Sir Harry Clinton's intimacy and friendship for the youth's father, he has to be treated like other prisoners so taken, and the only relief that at first opens is, on condition that he will renounce the republican faith, and join himself to the royal standard. To Isabella, however, the proposed overtures are first of all explained by Jasper Meredith, her lover, who has succeeded in obtaining from Governor Clinton such a relaxation of the young man's condition, and offer of advancement.

" 'You interrupted me, Isabella,' he resumed, when Mrs. Linwood had left the room; 'your wishes always fly over the means to the end—a moment's reflection will show you that your brother's release cannot be unconditional.'

" 'Well—the conditions are such as in honour can be complied with?—Sir Henry would propose no other.'

" 'Honour is a conventional term, Isabella.'

" 'The honour that I mean,' replied Miss Linwood, 'is not conventional, but synonymous with rectitude.'

" Meredith shook his head. He had an instinctive dislike of definitions, as they in scripture, who loved darkness, had to the light. He was fond of enveloping his meaning in shadowy analogies, which, like the moon, often led astray, with a beautiful but imperfect and illusive light.

" 'Even rectitude must depend somewhat on position, Isabella,' he replied. 'He who is under the pressure of circumstances, and crowded on every side, cannot, like him who is perfectly free, stand upright and dispose his motions at pleasure.'

" 'Do not mystify, Jasper, but tell me at once what the conditions are.'

" Isabella's face and voice expressed even more dissatisfaction than her words, and Meredith's reply was in the tone of an injured man.

" 'He has empowered me to offer Herbert not only his release, but favour and promotion, provided he will renounce the bad cause to which he has too long adhered, and expiate the sin of rebellion by active service in the royal army.'

" 'Never, never; never shall Herbert do this!'

" 'You are hasty, Isabella—hear me. If I convince Herbert that he has erred, why should he not retrieve his error?'

" 'Ay, Jasper, if you can *convince* him—but mind cannot be convinced at pleasure—we cannot believe as we would—I know it is impossible.' "—vol. ii. pp. 162—167.

Herbert repulses the governor's condition man-

fully, and to his sister's admiration. With exalted resolution she then resolves on appearing personally before Sir Henry, and pleading that her brother may be put on the footing of a prisoner of war, although she knew that it was as being suspected for a spy that he was in the greatest danger.

"'It is impossible, my dear girl—you overrate my powers—I am responsible——'

"'To God—so are we all, Sir Henry, and happiest are those who have most of such deeds as I ask of you to present at his tribunal. But are you not supreme in these provinces? and may you not exercise mercy without fearing that man shall miscall it?'

"'My powers, thanks to my gracious sovereign, are ample; but you have somewhat romantic notions of the mode of using them. I am willing to believe—or rather,' he added with a gracious smile, 'to believe that you believe your brother's story to be a true one; but Miss Linwood, this view of the ground must not alter, to speak *en militaire*, our demonstration. We are bound, as I have communicated to you, through our friend Mr. Jasper Meredith—we are bound, by the policy of war, to avail ourselves of the accident, if it be one, that enables us plausibly to impute to Washington an act held dishonourable in all civilised warfare.'

"'Then, in plain English,' said Isabella, with a burst of indignation this time irrepressible, 'the policy of war compels you to profess to believe a falsehood, in order to stain a spotless name.'

"Sir Henry made no reply, but strided with folded arms up and down the apartment. A glance at his irritated countenance recalled Isabella to herself. 'Forgive me, Sir Henry,' she said, if feeling only that my poor brother is a victim to this horrible 'policy of war,' I have spoken more boldly than was fitting a humble, miserable suitor.'

"'My dear girl,' he said, 'pray do not make yourself so unhappy. You know not how much your brother is already indebted to you—if he were not fenced about by such friends, your father on one side, and yourself and your devoted knight on the other—do not blush, my dear young lady—he would have fared much worse than he has, I assure you. He has only to suffer durance with patience—our bark is worse than our bite; and, believe me, the war cannot last much longer.'

"'And he must remain in prison while the war lasts?'

"'Well, my dear Miss Belle, tell me precisely what you want, and what security you can give that my trust will not be abused.'

"'I want an order from you to Cunningham, directing him to permit my brother to leave the prison in the evening between any hours you shall see fit to assign; and for your security, Sir Henry, I can offer the surest, the word not only of a man of honour, as you have said there are many and uncertain modifications of that principle, but the word of a man bound to you by every tie of gratitude and good faith.'

"'You have persuaded me, my dear, against my better reason, it may be, but you have persuaded me; and to-morrow, after our cabinet-council, I will send you the order.'

"'Oh, no—to-night, Sir Henry,' urged Isabella, with her characteristic decision, determining to leave nothing to the possible influence of a cabinet council or a treacherous to-morrow; 'to-night, if you would make me completely happy. Here on the table is pen, ink, and paper; and here is a chair—sit down, and write three lines, and I will go home with them, and fall down on my knees, and pray God to bless you for ever and ever.'" —vol. ii. pp. 304—312.

Bessie Lee, the sensitive, meek, and lovely sister of brave Eliot, loses her heart, but not her honour, to a fascinating, accomplished, but cold and selfish sprig of the English aristocracy, such as at that period were not scarce in America. She becomes perfectly love-crazed, to the shattering of her reason; and in her simplicity, and in observance of what she conceives is not only her duty, but of what will restore her peace of mind, she resolves on finding out the giver of certain love-tokens which she possesses, and delivering them into his own hands. Accordingly she stealthily leaves her mother's rural abode, and on horseback takes the road to New York, where she believes the heartless young man to be, although the journey is long, and the times most unsettled. The termination of her first day's journey is thus told:—

"Bessie's horse fortunately selected the right road; and refreshed by his half hour's rest, he obeyed his mistress's signals to hasten onward. These signals she reiterated from an impression of some indefinite danger pursuing her. By degrees, however, her thoughts reverted to their former channels, and she dwelt no more on her recent alarm than a dreamer does on an escaped precipice. A languor stole over her that prevented her from observing Steady's motions. From a fast trot he had slackened to a walk, and after thus creeping on for a mile or two, he stood stock still.

"Bessie sat for a while as if waiting his pleasure, and then looking at the setting sun, she said, 'Well, Steady, you have done your day's duty, and I'll not be unmerciful to you. I too have a tired feeling,' and she passed her hand over her throbbing temples; 'but Steady, we will not stay here by the road side, for I think there be bad people on this road; and besides, it is better to be alone where only God is.'

"The country through which Bessie was now passing was rocky, hilly, and wooded, excepting narrow intervals and some few cleared and cultivated slopes. She had just passed a brook, that glided quietly through a very green little meadow on her left, but which, on her right, though screened from sight, sounded its approach as in the glad spirit of its young life it came leaping and dancing down a rocky gorge. Bessie, as it would seem from the instinct of humanity, let down some bars to allow her hungry steed admittance to the meadow, saying as she did so, 'You shall have the green pastures and still waters, Steady, where these home-looking willows are turning up their silvery leaves as if to kiss the parting sunbeams, and the sunflower and the golden rod are still flaunting in their pride, poor things! But I will go on the other side where the trees stand bravely up, to screen and guard me—and the waterfall will sing me to sleep.'

"She crossed the road and plunged into the wood, and without even a footpath to guide her, she scrambled along the irregular margin of the brook. Sometimes she swung herself round the trunk of a tree by grasping the tough vines encircling it; sometimes, when a bald perpendicular rock projected over the water, she surmounted it, as if the danger of wetting her feet must be avoided at all pains and risks; then a moss-covered rock imbedded in the stream attracting her eye, she would spring on to it, drop her feet into the water, doff her little chip hat and bathe her burning temples in the cool stream; and when she again raised her head, shook back her curls and turned her face heavenward, her eye glowing with preternatural brightness, she might have been mistaken for a wanderer from the celestial sphere gazing homeward. After ascending the stream for about a hundred

yards, she came to a spot which seemed to her excited imagination to have been most graced

> 'By the sovereign planter, when He formed
> All things for man's delightful use;'

and in truth it was a *resting-place* for the troubled spirit, far more difficult to find than a bed of down for the wearied body.

"'Here I lay me down to rest,' said Bessie, rolling up with her foot a pillow of crisp crimson leaves that had fallen from a young delicate tree, fit emblem of herself, stricken by the first touch of adversity. 'But first I will say my prayers, for I think this is one of God's temples.' She knelt and murmured forth the broken aspirations of her pure heart, and then laying herself down, she said, 'I wish mother and Eliot could see me now—they would be so satisfied!' "—vol. ii. pp. 277—282.

Jasper Meredith, now Isabella Linwood's wooer, was the object of the poor crazed one's search; and the two young ladies had been bosom companions. The wanderer at last reaches New York, and meets her female friend. The selfish double lover is brought before them, in the presence of Eliot Lee, Bessie's brave brother, when the following affecting and powerful passages occur.

"'Is she mad?' asked Meredith of Isabella. Bessie's ear caught his last word. 'Mad!' she repeated, 'I think all the world is mad; but I alone am not! I have heard that whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. Men and angels have been employed to save me from destruction.'

"'It is idle to stay here to listen to these ravings,' said Meredith in a low voice to Miss Linwood; and he was about to make his escape, when Isabella interposed. 'Stay for a moment, I entreat you,' she said; 'she has been very eager to see you, and it is sometimes of use to gratify these humours.'

"In the meantime Eliot, his heart burning within him at his sister's being gazed at as a spectacle by that man of all the world from whose eye he would have sheltered her, was persuading her, as he would a wayward child, to leave the apartment. She resisted his importunities with a sort of gentle pity for his blindness, and a perfect assurance that she was guided by light from heaven. 'Dear Eliot,' she said, 'you know not what you ask of me. For this hour my life has been prolonged, my strength miraculously sustained. You have all been assembled here—you Eliot, because a brother should sustain his sister, share her honour, and partake her happiness; Jasper Meredith to receive back those charms and spells by which my too willing spirit was bound; and you, Isabella Linwood, to see how, in my better mind, I yield him to you.'

"She took from her bosom a small ivory box, and opening it she said, advancing to Meredith, and showing him a withered rose-bud, 'Do you remember this? You plucked it from a little bush that almost dipped its leaves in that cold spring on the hill side. Do you remember? It was a hot summer's afternoon, and you had been reading poetry to me; you said there was a delicate praise in the sweet breath of flowers that suited me; and some silly thing you said, Jasper, that you should not, of wishing yourself a flower, that you might breathe the incense that you were not at liberty to speak: and then you taught me the Persian language of flowers. I kept this little bud: it faded, but was still sweet. Alas! alas! I cherished it for its Persian meaning.' Her reminiscence seemed too vivid—her voice faltered, and her eye fell from its fixed gaze on Meredith; but suddenly her countenance brightened, and she turned to Isabella, who stood by the mantelpiece resting her throbbing head on her hand, and added, 'Take it, Isabella, it is a true symbol to you.'

"Eliot for the first time turned his eye from his sister, and even at that moment of anguish a thrill of joy shot through every vein when he saw Isabella take the bud, pull apart its shrivelled leaves, and throw them away from her.

"'Do you remember this chain?' she asked, as she opened a bit of paper, and let fall a gold chain over Meredith's arm. He started as if he were stung. 'It cannot harm you,' she said, faintly smiling, as she noticed his recoiling. 'This was the charm.' She smoothed the paper envelope. 'As often as I looked at it, the feeling with which I first read it shot through my heart—strange, for there does not seem much in it.' She murmured the words penciled by Meredith on the envelope,

> Can she, who weaves electric chains to bind the heart,
> Refuse the golden links that boast no mystic art?

"'Oh, well do I remember,' she cast up her eyes as one does who is retracing the past, 'the night you gave me this; Eliot was in Boston; mother was—I don't remember where, and we had been all the evening sitting in the porch. The honey-suckles and white-roses were in bloom, and the moon shone in through their leaves. It was then you first spoke of your mother in England, and you said much of the happy destiny of those who were not shackled by pride and avarice; and when you went away, you pressed my hand to your heart, and put this little packet in it. Yet' (turning to Isabella) 'he never *still* loved me. It was only my over-credulous fancy. Take it, Isabella; it belongs to you, who really weave the chain that binds the heart.'

"Meredith seized the chain as she stretched out her hand, and crushed it under his foot. Bessie looked from him to Isabella, and seemed for a moment puzzled; then said, acquiescingly, 'Ah, it's all well; symbols do not make nor change realities. This little brooch,' she continued, steadily pursuing her purpose, and taking from the box an old fashioned brooch, in the shape of a forget-me-not, 'I think was powerless. What need had I of a forget-me-not, when memory devoured every faculty of my being? No, there was no charm in the forget-me-not; but oh, this little pencil,' she took from the box the end of a lead pencil, 'with which we copied and scribbled poetry together. How many thoughts has this little instrument unlocked—what feelings has it touched—what affections have hovered over its point, and gone thrilling back through the heart! You must certainly take this, Isabella, for there is yet a wonderful power in this magical little pencil—it can make such revelations.'

"'Dear Bessie, I have no revelations to make.'

"'Is my task finished?' asked Meredith.

"'Not yet—not quite yet—be patient—patience is a great help; I have found it so. Do you remember this?' She held up before Meredith a tress of her own fair hair, tied with a raven lock of his in a true-love knot. 'Ah, Isabella, I know very well it was not maidenly of me to tie this; I knew it then, and I begged it of him with many tears, did I not, Jasper? but I *kept* it—that was wrong too. Now, Mr. Meredith, you will help me to untie it?'

"'Pardon me; I have no skill in such matters.'

"'Ah, is it easier to tie than to untie a true-love knot? Alas, alas! I have found it so. But you must help me. My head is growing dizzy, and I am so faint here!' She laid her hand on her heart. 'It must be parted—dear Isabella, you will help me—you can untie a true-love's knot?'

"'I can sever it,' said Isabella, with an emphasis that went to the heart of more than one that heard her. She took a pair of scissors from the table, and cut the knot. The black lock fell on the floor; the pretty tress of Bessie's hair curled around her finger:—'I will keep this

for ever, my sweet Bessie,' she said; 'the memorial of innocence, and purity, and much abused trust.'

"'Oh, I did not mean that—I did not mean that, Isabella. Surely I have not accused him; I told you he never *said* he loved me. I am not angry with him—you must not be. You cannot be long, if you love him; and surely you do love him.'"—Vol. iii. pp. 136—146.

We might now proceed to some lighter scenes, though of equal beauty and spirit, but enough has been extracted to show that "The Linwoods" is a novel of no ordinary fashion. It never fails in keeping up, besides its natural interest, a fine national warmth of heart, equal, we doubt not, to the hope of the writer, when she says that her aim has been to give her younger American readers a true, if a slight impression of the condition of their country at the most trying period of its existence. Reviewers, and advanced towards the middle age of man, though we may be, we have gone through the work, chapter after chapter, as we would have done twenty years ago.

From the London Quarterly Review.

Ion; a Tragedy. London: 1835. (Privately printed.)

This poem, to which we hazarded an allusion in our last number, has been placed at our disposal; but as the writer persists in not publishing it, we should hardly consider ourselves justified in making it the subject of a minute critical examination. We embrace, however, the opportunity of gratifying our readers with a few specimens of a tragic composition, which, after repeated perusal, we are satisfied must ultimately fix the name of Mr. Talfourd on a very high station in cotemporary literature. We know, indeed, of no work of this class, produced in recent times, which affords more complete evidence of its author's capacity to place himself, if he chose, in the rank of our classical dramatists. He has studied the art thoroughly, and apprehends its resources and its difficulties as nothing but severe meditation can enable any man to do: in what he has attempted he has succeeded admirably; and though he modestly doubts whether he could have adequately fulfilled a harder task, we are persuaded that few who study his piece will participate in that suspicion.

The beautiful "Ion" of Euripides has suggested the name of the hero, and some circumstances of his position at the opening of the scene. Like the "fatherless and motherless" boy of the Greek tragedian, he is a foundling, who has been nursed and reared within a temple, and is now employed in the services of the place; but with these exceptions, and that of a few scattered images, the modern author has taken nothing from that particular play. With the spirit of the high Greek drama, however, his whole mind and manner are deeply imbued; and yet, as *genius* never did nor can display itself without some bearing on the thoughts, and feelings, and tastes of its own age, he has given us a tragedy which, while it must afford peculiar and exquisite delight to the classical scholar, might, we think, with some slight alterations, be produced with extraordinary effect on our own stage; that is to say, supposing us to be in possession of two or three actors qualified to embody the lofty and graceful conceptions of a true tragic poet.

The object and general plan of "Ion" are thus opened to us in a short preface:—

"The idea of the principal character,—that of a nature essentially pure and disinterested, deriving its strength entirely from goodness and thought, not overcoming evil by the force of will, but escaping it by an insensibility to its approach—vividly conscious of existence and its pleasures, yet willing to lay them down at the call of duty, is scarcely capable of being rendered sufficiently striking in itself, or of being subjected to such agitations as tragedy requires in its heroes. It was necessary, in order to involve such a character in circumstances which might excite terror or grief, or joy, to introduce other machinery than that of passions working naturally within, or events arising from ordinary and probable motives without; as its own elements would not supply the contests of tragic emotion, nor would its sufferings, however accumulated, present a varied or impressive picture. Recourse has therefore been had—not only to the old Grecian notion of destiny, apart from all moral agencies, and to a *prophecy* indicating its purport in reference to the individuals involved in its chain,—but to the idea of *fascination*, as an engine by which *fate* may work its purposes on the innocent mind, and force it into terrible action, most uncongenial to itself, but necessary to the issue. Either perhaps of these aids might have been permitted, if used in accordance with the entire spirit of the piece; but the employment of *both* could not be justified in a drama intended for visual presentation, in which a certain verisimilitude is essential to the faith of the spectator. Whether any groups surrounded with the associations of the Greek mythology, and subjected to the capricious laws of Greek superstition, could be endowed by genius itself with such present life as to awaken the sympathies of an English audience, may well be doubted; but it cannot be questioned that, except by sustaining a stern unity of purpose, and breathing an atmosphere of Grecian sentiment over the whole, so as to render the picture national and coherent in all its traits, the effect must be unsatisfactory and unreal. Conscious of my inability to produce a work thus justified to the imagination by its own completeness and power, I have not attempted it; but have sought, out of mere weakness, for 'fate and metaphysical aid' to 'crown withal' the ordinary persons of a romantic play."—*Preface*, p. ix.

We are of opinion that to real genius an audience would freely grant all and more than Mr. Talfourd has feared to ask for himself. But we shall not, at present, enter into any *vexed questions*.

The *destiny* of this piece hangs over the royal race of Argos; and the *prophecy* announces that the vengeance which their misrule has brought down on their people, in the form of a wide and wasting pestilence, can only be disarmed by the utter extirpation of the guilty house. The reigning king, Adrastus—whose character and history have from the beginning been darkened by his knowledge of such a prophesy—conceives himself to be a childless man; and maddened with the sense of this terrible doom being concentrated on his head, he has felt and acted as one cut off, from the hour of his birth, from all possibility either of human sympathy or of divine compassion. While the plague is ravaging his city, and the senators and priests are sending their deputations to Delphi, in hopes of grace or guidance, the prince con-

tinues shut up in his palace, apparently insensible to the calamity around its gates, deaf to the cries of his people, inaccessible to his councillors, and plunged in a reckless career of debauchery, in which the captains of his guard are his sole companions. The pestilence spreading more and more fiercely, and the mission to Delphi not having returned within the expected time, the priests and elders of Argos resolve to send once more to the palace, and implore their king to come forth and join with them in some solemn ceremonial calculated to appease the divine wrath; but the last messenger who had gone on such an errand had been beaten and scourged, and brought back for answer that the next should be instantly put to death. At this moment, the beautiful orphan and stripling of the temple courts, who has already exhibited something of the unexpected grandeur of his character, offers himself for the perilous embassy; and such is the fascination of his heroic innocence, that the high priest, who has reared him and loves him as a child, consents.

But we must pause a moment on the change which had come over Ion at the outbreaking of the pestilence—the astonishment with which the senators heard that *he* had been the only inmate of the temple who continually braved all dangers in ministering to the necessities of the sick:—

"AGENOR. What! Ion,
The only inmate of this fane, allowed
To seek the mournful walks where death is busy!—
Ion, our some-time darling, whom we prized
As a stray gift by bounteous Heaven dismiss'd
From some bright sphere which sorrow may not cloud
To make the happy happier! Is *he* sent
To grapple with the miseries of this time,
Whose nature such etherial aspect wears
As it would perish at the touch of wrong?
By no internal contest is he train'd
For such hard duty; no emotions rude
Hath his clear spirit vanquish'd;—*Love, the germ*
Of his mild nature, hath spread graces forth,
Expanding with its progress, as the store
Of rainbow colour which the seed conceals
Sheds out its tints from its dim treasury,
To flush and circle in the flower. No tear
Hath fill'd his eye save that of thoughtful joy
When, in the evening stillness, lovely things
Press'd on his soul too busily; his voice,
If, in the earnestness of childish sports,
Raised to the tone of anger, check'd its force,
As if it fear'd to break its being's law,
And falter'd into music; when the forms
Of guilty passion have been made to live
In pictured speech, and others have wax'd loud
In righteous indignation, he hath heard
With sceptic smile, *or from some slender vein*
Of goodness, which surrounding gloom conceal'd,
Struck sunlight o'er it: so his life hath flow'd
From its mysterious urn a sacred stream,
In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure
Alone are mirror'd; which, though shapes of ill
May hover round its surface, glides in light,
And takes no shadow from them.

CLEON. Yet, methinks,
Thou hast not lately met him, or a change
Pass'd strangely on him had not miss'd thy wonder.
His form appears dilated; in those eyes,
Where pleasure danced, a thoughtful sadness dwells;
Stern purpose knits the forehead, which till now
Knew not the passing wrinkle of a care:
Those limbs, which in their heedless motion own'd
A stripling's playful happiness, are strung
As if the iron hardships of the camp
Had given them sturdy nurture; and his step,
Its airness of yesterday forgotten,
Awakes the echoes of these desolate courts,
As if a warrior of heroic mould
Paced them in armour.

AGENOR. Hope is in thy tale.
This is no freak of Nature's wayward course,
But work of pitying Heaven; for not in vain
The gods have pour'd into that guileless heart
The strengths that nerve the hero;—they are ours."

In the next scene the youth himself appears, and reports the incidents of his last night's walk:—

"ION. I pass'd the palace where the frantic king
Yet holds his crimson revel, whence the roar
Of desperate mirth came, mingling with the sigh
Of death-subdued robustness, and the gleam
Of festal lamps 'mid spectral columns hung
Flaunting o'er shapes of anguish, made them ghastlier.
How can I cease to tremble for the sad ones
He mocks—and him the wretchedest of them all?
TIMOCLES. And canst thou pity him?
Dost thou discern,
Amidst his impious darings, plea for him?
ION. Is he not childless, friendless, and a king?
He's human; and some pulse of good must live
Within his nature—have ye tried to wake it?"—p. 24.

His entreaty to be entrusted with the message to the king is in these words:—

"ION. O do not think my prayer
Bespeaks unseemly forwardness—send me!
The coarsest reed that trembles in the marsh,
If Heaven select it for its instrument,
May shed celestial music on the breeze
As clearly as the pipe whose virgin gold
Befits the lip of Phœbus;—ye are wise,
And needed by your country; ye are fathers:
I am a lone stray thing, whose little life
By strangers' bounty cherished, like a wave
That from the summer sea a wanton breeze
Lifts for a moment's sparkle, will subside
Light as it rose, nor leave a sigh in breaking."

From an interview which succeeds between Ion and Clemanthe, the daughter of his guardian high-priest, Medon, we must quote what follows (Phocion, Clemanthe's only brother, is on the embassy to Delphi):—

"CLEMANTHE. O thou canst never bear these mournful offices!
So blithe, so merry once! Will not the sight
Of frenzied agonies unfix thy reason,
Or the dumb woe congeal thee!
ION. No, Clemanthe;
They are the patient sorrows that touch nearest!
If thou hadst seen the warrior while he writhed
In the last grapple of his mighty frame
With mightier anguish, strive to cast a smile
(And not in vain) upon his fragile wife,
Waning beside him,—and, his limbs composed,
The widow of the moment fix her gaze
Of longing, speechless love upon the babe,
The only living thing which yet was hers,
Spreading its arms for its own resting-place,
Yet with attenuated hand wave off
The unstricken child, and so embraceless die,
Stifling the mighty hunger of the heart;
Thou couldst endure the sight of selfish grief

In sullenness or frenzy;—but to-day
Another lot falls on me.

CLEM. Thou wilt leave us!
I read it plainly in thy alter'd mien;—
Is it for ever?

ION. That is with the gods.
I go but to the palace, urged by hope,
Which from afar hath darted on my soul,
That to the humbleness of one like me
The haughty king may listen.

CLEM. To the palace!
Knowest thou the peril—nay, the certain issue
That awaits thee?

ION. I know all;
But they who call me to the work can shield me,
Or make me strong to suffer.

CLEM. Then the sword
Falls on thy neck! O Gods! to think that thou,
Who in the plenitude of youthful life
Art now before me, ere the sun decline,
Perhaps in one short hour, shalt lie cold, cold,
To speak, smile, bless no more! Thou shalt not go!

ION. Thou must not stay me, fair one; even thy father,
Who (blessings on him!) loves me as his son,
Yields to the will of Heaven.

CLEM. And he can do this!
I shall not bear his presence if thou fallest
By his consent; so shall I be alone.

ION. Phocion will soon return, and juster thoughts
Of thy admiring father close the gap
Thy old companion left behind him.

CLEM. Never
What will to me be father, brother, friends,
When thou art gone—the light of our life quench'd—
Haunting like spectres of departed joy
The home where thou wert dearest?

ION. Thrill me not
With words that in their agony suggest
A hope too ravishing,—or my head will swim,
And my heart faint within me.

CLEM. Has my speech
Such blessed power? I will not mourn it, then,
Though it hath told a secret I had borne
Till death in silence;—how affection grew
To this, I know not; day succeeded day,
Each fraught with the same innocent delights,
Without one shock to ruffle the disguise
Of sisterly regard which veil'd it well,
Till thy changed mien reveal'd it to my soul,
And thy great peril makes me bold to tell it.
Do not despise it in me!

ION. With deep joy
Thus I receive it. Trust me, it is long
Since I have learn'd to tremble, 'midst our pleasures,
Lest I should break the golden dream around me
With most ungrateful rashness. I should bless
The sharp and perilous duty which hath press'd
A life's deliciousness into these moments,
Which here must end. I came to say farewell,
And the word must be said.

CLEM. Thou canst not mean it!
Have I disclaimed all maiden bashfulness
To tell the cherish'd secret of my soul
To my soul's master, and in rich return
Obtain'd the dear assurance of his love,
To hear him speak that miserable word
I cannot—will not echo?

ION. Heaven has called me,
And I have pledged my honour. When thy heart
Bestowed its preference on a friendless boy,
Thou didst not image him a recreant: nor
Must he prove so, by thy election crown'd.
Thou hast endow'd me with the right to claim
Thy help through this our journey, be its course
Lengthen'd to age, or in an hour to end,
And now I ask it!—bid my courage hold,
And with thy free approval send me forth
In soul apparel'd for my office!

CLEM. Go!
I would not have thee other than thou art,
Living or dying—and if thou shouldst fall—

ION. Be sure I shall return.

CLEM. If thou shouldst fall,
I shall be happier as the affianced bride
Of thy cold ashes, than in proudest fortunes—
Thine—ever thine—

[*She faints in his arms.*"—p. 37.

We consider the next scene, in which Ion braves and disarms the spleen of the tyrant, as, on the whole, excellently conceived—but that it might be advantageously abridged. The unhappy king's announcement of the fatal prophecy that greeted his birth is, however, not to be passed over; the spirit of Greek thought and language was never more happily concentrated than in these lines:—

"ADRASTUS. At my birth
This city, which, expectant of its prince,
Lay hush'd, broke out in clamorous ecstacies;
Yet, in that moment, when the uplifted cups
Foam'd with the choicest product of the sun,
And welcome thunder'd from a thousand throats,
My doom was seal'd. From the hearth's vacant space,
In the dark chamber where my mother lay
Faint with the sense of pain-bought happiness,
Came forth, in heart appalling tone, these words
Of me the nurseling, 'Woe unto the babe!
Against the life which now begins shall life
Lighted from thence be arm'd, and both soon quench'd,
End this great line in sorrow!'"—p. 57.

In the third act, Adrastus meets his senate in the great square of the city; and while their expostulations are still in progress, the long-expected ambassadors return, and Phocion announces the oracle of Delphi:

"Argos ne'er shall find release
Till her monarchs' race shall cease."

The king, for whom alone (except Ion) this prophecy could have no novelty, receives it with frantic rage, and once more withdraws to his palace. The young men retire also to a grove without the walls; and the will of the divinity being now explicitly declared, they cast lots to determine the hand by which the king is to die. The name of Ion is that which leaps out of the helmet; and the youth, whom Adrastus had spared but an hour before, is compelled, and solemnly undertakes, the execution of this dreadful office. Ctesiphon, another young man, draws the second lot; and it is his commission to follow Ion—if he falters, to punish his feebleness—if he fails, to consummate the sacrifice.

Next morning, while Ion is preparing himself in secret for his awful duty, and while he is actually within the palace, where the consequences of a deep debauch render the royal guards useless—the discovery, which the reader has probably anticipated, is evolving itself in the Argive temple. The aged priest and Clemanthe are at length satisfied that their foundling is no other than the only long-lost son of King Adrastus.

Act IV. opens in the royal chamber; the king is on a couch asleep; Ion enters with the consecrated knife which has been committed to his hand.

"Ion. Why do I creep thus stealthily along
With thief-like steps? Am I not arm'd by Heaven
To execute its mandate on a king
Whom it hath doom'd. Can hell have palter'd with me?
Or some foul passion, crouching in my soul,
Started in noble form to lure me on?
Assure me, gods! Yes, I have heard your voice,
For I dare pray ye now to nerve my arm
And see me stab. He's smiling in his sleep,
As if some happy thought of innocent days
Play'd at his heartstrings: must I scare it thence
With death's sharp agony. He lies condemn'd
By the high judgment of supernal powers,
And he shall know their sentence. Wake, Adrastus!
Collect thy spirits, and be strong to die!
Adrastus. Who dares disturb my rest?
Guards! Soldiers! Recreants!
What wouldst thou with me, ruffian? [*Rising.*]
Ion. I am none,
But a sure instrument in Jove's great hand
To take thy life long forfeited—prepare!
Thy hour is come!
Adr. Villains! does no one hear?
Ion. Vex not the closing minutes of thy being
With torturing hope or idle rage; thy guards,
Palsied with revelry, are scatter'd senseless,
While the most valiant of our Argive youths
Hold every passage by which human aid
Could reach thee. Present death is order'd for thee
By Powers who watch above me while I stand
To execute their sentence.
Adr. Thou!—I know thee—
The youth I spared this morning, in whose ear
I pour'd the secrets of my bosom. Kill me,
If thou darest do it, but bethink thee first
How the grim memory of thy thankless deed
Will haunt thee to the grave!
Ion. It is most true;
Thou sparedst my life, and therefore do the gods
Ordain me to this office, lest thy fall
Seem the chance forfeit of some single sin,
And not the great redress of Argos. Now—
Now, while I parley—spirits that have left,—
Within this hour have left,—tormented flesh
To rot untomb'd, glide by and frown on me,
Their slow avenger:—Now the chamber swarms
With looks of furies. Yet a moment wait,
Ye dreadful prompters!—If there is a friend
Whom dying thou wouldst greet by word or token,
Speak thy last bidding.
Adr. I have none on earth.
If thou hast courage, end me.
Ion. Not one friend!
Most piteous lot!
Adr. Art shaken?
Ion. If I am,
Hope nothing from my weakness—mortal arms,
And eyes unseen that sleep not, gird us both,
And we shall die together. Be it so!
Adr. No! strike at once,—my hour is come—in thee
I recognise the minister of Jove,
And kneeling thus, submit me to his power. [*Kneels.*
Ion. Avert thy face.
Adr. No! let me meet thy gaze;
For breathing pity lights thy features up
Into more awful likeness of a form
Which once shone on me;—and which now my sense
Shapes palpable—in habit of the grave,
Inviting me to that sad realm, where shades
Of innocents, whom passionate regard
Link'd to the guilty, are content to pace
With them the margin of the inky flood,
Mournful and calm;—'tis surely there;—she waves
Her pallid hand in circle o'er thy head,
As if to bless thee—and I bless thee too,
Death's gracious angel!—Do not turn away.
Ion. Gods! to what office have ye doom'd me? Now—
Adr. Be quick, or thou art lost!
[*As* Ion *has again raised his arm to strike,* Medon *rushes in behind him.*]
Medon. Ion, forbear!
Behold thy son, Adrastus!
[Ion *stands for a moment stupified with horror, drops the knife, and falls senseless on the ground.*]"
—p. 143.

The king falls by the hand of Ctesiphon; and the announcement that Ion is the rightful heir of the throne is received with rapture by the grateful people. But the plague continues unabated—and the devoted youths, who had cast lots along with Ion and Ctesiphon for the office of *Avenger*, remember the pregnant words of the oracle—and shudder to think that Ion himself must now be the object of their vow. We pass over various scenes, in which their mingled feelings are developed with great art and most thrilling interest—having no room for more than these extracts from the two last scenes of Act V.—extracts which we hope need no comment to make them intelligible, as assuredly they need no eulogy to point out their power and beauty:—

"Ion. What wouldst thou with me, lady?
Clemanthe. Is it so?
Nothing, my lord, save to implore thy pardon,
That the departing gleams of a bright dream,
From which I scarce had waken'd, made me bold
To crave a word with thee;—but all are fled—
Ion. 'Twas indeed a goodly dream;
But thou art right to think it was no more,
And study to forget it.
Clem. To forget it!
Indeed, my lord, I will not wish to lose
What, being past, is all my future hath,
All I shall live for; do not grudge me this,
The brief space I shall need it.
Ion. Speak not, fair one,
In tone so mournful, for it makes me feel
Too sensibly the hapless wretch I am,
That troubled the deep quiet of thy soul
In that pure fountain which reflected heaven,
For a brief taste of rapture.
Clem. Dost thou yet
Esteem it rapture, then? My foolish heart,
Be still! Yet wherefore should a crown divide us?
O, my dear Ion!—let me call thee so
This once at least—it could not in my thoughts
Increase the distance that there was between us
When, rich in spirit, thou to strangers' eyes
Seem'd a poor foundling.
Ion. It must separate us
Think it no harmless bauble, but a curse
Will freeze the current in the veins of youth,
And from familiar touch of genial hand,
From household pleasures, from sweet daily tasks,
From airy thought, free wanderer of the heavens,
For ever banish me!

CLEM. Thou dost accuse
Thy state too harshly; it may give some room,
Some little room, amidst its radiant cares,
For love and joy to breathe in.

ION. Not for me;
My pomp must be most lonesome, far removed
From that sweet fellowship of human kind
The slave rejoices in: my solemn robes
Shall wrap me as a panoply of ice,
And the attendants who may throng around me
Shall want the flatteries which may basely warm
The sceptral thing they circle. Dark and cold
Stretches the path which, when I wear the crown,
I needs must enter:—the great gods forbid
That thou shouldst follow in it!

CLEM. O unkind!
And shall we never see each other?

ION. (*After a pause.*) Yes!
I have asked that dreadful question of the hills,
That look eternal; of the flowing streams,
That lucid flow for ever; of the stars,
Amid whose fields of azure my raised spirit
Hath trod in glory: all were dumb; but now,
While I thus gaze upon thy living face,
I feel the love that kindles through its beauty
Can never wholly perish: we *shall* meet
Again, Clemanthe!

CLEM. Bless thee for that name;
Pray call me so again; thy words sound strangely,
Yet they breathe kindness, and I'll drink them in
Though they destroy me. Shall we meet indeed?
Think not I would intrude upon thy cares,
Thy councils, or thy pomps;—to sit at distance,
To weave, with the nice labour which preserves
The rebel pulses even, from gay threads
Faint records of thy deeds, and sometimes catch
The falling music of a gracious word,
Or the stray sunshine of a smile, will be
Comfort enough:—do not deny me this;
Or if stern fate compel thee to deny,
Kill me at once!

ION. No; thou must live, my fair one;
There are a thousand joyous things in life,
Which pass unheeded in a life of joy
As thine hath been, till breezy sorrow comes
To ruffle it; and daily duties paid
Hardly at first, at length will bring repose
To the sad mind that studies to perform them.
Thou dost not mark me.

CLEM. O, I do! I do!

ION. If for thy brother's and thy father's sake
Thou art content to live, the healer Time
Will reconcile thee to the lovely things
Of this delightful world,—and if another,
A happier—no, I cannot bid thee love
Another!—I did think I could have said it,
But 'tis in vain.

CLEM. Thou art mine own then still?

ION. I am thine own! thus let me clasp thee; nearer;
O joy too thrilling and too short!

Enter AGENOR.

AGENOR. My lord
The sacrificial rites await thy presence.

ION. I come.—One more embrace—the last, the last
In this world! Now farewell! [*Exit.*

CLEM. The last embrace!
Then he has cast me off!—no,—'tis not so;
Some mournful secret of his fate divides us;
I'll struggle to bear that, and snatch a comfort
From seeing him uplifted. I will look
Upon him in his throne. Minerva's shrine
Will shelter me from vulgar gaze; I'll hasten,
And feast my sad eyes with his greatness there!
[*Exit.*]"—p. 191.

The last scene is again in the great square: on one side is the throne—on the other an altar. The people are assembled to witness the instalment of Ion in his royal dignity. The young king, attended by the high priest Medon, the senators, Agenor, &c. advances in his robes. He is received with shouts—pauses in front of the throne, and speaks:—

"ION. I thank you for your greetings—shout no more,
But in deep silence raise your hearts to heaven,
That it may strengthen one so young and frail
As I am for the business of this hour.
Must I sit here?

MEDON. My son! my son!
What ails thee? When thou shouldst reflect the joy
Of Argos, the strange paleness of the grave
Marbles thy face.

ION. Am I indeed so pale?
It is a solemn office I assume,
Which well may make me falter; yet sustain'd
By thee, and by the gods I serve, I take it.
[*Sits on the throne.*
Stand forth, Agenor.

AGENOR. I await thy will.

ION. To thee I look as to the wisest friend
Of this afflicted people;—Thou must leave
A while the quiet which thy life has earn'd
To rule our councils; fill the seats of justice
With good men, not so absolute in goodness
As to forget what human frailty is;
And order my sad country.

AGENOR. Pardon me—

ION. Nay, I will promise 'tis my last request;
Grant me thy help till this distracted state
Rise tranquil from her griefs—'twill not be long,
If the great gods smile on us now. Remember,
Meanwhile, thou hast all power my word can give,
Whether I live or die.

AGENOR. Die! Ere that hour
May even the old man's epitaph be moss-grown!

ION. Death is not jealous of the mild decay
That gently wins thee his;—exulting youth
Provokes the ghastly monarch's sudden stride,
And makes his horrid fingers quick to clasp
His prey, benumb'd at noontide. Let me see
The captain of the guard.

CRYTHES. I kneel to crave
Humbly the favour which thy sire bestow'd
On one who loved him well.

ION. I cannot mark thee,
That wakest the memory of my father's weakness;
But I will not forget that thou hast shared
The light enjoyments of a noble spirit,
And learned the need of luxury. I grant
For thee and thy brave comrades ample share
Of such rich treasures as my stores contain,
To grace thy passage to some distant land,
Where, if an honest cause engage thy sword,
May glorious issues wait it. In our realm
We shall not need it longer.

CRYTHES. Dost intend
To banish the firm troops before whose valour
Barbarian millions shrink appall'd, and leave
Our city naked to the first assault
Of reckless foes?

ION. No, Crythes!—in ourselves,
In our own honest hearts and chainless hands
Will be our safeguard;—while we do not use
Our power towards others, so that we should blush

To teach our children;—while the simple love
Of justice and their country shall be born
With dawning reason;—while their sinews grow
Hard 'mid the gladness of heroic sports,
We shall not need to guard our walls in peace
One selfish passion, or one venal sword.
I would not grieve thee;—but thy valiant troop,
For I esteem them valiant—must no more
With luxury which suits a desperate camp
Infect us. See that they embark, Agenor,
Ere night.

CRYTHES. My lord—

ION. No more—my word hath pass'd.
Medon, there is no office I can add
To those thou hast grown old in; thou wilt guard
The shrine of Phœbus, and within thy home—
Thy too delightful home—befriend the stranger,
As thou didst me; there sometimes waste a thought
On thy spoil'd inmate.

MEDON. Think of thee, my lord?
Long shall we triumph in thy glorious reign.

ION. Prithee no more. Argives! I have a boon
To crave of you. Whene'er I shall rejoin
In death the father from whose heart in life
Stern fate divided me, think gently of him!
Think that beneath his panoply of pride
Were fair affections, crush'd by bitter wrongs
Which fretted him to madness;—what he *did*
Alas! ye know;—could ye know what he *suffer'd*,
Ye would not curse his name. Yet never more
Let the great interests of the state depend
Upon the thousand chances that may sway
A piece of human frailty; swear to me
That ye will seek hereafter in yourselves
The means of sovereignty: our country's space,
So happy in its smallness, so compact,
Needs not the magic of a single name,
Which wider regions may require to draw
Their interest into one: but, circled thus,
Like a blest family, by simple laws
May tenderly be govern'd—all degrees—
Not placed in dext'rous balance; not combined
By bonds of parchment, or by iron clasps,
But blended into one—a single form
Of nymph-like loveliness, which, finest chords
Of sympathy pervading, shall endow
With vital beauty;—tint with roseate bloom
In times of happy peace, and bid to flash
With one brave impulse if ambitious bands
Of foreign power should threaten. Swear to me
That ye will do this!

MEDON. Wherefore ask this now?
Thou shalt live long;—the paleness of thy face,
Which late seem'd death-like, is grown radiant now,
And thine eyes kindle with the prophecy
Of glorious years.

ION. The gods approve me then!
Yet I will use the function of a king
And claim obedience. Swear, that if I die
And leave no issue, ye will seek the power
To govern in the free-born people's choice,
And in the prudence of the wise.

MEDON *and others*. We swear it!

ION. Hear and record the oath, immortal powers!
Now give me leave a moment to approach
That altar unattended. [*He goes to the altar.*]
Gracious gods!
In whose mild service my glad youth was spent,
Look on me now;—and if there is a power,
As at this solemn time I feel there is,
Beyond ye, that hath breathed through all your shapes
The spirit of the beautiful that lives
In earth and heaven:—to ye I offer up
This conscious being, full of life and love,
For my dear country's welfare. Let this blow
End all her sorrows. [*Stabs himself.*

CLEMANTHE *rushes forward.*

CLEM. Hold!
Let me support him—stand away—indeed
I have best right, although ye know it not,
To cleave to him in death.

ION. This is a joy
I did not hope for—this is sweet indeed—
Bend thine eyes on me!

CLEM. And for this it was
Thou wouldst have weaned me from thee!
Couldst thou think
I would be so divorced?

ION. Thou art right, Clemanthe—
It was a shallow and an idle thought:
'Tis past; no show of coldness frets us now;
No vain disguise, my girl. Yet thou wilt think
On that which, when I feign'd, I truly spoke—
Wilt thou not, sweet one?

CLEM. I will treasure all.

Enter IRUS.

IRUS. I bring you glorious tidings—Ha! no joy
Can enter here.

ION. Yes—is it as I hope?

IRUS. The pestilence abates.

ION. [*Springs to his feet.*] Do ye not hear?
Why shout ye not?—ye are strong—think not of me;
Hearken! the curse my ancestry had spread
O'er Argos is dispell'd—My own Clemanthe!
Let this console thee—Argos lives again—
The offering is accepted—all is well!
[*Dies.*]"—p. 204.

We leave these specimens to vindicate our high praise of this performance. That Ion will not only be published, but *acted* hereafter, we cannot permit ourselves to doubt; and if these results are in any degree forwarded by this notice, our purpose has been attained.

It is now about a year since we introduced to our readers the noblest effort in the true old taste of our English historical drama that has been made for more than a century; and we have high gratification in seeing "Philip van Artevelde" followed, within so short a space, by this splendid attempt to recall into the power of life and sympathy the long buried genius of the antique Tragedy of Fate.

ELECTRIC LIGHT.—Mr. Lindsay, a teacher in Dundee, formerly lecturer to the Watt Institution, succeeded, on the evening of Saturday, the 25th ult., in obtaining a constant electric light. It is upwards of two years since he turned his attention to this subject, but much of that time has been devoted to other avocations. The light, in beauty, surpasses all others; has no smell, emits no smoke, is capable of explosion, and not requiring air for combustion, can be kept in sealed glass jars. It ignites without the aid of a taper, and seems peculiarly calculated for flax houses, spinning mills, and other places containing combustible materials. It can be sent to any convenient distance, and the apparatus for producing it may be contained in a common chest.

New Monthly Magazine.

From the London Spectator.

A Steam Voyage down the Danube. With Sketches of Hungary, Wallachia, Servia, and Turkey, &c. By Michael J. Quin, author of "A Visit to Spain." In 2 vols. Bentley.

The title of this work is indicative rather than descriptive. Mr. Quin did not go *down* the Danube; and the whole of his partial voyage upon the river was *not* accomplished by means of steam. As a set-off to this putting of *pars pro tota*, it may be said that none of the matter of the second volume is hinted at in the title page.

Having business at Constantinople, Mr. Quin, towards the close of last summer, determined to avail himself of the new speculation just then started for navigating the Danube by steam. "As the scenery of the river possesses but little interest between Presburg, where the steam navigation begins, and Pesth, the modern capital of Hungary," he traveled post from Vienna to the latter town (whose site some of our readers may better comprehend if we say it is opposite Buda); and there embarked with a motley company of passengers, and a captain who knew little of navigation, and nothing of the numerous sandbanks in the river. To add to the disagreeables, the Danube was lower than it had ever been in the memory of living man. But, with the exception of such trifles as getting aground, and having to unload to get afloat again, the vessel arrived safely at Moldava; where she debarked her passengers, for the all-sufficient reason that she drew too much water to carry them further; so they were forwarded in a flat-bottomed boat to Orsova. Part of the route, however, our traveller, with two chance companions, preferred making by land, on foot; and from Orsova to Gladova he was conveyed in the carriage of Count Szecheny, the patriotic planner of Hungarian steam navigation, and of many other useful enterprises. Owing to the extraordinary shallowness of the river, the count and Mr. Quin, within three miles of Gladova, discovered the long disputed site of Trajan's bridge, or at least of a bridge in whose construction Roman bricks had been used; and at this town they again embarked in a steamer. Stopping at Widdin, the count dressed himself in the "uniform of an Hungarian magnate," and accompanied by our author as his physician, paid a visit of ceremony to the well-known Hussein Pacha. Like most ceremonious affairs, the visit was dull enough in reality; but it is well told by Mr. Quin, who indicates clearly the long gestation of an idea in a Turkish noddle, and its very common-place character on its appearance. Shortly after leaving the twice-defeated antagonist of the Egyptian Ibrahim, our traveller was also obliged to leave the count and his companions; the steamer getting aground, we conjecture, for the season. Accordingly, hailing a boat that soon overtook them, he proceeded in it, with a couple of Turkish passengers, to Rustchuk. From that town he crossed the Balkan to Constantinople; passing through Shumla and Adrianople, and traveling in the good old expeditious mode by relays of horses with a Tartar protector,—a mode, by the by, which seems ill adapted for observation, but which produces, from some cause or other, the most spirited, graphic, and of course *rapid* narratives.

Here ends the first volume: and taking advantage of the pause at Constantinople, we may say, that thus far Mr. Quin is a most agreeable companion. He describes the scenery of the Danube and of Turkey, the manners and characters of his fellow travellers, and the peculiarities of the people he passed through, with force and effect,—though sometimes *very fine* when painting the beauties of nature; and though he occasionally rather enumerates the parts of a thing than describes a whole, yet he always presents a clear idea of the original. He has also a dash of humour; given, indeed, to make the most of a nobleman or a captain, when one falls in his way, yet perfectly willing to be at home with any persons he meets, and ready to adapt himself to the difficulties and privations of his journey. It should be added, that he furnishes some new and cheering information on the political state and prospects of Hungary; which is novel, distinct, and interesting, but too long to extract. Our quotations must be of a more detachable kind.

STEAMER, AND SOME OF ITS PASSENGERS.

"The captain of our steamer was an Englishman, of the name of Cozier, who, being little conversant with any branch of nautical science, was about equally skilled in the topography of the Danube. Though he had gone up and down several times, he knew no more of the caprices of the sandbanks than he did of the bed of the Yellow Sea. He had a bitter dislike to his office. Why he was permitted to undertake it, I never could understand. To me, I must say, he was communicative and extremely civil; but my fellow voyagers he treated with a degree of supercilliousness which was very amusing. It seemed to be his settled opinion, that nobody except an Englishman was worthy of breathing the same air with himself. To be sure we had a motley crowd on board, such perhaps as never met together on the deck of a steamboat before. Behold us as in a mirror. * * *

"Near the mast a group of men, all Tyrolese, are engaged in the several offices of talking, listening, smoking, musing, whistling, singing, and gazing at the dense cloud that rushes into the firmament from our black chimney. They are all rather better dressed than my immediate neighbours: one of them, a fine looking fellow, whom I take to be the captain of the gang, has his hat cocked in a dandyish style, considerably out of the circular shape. His plume of feathers, too, is larger and of a finer quality than the others. The party would make a capital study for a band of brigands, could they but assume a fiercer expression of countenance. As it is, they look too amiable for a Salvator Rosa. At the top of the boat, several knots of women, still Tyrolese, are sitting in various directions, executing for each other, alternately, without the slightest consciousness of the external effect of the operation, the agreeable task of disburdening their hair of its multitudinous inhabitants. No wonder that Captain Cozier was enraged.

"Descending into the cabin, I found a party of Hungarian nobles, men of genteel appearance and manners, seated at a round table, playing cards. They had been thus engaged all the morning. The stakes were not inconsiderable, and seemed to be taken up occasionally by the winners with infinite delight. Near them, sanctioning their amusement by her bland looks and smiles, is an elderly lady, knitting on a bench, and occasionally conversing with an exceedingly elegant figure, somewhat *petite*; whom, upon further acquaintance, I found

to be the Countess N——, on her way from Pesth to Peter Wardein. She had married, at the age of eighteen, a hot-headed nobleman of her own country, who became attached to her suddenly on account of her beauty. He took her to Pesth, entered into all the amusements of the place, gambling included, which is carried on in that capital to a formidable extent. The result was, that after a short experiment of two years, they were obliged to give up their establishment; and the young countess was now returning to her mother, attended by a French *femme de chambre*, the only remaining fragment of her transient splendour, except her harp, which she saved also from the ruins. She was reading a book of common Hungarian ballads, which seemed to afford her amusement. In a corner, two little girls were tittering away most merrily; I could not make out at what. Within the ladies' cabin, I heard some of the laughing voices which recalled the sense of my 'murdered sleep' of the morning. Upon the whole, I was pleased with the appearance of my companions, and flattered myself with the hope of a pleasant voyage; in which I was not disappointed.

"In the course of the day, a variety of new characters emerged from the second cabin and other hiding-places; the greater part of whom soon ceased to attract my notice, as they were of that class that seems born for the mere purpose of transforming animal and vegetable substances into human flesh and blood for the ordinary number of years. Among these specimens of creation, however, there was one little man whom I shall not so speedily forget. He was from Moldavia. He had been in the Russian service during the late war with Turkey; but in what capacity, I could never satisfactorily discover. I suspect he was a spy. He spoke German, French, and Italian fluently. He wore a blue frock-coat, which probably had served him during the said war, as it could boast of only a part of one button, and two very unequal skirts remaining in any thing like decent condition. The rest of the garment was covered with grease. A pair of old black stuff trowsers, patched at the knees in a most unworkmanlike manner, rent and not patched in other parts indescribable, and vilely tattered at the extremities, together with the ghost of a black waistcoat, a cast off military cap, and wretched boots, offered an apology for a better suit, which he said he had at home. His shirt was also in the list of absentees. He had lost the half of one of his thumbs, the other was wrapped in a bandage. He had not shaved for three weeks; he certainly could not have washed either his hands or his face for three months, and a comb had probably not passed through his hair for three years. To crown his personal peculiarities, he had a very red nose, on the top of which was perched a pair of spectacles."

A PRETTY BIT OF SKETCHING.

"Still falling down with the stream, as our rowers had not yet finished their matin meal, we stole quietly along amid tremendous piles of rock, which rose higher and higher as we proceeded, sometimes barren of the slightest traces of vegetation, sometimes covered with brambles; the whole appearing as if they had been made the sport of more than one volcanic convulsion. A grassy glen opening on our right, exhibiting a cluster of elms, beneath which a Servian boy was tending his swine, and amusing himself by playing a simple pastoral air on a reed, offered an agreeable contrast to the frowning horrors around us. The eye ranged beyond the glen over a richly-wooded valley, opening far among the rocks, where a group of women seemed engaged in cooking by a fire, whose smoke curled upwards among the trees.

"The pipe of the swineherd seemed to awaken the musical faculties of our boatmen, one of whom, a short thick bodied Wallachian, wearing on his head a woolly sheepskin cap, might have been sketched as the very personification of indolence. His oar was as short as himself; and when he did permit it to come in contact with the water, his whole object seemed to be to move it against the least possible quantum of resistance. When he sated his appetite for garlic and fish, and washed down those materials by a draught of some thin wine, which he drank from a small wooden keg, instead of resuming his appointed labour he began to sing a Wallachian ballad."

PASSAGE OF THE BALKAN.

"The road through the mountains would certainly not have been deemed practicable for an English saddle-horse. It was simply marked over the natural rock by frequent use; no care whatever having been for one moment expended upon it, even for the purpose of removing the loose stones, or breaking down the more prominent masses. Sometimes we rode over a track polished like ice by the winter torrents, on which when ascending, we were obliged diligently to take a zigzag course; when descending, to allow the animal now and then to slide at his discretion. On other occasions, the near foot might be seen on a pointed rock, while the off leg was about to pounce into a hole, the hinder hoofs making the best of their way through boulder-stones, as if playing with them at marbles.

"It seemed to me, at first, an improper hazard of life to attempt to ride over such a road as this; where the horse and rider, even going at the most stealthy pace, were every moment in peril of being dashed to the ground. But the animals—though in England the whole five would not be deemed worth as many pounds—were so well accustomed to the business which they had to perform, that, be the disposition of the track what it might, they never by any chance made a false step. Their intelligence, prudence, courage, and extreme watchfulness for their own safety, as well as that of the lives intrusted to their keeping, were wonderful. No human being could have executed their office with the uniform success which attended all their movements. So rapidly did they gain upon my confidence, that, on levels, or even on declivities, I did not hesitate to follow my Tartar's example, when, with a view to recover the time lost in ascending, or to escape quickly from a pass through a dense part of the woods, whence banditti sometimes fire upon the traveller, he absolutely galloped over these smooth or broken masses, both equally dangerous, as if he were flying for his life.

"Nothing in nature can be more beautiful than the variety, especially towards the close of the autumn, of the hues that distinguish the shrubs and trees which compose the forests of Mount Hæmus. On one side, as if for the purpose of ornament, an eminence rising gradually from the torrent bed over which we rode, and extending towards the heavens, was clothed to its summit with the most magnificent shrubs, tinted with all shades of colour, —light gold, russet brown, silver ash, pale green, scarlet red, orange, and the incomparable blue of the iris. Amidst these shrubs, the convolvolus and other flowering creepers suspended their festoons of bells, rivaling the delicate white of the lily or the transparent pink of the wild rose.

"On the other side, the thick forests, sometimes below us, sometimes threatening to march down upon us from their tremendous heights, rank long grass, ferns, and brambles, branches interlacing with each other, old trees fallen in all directions, and scathed by the lightning, rendering them impenetrable, seemed indeed peculiarly fitted to be the haunts of robbers. The assassin had only to place himself behind the trunk of a tree, wait until the wayfarer appears in view, then deliberately take his aim, and he can hardly fail to bring down his victim. Pursuit is altogether out of the question. Retaliation would be equally impracticable, as the murderer could not be seen. The traveller who is best armed, as in this case my

Tartar was, is usually selected for the first experiment. The discharge is the signal to the whole band, who are stationed at their posts along the edge of the forest, to be ready to fire at the remaining fugitives; and then, when all danger of a contest is over, the work of plunder commences.

"My Tartar and postilion were in a perfect fever during the whole time we were riding through these passes. We galloped the whole way, whether up or down the declivities. Sometimes the road was occupied by caravans, and we were obliged to mount narrow and broken pathways, which we found or made upon its edge. But even over these tracks, where there was scarcely room for the horse's hoof, we flew with a speed which must have betrayed their terror. I do not affect to say that I was myself altogether free from alarm; but I confess that I thought a great deal less of perils from banditti than from the rocks over which I was obliged to pursue my companions."

A TURKISH IDLER.

"I amused myself in observing the still life of a tailor's shop opposite, which appeared to be the favourite lounge of all the idlers of the town. The master and three journeymen were seated in the Turkish fashion, which tailors have adopted in every age and clime. Three visiters took their seats also on the board, smoking their long pipes, and looking on with profound gravity at the perpetual passing and repassing of the needles and threads through the cloth, which was destined in due season to become a waistcoat or a pair of trowsers. Not a word escaped any of the party. A voluptuous, well-dressed, fine-looking man, with a long gold-headed cane balanced in one hand and his immense pipe in the other, next made his appearance. He could not go by the shop without 'looking in.' Kindling his pipe, he also took his station on the board, and while his charge of tobacco lasted, seemed the happiest of mortals. When the last puff expired, he quitted his seat, walked down the street, paid a visit to a tinman, smoked another pipe, came back, sat down again in the tailor's shop, where he found the whole party undisturbed, filled his pipe again, exhausted it, and then seemed fairly at a loss to know what he was next to do. He looked up the street, down the street, went out, came back, stood a few minutes at the door in a state of listlessness, within a degree of petrifaction, and at length resolutely disappeared."

The second volume is occupied with Mr. Quin's return; which he chiefly accomplished by sea, sailing sometimes in packet-boats, sometimes in king's ships. From Constantinople he first passed to Smyrna, then to Greece, and through the Archipelago to Venice, whence he journeyed to Rome. Here the narrative may be said to close. His sketches of men, manners, and scenery, are distinguished by the same ability as those in Hungary, Wallachia, and Turkey; but the subjects want the gloss of novelty,—excepting perhaps, Greece and King Otho. A great part of the volume, too, is eked out with extraneous matter,—diatribes against the grasping designs of Russia, and disquisitions about her policy, written in the style of a correspondent to a morning newspaper, with here and there a useful fact or suggestion upon our diplomatic establishments. There are also some schoolboy reminiscences of "Trojan Greeks," and other classical matters, which could as well have been written at home, though there was no visible necessity for writing them at all.

From the Monthly Review.

Gleanings in Natural History. Third and last Series. To which are added notices of some of the royal parks and residences. By Edward Jesse, Esq., Surveyor of his Majesty's parks, palaces, &c. London: Murray. 1835.

Surely no taste can be more amiable and pure than that evinced by the author of these Gleanings; nor can we name any work in which the spirit of the writer is more effectually conveyed to his readers. Old and young must be delighted with such entertaining and instructive anecdotes and notices as are here crowded together. The volume, like the former ones of the series, is full of the best light reading that can be thought of; and over the young, who once have a glimpse of its contents, it will operate most wholesomely, by strongly impressing them with the claims which the inferior animals have upon our kindness and tenderness. Montaigne, as is well quoted by the author, has remarked, that few people take pleasure in seeing animals happy and playing together, whilst almost every one excites them to lacerate and wound each other. It cannot be doubted that much of this feeling would be removed were persons made aware of the peculiar faculties and sensibilities of such creatures, and how often they display many of the qualities in highest estimation among mankind. It is also to be remarked that our own countrymen evince a general inattention to the rights of the brute creation. Owing to a want of thought and close observation, comparatively few have a notion of the capacities of any animal we can name, and how worthy many of those most despised or roughly handled are of a claim upon our tenderness, or how well they would repay our good treatment of them! Every one has something to say on behalf of a favourite dog, and yet how many treat this faithful, intelligent, and courageous race of animals with a cruel neglect, not to speak of the real torments inflicted upon them! It is, to a person who considers the matter, a most painful sight to see, in such weather as we have had of late, many of these servants, as upon the streets of London, put to unseemly, or at least to an overburdensome drudgery, while in real want for a drink of cold water. How often, too, do we see the little feathered prisoners exposed to the burning rays of a meridian sun in front of a reflecting wall. How often, again, do we behold the noble horse, that complaineth not, tormented with parching thirst, as intimated by his foaming mouth! There is such obvious misusage in this treatment, as must alone take its rise from a want of thought, and not from any absolute cruelty. Indeed, were mankind only to reflect a little, or try the experiment, they would, in reference to any domestic animal of the brute creation, find that it was able, willing, and fond of returning ample payment for fair treatment. How beautiful it is to behold the horse saluting the beckoning hand! how shocking to see it afraid of its master's threat, because that hand has been frequently raised to smite it in the face! Who considers how fond the abominated swinish brutes are of a clean bed, or who has been at pains to cultivate their sagacity, which is great?

The goose is proverbially stupid, and yet, if treated with kindness, and habitually addressed as a wise animal, it will evince such parts as are generally alone attributed to the dog. What a change there would be in the aspect of society, were mankind universally to feel and to reflect as our author has done, and exhibits in the volume before us! We wish, as the next best thing, that every one may be taught by him, and therefore we shall insert, at considerable length, his Gleanings, satisfied that, wherever they are read, a manifest influence will be conveyed.

Mr. Jesse's work is the reverse of systematic or technical. He has evidently an extreme pleasure in watching the habits and character of the inferior animals, and a talent in interpreting their language and ways, which he is constantly exercising—setting down his discoveries just as they are made, warmed by an immediate admiration, till the list of striking facts amounts to a volume. His work is exactly that which it is called, without many generalising remarks, which, indeed, would have required something like arrangement, but which were unnecessary, as every anecdote or fact naturally suggests whatever of the sort that need be said or thought.

We are too apt, because it saves trouble, to limit the course of nature, under certain sweeping generalities. With regard to the classification of birds, it is usual to say that those species which are the shyest, seek the most retired situations on most occasions. But there are exceptions to this rule, which either show that we take an inadequate view of that which enters into what we call shyness of birds, or that there are considerable diversity in the tempers and capacities of the individuals forming a species. We know indeed that there is a vast difference between the intelligence and disposition of dogs, horses, &c., and no doubt the same sort of variety holds good in the case of every species, had we the means, or took we the pains, to study them. The following statement has suggested these remarks.

"In one of the workshops belonging to Mr. W. Cox's manufactory at Taunton, a water wagtail built her nest. The room was occupied by braziers, and the noise produced by them was loud and incessant. The nest was built near the wheel of a lathe, which revolved within a foot of it. In this strange situation the bird hatched four young ones, and the male, not having accustomed himself to such company, instead of feeding the nestlings himself, as is usual, carried such food as he collected to a certain spot on the roof, where he left it, and from whence it was borne by his mate to the young. It is more remarkable that she was perfectly familiar with the men into whose shop she had intruded, and flew in and out of it without fear. If, by chance, a stranger, or any other of the persons employed in the same factory, entered the room, she would, if in her nest, instantly quit it, or, if absent, would not return. The moment, however, that they were gone, she resumed her familiarity."—pp. 2, 3.

We ourselves have known a pair of partridges hatch fifteen eggs within three feet of the perpendicular breast of a quarry, where workmen were daily engaged in raising stones, and where, generally every day, a number of blastings, by means of powder, took place. Nor was the depth of the quarry above twenty feet, counting both the rocks and the earth above it, while its width was so inconsiderable, that the operations of the workmen could never be above twenty feet aside from the position of the nest, and often exactly in front of it. By the day the young ones burst from the eggs, not a foot remained between the nest and the perpendicular face of the quarry. What sort of instinct or reasoning guided the parent partridges we know not, but it was fatal to several of their offspring, who incautiously ran over the edge of the precipice and were killed: those that took an opposite direction lived, and interested us several months after, when we often counted them in their flight. At last, however, the slaughtering gun of a friend thinned farther the small covey. But we must follow our author, who has far more to communicate about birds and beasts than we can be expected to possess. There is much to interest us in the statement and suggestion of our next extract.

"A gentleman, whose name alone would be sufficient to attest the accuracy of the fact, communicated the following circumstance to me. He was traveling in Greece, and passed a few days at the house of an acquaintance in that country. While he was there, a large body of wolves came down from the mountains in the night, and committed great havoc among the sheep, goats and other animals belonging to the inhabitants of an adjoining village. As the country people knew the place to which the wolves generally retreated, they assembled in a large body, and made an attack upon them. In the evening some of the peasants brought a dead wolf of a large size to the gentleman referred to, and told him that it was the leader or head of the pack of marauders. His foot was as large as the fist of a man. On questioning the country people on the subject, they asserted, as a well known fact, that wolves were occasionally in the habit of selecting one particular whelp from a litter, which they carefully concealed in some secure place, and fed with *lice* animals. The wolf thus fed grew strong and vigorous, and subsequently became the leader or king of the pack, heading them on all occasions, and directing their operations.

"It may be thought that there is not sufficient authority to prove the truth of this circumstance. It is not probable, however, that peasants would have invented the story, and in a country where wolves abound, three must have been many opportunities, through a succession of years, to enable them to ascertain the fact. The following curious and interesting passage, however, in the 19th chapter of the prophet Ezekiel, not only tends to confirm it, but almost to place its accuracy beyond a doubt. It is as follows:—

"'What is thy mother? a lioness: she lay down among lions, she nourished her whelps among young lions.

"'*And she brought up one of her whelps:* it became a young lion, and it learned to catch the prey.

"'The nations heard of him, he was taken in their pit.

"'Now when she saw that she had waited, and her hope was lost, *then she took another of her whelps, and made him a young lion.*

"'And he went up and down among the lions; he became a young lion, and learned to catch the prey.'

"There is no doubt that these words are prophetical; but we know that, in the bible, allusions are constantly made to the habits of animals, and which are so accurately descriptive of them, that we can have no doubt of their being taken from actual observation. In the instance before us, the prophet Ezekiel seemed to be aware

of the circumstance which has been related, and seems to have made use of it to illustrate the condition of the princes of Israel.

"Few things are more interesting than tracing the truth and accuracy of the holy scriptures, by comparing what is said of the customs and habits of Eastern nations, with what ancient and modern travellers have related of them. For instance, in the 9th chapter of the prophet Ezekiel it is said that a 'man amongst them was clothed with linen, with a writer's ink-horn by his side,' or upon his loins. It is well known to those who have traveled in Eastern countries, that even at the present time persons employed to write carry an ink-horn, tucked in their girdle on one side of them, and pens or reeds on the other. The psalmist speaks of the 'dew of Hermon,' a hill near Nazareth. Maundrell says, 'we were sufficiently instructed by experience, what the holy psalmist meant by the dew of Hermon, our tents being as wet with it as if it had rained all night.'

"In the 49th chapter of the prophet Jeremiah are these words:—'He shall come up like a lion from the swelling of Jordan.' The banks of this river are still covered with a thick underwood of shrubs, in which several sorts of wild beasts harbour themselves. During the periodical overflowings of the river, these beasts are driven out of the covert, and this circumstance gave occasion to the comparison referred to.

"These, and instances without end, might be brought forward as satisfactory proofs of the accuracy of biblical allusions, and which are as authentic as they are interesting."—pp. 8—11.

Huber states, that when a queen bee is required for a colony, a grub is selected, the cell which contains it is enlarged, and it is fed with a peculiar food; and probably all gregarious animals observe some such conduct. Wild cattle and deer have a particular leader, at least, and we doubt not the same thing holds true of wild geese, which are always in their lofty flight to be seen marshaled according to form, and most probably in the wake of one established general.

The sagacity of dogs furnishes Mr. Jesse with many anecdotes; but as none are ignorant of many strange deeds performed by this domestic servant, we shall select some striking statements in reference to the less observed creatures. Animals are in the habit of lending assistance not only to their own species, but also to others.

"A farmer's boy had fed and taken great care of a colt. He was working one day in a field and was attacked by a bull. The boy ran to a ditch and got into it just as the bull came up to him. The animal endeavoured to gore him, and would probably have succeeded had not the colt come to his assistance. He not only kicked at the bull, but made so loud a scream, for it could be called nothing else, that some labourers, who were working near the place, came to see what was the matter, and extricated the boy from the danger he was in. I have seen cattle, when flies have been troublesome, stand side by side, and close together, the head of one at the tail of the other. By this mutual arrangement flies were brushed off from the head of each animal as well as their sides, and only two sides were exposed to the attacks of the insects. Sheep have been known to take care of a lamb when the dam has been rendered incapable of assisting it, and birds will feed the helpless young of others.

"Birds also will cluster altogether for the purpose of keeping each other warm. I have observed swallows clustering, like bees when they have swarmed, in cold autumnal weather, hanging one upon another, with their wings extended, under the eaves of a house. I have also heard more than one instance of wrens being found huddled together in some snug retreat for the purpose of reciprocating warmth and comfort. The following interesting communication on this subject was made to me by Mr. Allan Cunningham, an author of whom his countrymen are justly proud, and who, I trust, will long continue to delight his admirers with the productions of his pen.

"He says, 'I have once or twice in my life had an opportunity of answering that touching enquiry of Burns—

> Ilk happing bird, wee, hapless thing,
> That in the merry months o' spring,
> Delighted me to hear thee sing,
> What comes o' thee?
> Where wilt thou cower thy chitt'ring wing
> An' close thy e'e?

"'One cold December night, with snow in the air, when I was some ten years old or so, I was groping for sparrows under the eaves in the thatch, where you know they make holes like those bored by swallows in the river-banks. In one of these holes I got a handful of something soft; it felt feathery and warm, and a smothered chirp told me that it was living. I brought it, wondering, to my father's house, and took a look at it in the light. The ball consisted of four living wrens rolled together, their heads under their wings, and their feet pulled in, so that nothing was visible outside save a coating of mottled feathers. This I took to be their mode of keeping themselves warm during the cold of winter. If you ask if I am sure my memory serves me rightly, I answer yes; for having allowed one of the wrens to escape, it flew directly to where my father was reading at a candle, and I had the misery of receiving from his hand one of those whippings which a boy is not likely soon to forget.

"'When eighteen years old, or thereabouts, I met with something of the same kind: there was a difference, indeed, in the birds, for on this occasion they were magpies—not birds of song, but of noise. I went out with my brother, now in the navy, one fine moonlight winter night, to shoot wood-pigeons in a neighbouring plantation. The wind was high, and we expected to find them in a sheltered place, where the soil was deep, and the spruce firs had grown high. A I went cowering along, looking through the branches between me and the moon, I saw, what seemed as large as a well-filled knapsack, fixed on the top of a long, slender ash-tree, which had struggled up in spite of the firs, which you know grow very rapidly. I pointed it out to my brother, and seizing the shaft of the tree, shook it violently, when, if one magpie fell to the ground, there were not less than twenty dropped in a lump at my feet. Away they flew screaming in all directions. One only remained on the spot which they occupied on the tree, and I shot it, and so settled what kind of birds had been huddled together, to avoid the cold. I looked at them before I shook them down, for a minute's space or more, and could see neither head nor feet: it seemed a bundle of old clouts or feathers.' "—pp. 44—47.

On the economy of nature, our author has some reflections, equal in point of propriety and beauty to any to be found in the Bridgewater Treatises. He points out most happily how the all-wise disposition of the Creator may be traced in the reciprocal uses to which all created things were designed, all being subservient to the same end, and all contributing to assist in the preservation and happiness of the several species. Every thing is so perfectly contrived, so wonderfully

propagated, and so providentially supported, that we are not only lost in wonder when we reflect upon them, but are obliged to confess, that after all the researches and observations hitherto made, there is an ample field still remaining for fresh and equally interesting discoveries. Among certain insects we observe most astonishing provisions of goodness. Bees, we may readily believe, have been created as a direct blessing to man, and by allowing themselves to be housed, they ensure their existence and propagation to an unlimited extent, did man allow it. But wasps have no stock of provisions for their young, and therefore the old ones destroy those which are in the cells, and others become numbed and perish. Our author proceeds to say, if a wasp's nest is examined in November, not one will be found alive in it. Thus these troublesome animals are kept within due bounds. The female or queen wasps only retire to some winter retreat, in an old tree or wall, to become the founders of a new colony. Yet, as has been observed by an eminent naturalist, the destruction of one part of the society by another, previously to the death of the executioners themselves, is a merciful measure, such apparent ferocity being the last effort of tender affection, active even to the end of life. As to the method which nature takes in the well-being and preservation of her creatures, we shall quote some curious statements, that must be new to many persons, but which we presume the author has sufficient grounds for advancing.

"I am assured that when a sheep has two lambs at a time, she will not permit one to suck her unless the other is present. But for this instinctive arrangement, one of her offspring would have an undue proportion of nourishment, and the other would either starve or degenerate.

"It is well known that a pigeon usually lays but two eggs. If, however, a third is laid, which is sometimes the case, it has never I believe been known to come to maturity. If three young pigeons were to be fed, none of them would probably be vigorous, and the race would degenerate. This is another instance of the interest which Nature takes in the well-being of her creatures. The cow affords a similar instance: if she has twins, one of them a male, and the other a female, the latter is always barren.

"If a doe produces a white fawn, with red eyes, its under jaw is always defective, and it dies of starvation: a wise provision of nature, in preventing what would probably be feeble from arriving at maturity.

"When we consider also the way in which the Creator has provided for the clothing of animals, according to the climates of the places in which they are found, we shall have no less cause to admire his goodness. In hot countries many animals have but little hair on their bodies, and some are almost entirely without it, such as elephants, monkeys, &c. In very cold countries, the fur as well as the hair of animals is very thick, and even the feet of some birds are covered with feathers, not only to protect them, but to enable them more readily to run upon the snow. Animals also, which have been brought from one country and domesticated in a different and opposite climate, are not neglected by nature, but are provided with such a change of covering as is best suited to it. How different is the covering of a Shetland pony to that of an Arabian or Persian horse; one has to endure the extreme of cold, and the other of heat, and we see how kindly nature has provided for both.

"Ducks which lay early in the year strip more of their feathers off, and make their nests much warmer than those which lay later in the season. This instinctive property is very curious, and shows the foresight which has been implanted in animals.

"It is well known that in hot countries, where the blood of horses is heated by the climate, they are in the constant habit of bleeding each other and sometimes of bleeding themselves. This is done by biting the neck or the shoulder. These, and a great variety of interesting facts in the economy of nature, prove that animals are in possession of faculties beyond mere instinct, and which they use to their own advantage under peculiar circumstances. Thus, a friend of mine saw a fine greyhound, which had been incessantly teazed by a small spaniel, take it up in his mouth and drop it over the parapet of a terrace into a river which flowed below it. The noble animal was unwilling to hurt his tormentor, and therefore took this opportunity of freeing himself from its annoyance. The dog in this instance did what instinct alone would not have taught him to do, and afforded another proof of the truth of the remark I have made above.

"I will give another instance of this:—A horse and a cat were great friends, and the latter generally slept in the manger. When the horse was going to have his oats, he always took up the cat gently by the skin of her neck, and dropped her into the next stall, that she might not be in the way while he was feeding. At all other times he seemed pleased to have her near him."—pp. 58—61.

The pugnacious disposition in the males of some animals, as has also been well observed by Lucien Bonaparte, is not to be regarded as accidental, but as necessary to the good of the species, for since females prefer those males which are victorious, feebleness and degeneracy are prevented in the animal creation. There is no end to the amazing instincts of animals, and to instances of conduct on their part which intimate a sort of reasoning faculty to be under peculiar circumstances at their command. Mr. Jesse states that a person may stand for a long time close to a rabbit in its form without its quitting it, but he has frequently observed that the moment the eyes of the intruder have met those of the animal it has run away. The nightingale too will sing in a thick bush, when man is close to it, but whenever his eyes rest on it, the song ceases.

When speaking of the care of animals for their young, he hesitates not to affirm that the palm of parental affection must be given to birds in preference to quadrupeds. As respects some of the feathered species, it seems to us that an exception must be made. Tame pigeons seem to bear little remembrance of their bereavement when robbed of their young, and other birds with the most philosophic patience proceed to the erection of a new nest, and the propagation of another family, when the hand of the destroyer has been upon their family. It is, to reason according to human notions, true that quadrupeds are reminded of their young when their milk becomes inconvenient, a circumstance which suggests to our minds a selfish interest, when they hasten to feed their offspring.

"Birds, however, have no such motive, and yet how unceasingly are they occupied in providing for their brood, and how cheerfully do they appear to perform their offices of love and affection! From morning to

night they are occupied in feeding them, and whatever their own wants may be, they are neglected till those of their young are satisfied. A hen eats but little during the period of incubation, and nothing during the last two days she is occupied in hatching her brood. When, however, she quits her nest with it, her first care is for her chickens, and hungry as she must be, she eats nothing until they have been fed. Magpies, the most vigilant of birds for their own safety at other times, are extremely bold when their young are to be fed, or when their safety is endangered. It is a common practice among game-keepers, when they want to destroy the old birds, to take the young out of a nest, and make them squeak. The parents, on hearing the well known cry of distress, hasten to the rescue of their young, and are then shot. This is the case with jays and other birds of prey, who thus frequently fall the victims of their parental affection. In the case of birds, also, this affection is in most cases partaken of by both parents. In that of mammalia it is generally confined to the female, who, besides the care of nourishing her offspring, has, in some instances, to protect them from the ferocity of the male.

"I think I have mentioned enough to show how strongly the love of their offspring is implanted in animals. It is not confined, however, to their young alone, for I see more and more reason every day to admire the delightful manner in which many animals show their love and affection for each other, as well as for their young. I have seen a sheep which was brought up by hand, and which had only a solitary horse to bestow its affections upon, quietly grazing near its early friend, forsaking those of its own species. I likewise remember a cat and a dog which were great friends. If the dog was made to howl, the cat immediately flew to his rescue, and showed much anger. Pigs evince much sympathy for one of their own species when in distress."—pp. 64—66.

The habits of fish are necessarily much less known than those of other animals, though every year is adding to our stock of knowledge in this branch of natural history. We were not aware of eels coming to grass to feed at night upon worms and snails, as stated by our author, although we have understood that they sometimes migrate across dry land, in search of better ponds than what a dry summer may have left them. We have witnessed also, on more occasions than one, what the author seems not to have seen; that is, eels in the middle of winter dug out of a sandy bottomed ditch, more than a foot below the surface, and in nearly a torpid state. On one occasion when there were about a dozen of them thus disturbed, their residence was some hundred yards from the stream from which they must have wandered. The *sauding* of eels during the cold months is quite a common phrase in the north. With respect to eels and other species of fish, the following account is interesting.

"That eels hybernate during the cold months there can, I think, be little doubt, few or none being caught at that time. I have endeavoured also, but without success, to procure eels in the winter, from those places in the river Thames where I have every reason to believe they go to spawn. I read an account, which if correct, would serve to prove what I have now stated. A boy at Arthurstown, in the county of Wexford, on the river at Waterford, perceived something of a very unusual appearance floundering upon the sand at low water. Upon a nearer approach he found it to be a quart bottle, which showed many symptoms of animation. He seized it and brought it in. It was found to contain an eel so much thicker than the neck of the bottle, that it must be supposed the eel made its lodgement there when it was younger and of course smaller. It was necessary to break the bottle for the purpose of liberating the fish. If this account is true, it goes to prove in a curious way, as far as one instance can do so, the propensity which eels have to hybernate during the cold months. It also seems to prove that they do this in the tide-way if they can, and that they neither feed nor deposit their spawn till the season of hybernation is over. It is indeed a general opinion amongst old fishermen that eels cannot bear cold. Leeches on the contrary can bear almost the extremes of cold as well as heat. I have known them frozen in a bottle of water, and appear vigorous after the water was thawed. An English officer, who accompanied the French expedition to Algiers, assured me that several of the mules bled to death in consequence of having swallowed leeches in the water they drank, and which fastened on their intestines. The waters in the neighbourhood of that place were so very full of them, that the French soldiers were obliged either to filter it through their handkerchiefs, or to dig holes in the sand by the sides of the streams.

"I have frequently observed a chub, in the fountain of the gardens of Hampton Court Palace, roll itself in apparently a playful manner along the bottom of the fountain. It would make a sudden dart, throwing itself upon its back and sides. In doing this, it was always followed by several small roach and dace, which no doubt fed on the insects which harbour in the mud, and which the chub disturbed.

"Perch appear to be a very precocious fish. I have known them full of spawn when they have not been more than three inches in length.

"From various experiments which I have tried, there can, I think, be no doubt but that fish have the organs of hearing. Mr. John Hunter was of that opinion, but many people, I believe, still doubt the fact. There is, however, a singular mode of taking trout practised in some of the rivers in South Wales, which would go some way to confirm the supposition. The sides of the rivers are here and there very rocky, and where there is a flat shelving rock, trout generally haunt under it. If this rock is struck forcibly with a large sledge hammer, the trout rise to the surface of the water, appearing as if they were stunned, and are then taken.

"The Dutch fishermen who bring live cod in well-boats to the river Thames, to supply Billingsgate Market, are in the habit of puncturing the air-bladders of the fish, which they perform with a sharp pointed instrument, like a shoe-maker's awl. By this means the fish sink to the bottom, and remain perfectly quiet during the voyage, so that they do not bruise themselves, and are more closely stowed. Few fish die by the operation. Cod remain so perfectly healthy in brackish water, that I have little doubt if they were habituated to fresh water by degrees they might be preserved in ponds for a considerable space of time. Persons having ponds near the coast of Kent or Essex might easily try the experiment. Fresh water trout are constantly taken in the sea near the mouths of rivers, and I believe occasionally other fresh water fish, a proof that they can become habituated to salt water.

"Every year serves to convince me more and more, that the idea which I ventured, with considerable diffidence, to advance in the first volume of my Gleanings, of the non-migration of gregarious fish, such as mackarel, herrings, pilchards, &c. is a correct one. It has been supposed by Pennant, and other able writers on Natural History, that large shoals of herrings leave the neighbourhood of Shetland in June, and surround the islands of Great Britain and Ireland, congregating again off the Landsend in September. From the united testimony of many intelligent fishermen, and from my own observation, I am convinced that no such migration takes place, but that by a beautiful and benevolent arrangement of

Providence, the gregarious fish, which are of such vast utility to man, leave the depths of the sea at certain ordained periods. Each vast shoal is succeeded by another. We have the mackerel—the herring, the sprat, and the pilchard, in regular succession. These fish leave their haunts when they are in the highest perfection, and frequent shallows, where they are readily captured. If they had not been endowed with this impulse, the enormous benefits they are of to mankind would be lost. Surely the mind of man cannot have a more interesting or indeed a nobler subject for meditation, than the consideration of the ways of Providence in the works of creation."—pp. 69—73.

This opinion respecting the non-migrations of gregarious fish, seems doubtful, and contrary to various facts; neither do we think that the hearing of the trout is proved by the singular mode of taking that fish as practised in South Wales. The sense of touch may as fairly be supposed to have communicated the stun.

Our author manfully and feelingly stands up in behalf of certain despised animals. We like to find him so engaged with respect to pigs; he says, that he knows a gentleman who has one that will stand upon its hind legs and reach the branch of an apple tree, which it shakes to make the fruit fall that she may enjoy it; and he adds, that though pigs may be asleep in calm weather, the moment the wind rises, they hasten to the nearest apple or oak trees, aware that the wind will shake down food for them. We are obliged to Mr. Jesse particularly, for rescuing the cat family from indiscriminate obloquy.

"Cats are generally persecuted animals, and are supposed to show but little attachment to those who are kind to them. I have known a cat, however, evince great uneasiness during the absence of her owner; and it is stated that when the Duke of Norfolk was committed to the Tower in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a favourite cat made her way into his prison room by getting down the chimney.

"Cats have been known also to do their best to protect the property of their masters, as well as dogs. A man who was sentenced to transportation for robbery, informed me, after his conviction, that he and two others broke into the house of a gentleman near Hampton Court. While they were in the act of plundering it, a large black cat flew at one of the robbers, and fixed her claws on each side of his face. He added that he never saw any man so much frightened in his life.

"Mr. White, in his Natural History of Selborne, states that of all quadrupeds, cats are the least disposed towards water, and will not, when they can avoid it, deign to wet a foot, much less to plunge into that element. The following fact, however, communicated to me by a friend who lived several years in Jamaica, will prove that they take the water, and is also another instance of the attachment of animals to the place where they were bred. Being in want of a cat, one was given him which was not full grown. It was put into a canvass bag, and a man on horseback brought it a distance of five miles from the place where it was bred, and from which it had never been removed before. In doing so, he had to cross two rivers, one, named the Mino, which was about eighty feet wide and two and a half feet deep, running strong. The other called 'Thomas' river, was wider and more rapid, but less deep. Over these rivers there are no bridges. The cat, when it arrived, was shut up for some days, and when supposed to be reconciled to her new dwelling, she was allowed to go about the house. The next day, however, she was missing, and was found shortly afterwards at her old abode.

"A family residing at Newcastle-on-Tyne went one summer to Tynemouth, leaving their house in the care of two female servants. One evening, when the servants were sitting together in the kitchen, their attention was attracted by a cat, which went up into a laundry over the kitchen, and then returned to them and mewed. The cat did this so often, that the servants were induced to go up stairs to see what she wanted. When they got into the laundry, they found a man concealed in the chimney. One of the maids fainted, and the other gave the alarm to their neighbours, but in the mean time the man made his escape out of the window and over the roofs of the adjoining houses.

"A favourite cat, much petted by her mistress, was one day struck by a servant. She resented the injury so much, that she refused to eat any thing given to her by him. Day after day he handed her dinner to her, but she sat in sulky indignation, though she eagerly ate the food as soon as it was offered to her by any other individual. Her resentment continued undiminished for upwards of six weeks. The same cat having been offended by the housemaid, watched three days until she found a favourable opportunity for retaliation. The housemaid was on her knees washing the passage, when the cat flew at her, and left indubitable marks on her arms that no one could ill use her with impunity. It is, however, but fair to record her good qualities, as well as her bad ones. If her resentment was strong, her attachment was equally so, and she took a singular mode of showing it. All the tit-bits she could steal from the pantry, and all the dainty mice she could catch, she invariably brought and laid at her mistress's feet. She has been known to bring a mouse to her door in the middle of the night and mew till it was opened, when she would present it to her mistress. After doing this she was quiet and contented.

"A lady had a tortoise-shell cat and a black and white one. A few years ago, the latter was observed to carry her kitten when two or three days old to her companion, who brought it up with her own kitten, though of a different age, with all the tenderness of a mother. This was done time after time for several years, but last year it was reversed, the black and white cat taking her turn to discharge the duties of a wet-nurse to the kitten of the other. It is probable that a deficiency of milk was the cause of the cats not suckling their young. It is not surprising that one of them should adopt the kitten of another, but it appears that some faculty nearly approaching to reason must have shown them the necessity of procuring a substitute."—pp. 123—126.

We remember to have read in a newspaper of a cat in the highlands of Scotland having seized upon a salmon in a shallow of water and held on for a considerable time, in spite of his victim's element. Still it must be confessed that cats are not general favourites, and that they are most unmercifully persecuted by many.

> "Cats are thought imps,
> And boys against their lives combine,
> Because 'tis said that cats have nine."

But cats are not the only familiar creatures that are in bad repute among men; and while our author succeeds admirably in instructing us regarding the habits and capacities both of favourites and unpopular species, he gains over our sympathy for the latter in a way that touches our moral reflections in a strong degree. Sparrows engage his powerful advocacy, as being of the greatest utility in devouring myriads of insects, particularly when they have young ones. He also maintains that they are a sociable and charitable race:

they live in habits of great friendship with one another. A sparrow that had been caught by the leg by a piece of worsted, from which it could not extricate itself, was in one instance known to have been fed for a whole winter by its congeners; and several instances are recorded of sparrows feeding the young of other birds which have been in a state of captivity. A more unwelcome species of animals than even sparrows are to farmers, are affectionately spoken of by Mr. Jesse; and he also gives good authority for that which we have often heard repeated in our youth by those who were deemed credulous.

"Whilst I am on the subject of the kind disposition which animals show to each other, I will mention an anecdote which was recently communicated to me of the old English or black rat; this animal is now become very scarce in this country. Unlike the Norway rat, which is fierce, and lives in little harmony even with its own species, our original animals appear to have been sociable in their habits, and to have shown kindness and friendship to each other. The fact referred to was communicated to me by the Rev. Mr. Ferryman, a clergyman in Sussex, an accurate observer of nature, and whose beautiful collection of specimens of British birds and animals, is second to none that I have ever seen; They are all stuffed by himself, and he has given them a great interest by displaying their peculiar habits; he is in his 85th year, but his mind is still as vigorous as ever. Besides being a good scholar and a naturalist, he has made many curious and important discoveries in mechanics; and it is to be regretted that his retired habits, and the secluded situation in which he lives, have prevented him from becoming better known. He informed me that some fifty years ago, when the old English rat was numerous, he resided at Quorn, in Leicestershire. Walking out in some meadows one evening, he observed a great number of rats in the act of migrating from one place to another, which it is known they are in the habit of doing occasionally. He stood perfectly still, and the whole assemblage passed close to him. His astonishment however was great, when he saw amongst the number an old blind rat, which held a piece of stick at one end in its mouth, while another rat had hold of the other end of it, and thus conducted its blind companion. Mr. Ferryman has a large glass case of English rats, in which this interesting anecdote is commemorated with equal truth and fidelity. Mr. Ferryman also communicated to me the following anecdote of a rat, which I am in justice to him bound to admit he did not *implicitly* believe himself, neither are my readers required to do so; I merely give the story as I heard it. He said that he had an old friend, a clergyman, of retired and studious habits. When sitting in his room one day, he saw an English rat come out of a hole at the bottom of the wainscot; he threw it a piece of bread, and in process of time he so familiarised the animal that it became perfectly tame, ran about him, was his constant companion, and appeared much attached to him. He was in the habit of reading in bed at night; and was on one occasion awoke by feeling a sharp bite on his cheek, when he discovered the curtains of his bed to be on fire. He made his escape, but his house was burnt down, and he saw no more of his rat. He was however convinced, and remained so for the rest of his life, that his old companion had saved him from being burnt to death by biting his cheek, and thus making him aware of his danger. The marks of the teeth were visible upon it, and the reader may put what faith he pleases on the supposition of the good clergyman. He himself was always indignant if any one doubted it.

"That rats are endowed not only with an extraordinary degree of ingenuity and cunning, but with a faculty which approaches almost to a reasoning power, cannot be doubted: there is a sufficient number of well attested facts to prove this; the following is one of them. A ship on her voyage was not only much infested with rats, but proved so unfit for sea, that her stores were directed to be made over to another vessel. In doing this, the greatest care was taken that the rats should not gain access to the other ship, and in order to prevent it, the two vessels were anchored at some distance from each other, and the stores were removed in boats. When the crew were about to quit the vessel, the whole body of rats were seen to make their way down its sides into the sea, and to swim to the ship in which the stores had been deposited; this they would have penetrated, had not the vigilance of the crew prevented them. The vessel got under weigh, and the rats were left to their fate."—pp. 206—209.

We think we have extracted enough from the present volume to show that it deserves the hearty welcome of every reader, and that it is calculated in an eminent degree to mend the heart, as well as to communicate instruction in a branch of study that is rapidly gaining upon the taste of the public. There are in these pages a number of pieces on other subjects besides the inferior animals, that breathe a freshness, benignity, and enthusiasm, highly pleasing. We have papers on the Pleasures of the Country, on First Days in Spring, on the Use of Plants, on the Agricultural Peasantry, &c. that should be studied. One great and indeed the chief object of the author, has been to show how much we are bound to treat every animal with tenderness and kindness, which of course infers, that when we must destroy them, it ought to be without cruelty or the infliction of needless pain. We cannot do better than go back to the general remarks he makes on such kindness.

"This feeling is strongly enforced upon us by our benevolent Creator, who not only inculcates, but commands us to show mercy. 'If thou see the ass of him that hateth thee lying under his burthen, and wouldst forbear to help him, thou shalt surely help him.' A special law was prescribed in favour of the oxen which trod out the corn: and numerous instances might be brought forward to show that all created things are objects of the Divine care and compassion.

"Nothing is more detestable than cruelty, and it is a sad reflection that the chief miseries of animals are inflicted upon them by man. Some persons can find sport in witnessing pain and distress, and will destroy life out of mere wantonness. But for this cruelty, we might have the gratification of being surrounded by animals in a state of comparative happiness, showing their gratitude for the kindness of man, by losing all fear of him.

"We shall probably be always in a state of uncertainty as to the degree of happiness animals are capable of enjoying. Those extraordinary faculties which they possess, and which are so nearly allied to reason, may, for aught we know, make them more susceptible to the impressions of pleasure and pain. Mr. Locke says that if animals have any ideas at all, and are not mere machines, as some would have them, we cannot deny them to have reason. It seems to me, he adds, as evident that they do in some instances reason, as that they have sense. If this is the case, (and I shall bring forward some evidence of the fact,) we ought to entertain more kindly feelings towards them than we generally do. Their fondness for their offspring is as fervent, and their love and affection are, in many instances, as strong, as our

own. They are susceptible of gratitude, and of the strongest attachments. They are honest, patient, and forgetful of injuries—brave and courageous amidst dangers, and afford examples of perseverance and industry in providing for the food and safety of themselves, and their young, equal to the most rational foresight. Those, who, like myself, have not only watched, but studied the character and habits of animals, will agree in what has been said of them. I will proceed to illustrate it by some examples. I wish, however, to remark, that in relating anecdotes of animals, I lay myself open to the charge of going beyond the bounds of probability. I do not think, however, that this is a sufficient reason for withholding them, whilst I have myself a conviction of their accuracy. It is, perhaps, in many cases, difficult to assert the truth of a fact when it militates against generally received opinions, without incurring the charge of exaggeration. If this feeling was allowed to operate, much curious information would be suppressed. I shall therefore state such facts as have been well authenticated, assuring my readers that neither in this, or in the two preceding volumes, have I allowed myself to communicate an anecdote of the accuracy of which I entertained the least doubt."—pp. 170—173.

To these Gleanings in Natural History, the author has added notices of some of the royal parks and residences in England, which, as he is surveyor of these to his majesty, he has been enabled very ably to frame. Kew, Richmond, and Richmond Park, Hampton Court, and Windsor Castle have each a chapter, or, as the author calls it, a day allotted to them, which all those contemplating a visit to such scenes should read, and all who wish to have a clear notion of the splendour and ancient architecture of England. This portion of the work, however, admits not so well of abridgement or quotation as the former; but our readers may take our word when we say it is worthy of the author.

From the London Literary Gazette.

THE ROSE AND THE LILY.

In the garden of Eden, fair Nature's first bower,
The source of the world, where our sorrows begun,
Grew a rose of full beauty, the queen of each flower
That opened its breast to be kiss'd by the sun.

The harebell, carnation, and violet blue,
Did bow to its sceptre—acknowledge its reign;
And all, save the lily, were constant and true,
But *she* held the rose in contempt and disdain.

She would not obey it, nor humble her pride,
To pay homage to one of a parent so mean—
The child of a thorn! and she could not, beside,
See a shadow of reason in calling her queen.

Our first mother, Eve, chanced to hear the dispute,
As among them she strayed in the heat of the day;
The rose then requested that she would confute
The pride of the lily, and make her obey.

But the lily, demurring, preferred a soft plea,
That she'd settle the feud and the question decide;
And faithfully promised contented to be
In aught that her wisdom should make her abide.

Said Eve, "All are free, and I do not see how
I can give unto either the title you seek,
But thus—that the lily be queen of my brow,
And the rose reign in triumph as queen of my cheek."
They both were content—in harmonious bliss
They have each kept their station with beauty and grace;
And man hath delighted, from that day to this,
To see them so blended in woman's sweet face.

DELTA.

From the Monthly Review.

History of the Rise and Progress of the Arts of Design in the United States. By William Dunlap, vice-president of the National Academy of Design, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. New York. 1834.

An opportunity is offered by this work, whereby Europeans may judge of the state of American art. The greater number of books connected with that thriving country, which come to our hands, treat of more apparent objects than those that indicate the refinement or advancement of taste in the liberal arts. We have had abundance of volumes dealing with the wealth and the enterprise of our transatlantic brethren, as evinced, for example, in their canals and other great public works. But a nation does not in its rise cultivate the arts of imitative design, till a large portion of the people repose and luxuriate in the fruits of mechanical art, when a tide of refined sentiment begins to flow and increase through the community, which can best be judged of by the number of artists, by their eminence, and by the encouragement they receive from the mass of the superior classes. With regard to the arts to which we allude, America has already made considerable progress, as Mr. Dunlap's work fully proves, showing that artists are there regarded with esteem and reverence, that their works are examined and bought, while not a few of these works are worthy of being preserved for centuries, and already show that America has advanced far towards the delicate taste and elaborate finish fostered in Europe. At the same time, it is confessed that a large proportion of the works of the artists in that country are of an ephemeral character, that there is a general dislike to the requisite patience in studying the principles which lie at the foundation of all art, and to the unfolding of the imagination and taste by careful literary culture.

Mr. Dunlap's work will doubtless give an additional impulse to the department of which he treats; not only by impressing upon the minds of young artists many essential rules and regulations, but by holding up meritorious examples in the case of those that have been before them. He has made the public acquainted with many names not generally known, who have cultivated the arts of design—both those who had talents and those who had not. Brief essays on the several arts are also interspersed, some of which are from the pens of persons practically engaged in the profession, besides auto-biographical letters; the whole united and carried through by the author's own clear and easy narrative.

Within the last fifty or sixty years, there have been several American artists of no mean fame; and the first that we shall notice in the author's list is Benjamin West, the quaker painter. He was unquestionably a man of great talents,

though perhaps his fame has already passed its zenith; his industry however was greater, while his moral character, amid all the snares of fashionable dissipation, was one of singular beauty and simplicity. We shall give some portions of Mr. Dunlap's account of this painter's life. His progress and journey to Rome, and first appearance there, are thus narrated:—

"At the age of twenty-one, Benjamin West embarked with young Allen, and soon arrived at Gibraltar, where the ship stopped for convoy. Captain Kearney, commanding the ships of war on the station, was a friend of young Allen's father, and the young man, with his companion, being invited to dine on board his ship, West was introduced favourably to the officers, with whom he proceeded up the Mediterranean. Messrs. Rutherford and Jackson were the correspondents of Mr. Allen, and the young painter, having delivered his credentials to them at Leghorn, was furnished with letters to Cardinal Albani and other distinguished characters at Rome. Under these favourable auspices the quaker painter proceeded on his journey in charge of a French courier, who had been engaged by his Leghorn friends as his guide and interpreter, and gained his first view of the immortal city from a height at eight miles' distance. It is easy to imagine the impression such a prospect, and its attendant anticipations, would make upon an American youth of that day, and it is much safer to leave the subject to the imagination of the reader than to obtrude upon him the surmises of the writer. Suffice it to say, that the unsophisticated Yankee arrived safe at the great metropolis, and was introduced to the remains of her ancient taste and splendour, scarcely more the object of his admiration, than he was of attention to the nobles of Italy, and the illustrious strangers with whom the city swarmed. An American had come to study painting, and that American, a quaker! This was a matter of astonishment, and when it was found that the young man was neither black nor savage, but fair, intelligent, and already a painter, West became emphatically the lion of the day in Rome."

It was in the summer of 1760 that he arrived at the queen of cities; and the story that an American quaker had come to study the fine arts in Italy appeared so strange to an English gentleman, of the name of Robinson, that he immediately sought him out and insisted on his dining with him; and thence he was introduced to the best society of Rome. He was presented, among others, to Cardinal Albani, who, though blind, was an exquisite judge, from the delicacy of his touch, of the variety and peculiarities of the smallest medals. The cardinal's first query regarding the young painter was, "Is he black or white?"

"West, among the many advantages derived from nature, possessed a fine form, and a face as fair as artists paint angels, or lovers their mistresses. At the age of fifty he was remarkable for comeliness; and it is presumed that at the period of which we treat, his appearance must have been very prepossessing, and not the less for the flowing locks and simple attire of his sect. The cardinal being satisfied that the painter was as white as *himself*, (that being his next enquiry), received him graciously, examined his face and head, with his fingers, expressed his admiration, and made up a party to witness the impression which the sight of the chefs-d'œuvre of antiquity would make upon a native of the new world. The Apollo was first shown him, and his exclamation was, 'How like a young Mohawk warrior!'

"The Italians, on hearing the words translated by Mr. Robinson, were mortified, but when West, at that gentleman's request, described the Mohawk, in his state of native freedom, as seen in those days, his speed, his vigour, his exercise with the bow—when Mr. Robinson interpreted the words, 'I have seen a Mohawk standing in that very attitude, intensely pursuing with his eye the flight of the arrow just discharged from the bow,' his auditory were delighted by the criticism of the stranger, and applauded his untutored acumen."

West's first specimen of painting in Europe was a portrait of Mr. Robinson, and was so excellent, it is said, that he obtained the second rank among painters in that capital at the time; but yet, few of his pictures previous to this have been preserved, and those few of little value. The two greatest artists were, at this period, Mengs and Battoni, the former of whom very liberally applauded the young American, and traced out a plan for his studies and travel. He was repeatedly, however, attacked by fever and obliged to leave Rome; but on all occasions he seems to have secured excellent and influential friends. The applause bestowed on the portrait of Mr. Robinson reached his native country, and through the generosity of certain individuals there, he was allowed whatever money he required, which enabled him to visit and study such collections as he chose, traveling in company with a Mr. Mathews, a man of extraordinary acquirements and accomplishments, who had been recommended by Mengs as a companion on the tour.

"From Florence Mr. West proceeded to Bologna, and after inspecting the works of art, he went on to Venice. Here the style and colouring of Titian were his principal study. After completing the tour recommended by Mengs, he returned to Rome, and pursued his study again in that great centre of taste. He at this time painted his pictures of Cimon and Iphigenia, and Angelica and Medora. These established his reputation as an historical painter, and obtained him the academical honours of Rome.

"By the advice of his father he determined to visit England before returning home, and again he had the advantage of traveling with a man of taste and refinement, Dr. Patoune, who was returning to Great Britain. The doctor proceeded to Florence, while the painter went to take leave of his friends at Leghorn. The travellers afterwards stopped at Parma, while West finished his copy of St. Jerome. This beautiful picture is in the possession of the family of Mr. Allen, one of the painter's earliest friends, and in America. Here again the novelty of an American quaker painter procured him the attention of the great; and the *friend* kept on his broad brim when introduced to the court of Parma, very much to the astonishment of the prince and his courtiers—perhaps not a little to their amusement.

"Genoa and Turin were taken in the route to France, and the peace of 1763 having been but lately concluded, the travellers, as Englishmen, were only protected by a magistrate from a mob, who had not yet ratified the treaty. In Paris, West visited, as every where else, the collections of paintings and sculptures, but the inferiority of France to Italy was at that time more apparent than at this, and the American had little to learn in Paris, who had studied in and gained the approbation of the academies of Italy."

West's works are too well known in this country to require that we should follow his history closely; and yet even in England, though his

pencil was always employed for the noblest purposes, his efforts were inadequately understood and appreciated. It has been unreservedly stated on his own authority, that the remuneration of his labours from the patronage of the public, during forty years, was so inadequate to his very moderate wants as to leave him dependent on the income allowed him as historical painter to George the Third; and when this resource was unexpectedly withdrawn from him, very late in life, and when his royal patron must have been unconscious of such a proceeding, he had to struggle with pecuniary embarrassment.

The next artist commemorated in these volumes is John Singleton Copley, who was born in Boston, in 1738, and at an early age showed a genius for painting. In 1774 he went to Italy, and two years after to England, where he devoted himself to portraiture and became a member of the Royal Academy. The historical pieces, "The Death of Chatham," and "Charles the First in the House of Commons," have obtained considerable celebrity. The following remarks on Copley are from the letters of C. R. Leslie to Mr. Dunlap:—

"'Of Copley I can tell you very little. I saw him once in Mr. West's gallery, but he died very soon after my arrival in London. Mr. West told me he was the most tedious of all painters. When painting a portrait, he used to match with his palette-knife a tint for every part of the face, whether in light, shadow, or reflection. This occupied himself and the sitter a long time before he touched the canvass. One of the most beautiful of his portrait compositions is at Windsor Castle, and represents a group of the royal children playing in the garden with dogs and parrots. It was painted at Windsor, and during the operation, the children, the dogs, and the parrots became equally wearied. The persons who were obliged to attend them while sitting complained to the queen; the queen complained to the king; and the king complained to Mr. West, who had obtained the commission for Copley. Mr. West satisfied his majesty that Copley must be allowed to proceed in his own way, and that any attempt to hurry him might be injurious to the picture, which would be a very fine one when done.'

"The prediction of West was fully accomplished; and this graceful, splendid, and beautiful composition was seen by the writer at Somerset House, in the year 1786, or 7, and is remembered with pleasure to this day.

"On the subject of Copley, we must give our readers some further valuable and entertaining matter from the pen of Mr. Leslie. He says: 'As you ask my opinion of Copley, you shall have it, such as it is. His merits and defects resemble those of West. I know not that he was ever a regular pupil of the president, but he was certainly of his school. Correct in drawing, with a fine manner of composition, and a true eye for light and shadow, he was defective in colouring. With him it wants brilliancy and transparency. His Death of Major Pierson I think his finest historical work—you have perhaps seen it—at any rate you know the fine engraving of it, by James Heath. Copley's largest picture is in Guildhall; the destruction of the floating batteries off Gibraltar, by General Elliot. The foreground figures are as large as life, but those in the middle distance are either too small, or deficient in aerial perspective. Instead of looking like men diminished by distance, they look less than life. With the exception of this defect the picture is a fine one. His death of Lord Chatham is now in the National Gallery. It is the best coloured picture I have seen by him, but it has a defect frequent in large compositions made up of a number of portraits. There are too many *figures to let*. Too many unoccupied, and merely introduced to show the faces. His picture of Brooke Watson and the Shark, is in the large hall of the Blue Coat School. It is a good picture, but dry and bad in colour. He painted, I believe, a great many portraits, but I have seen none of any consequence excepting the group of the King's Children I described to you in my last. It is a beautiful picture. I have heard Allston say, he has seen very fine portraits, painted by Copley, before he left America. I would advise you to write to Allston about it.' In another of Mr. Leslie's valuable letters we have the following:—'I know not if Allan Cunningham, in his life of Copley, has told the following story of his tediousness as a painter. It is said, a gentlemen employed him to paint his family in one large picture, but during its progress, the gentleman's wife died, and he married again. Copley was now obliged to obliterate all that was painted of the first wife, and place her in the clouds in the character of an angel, while her successor occupied her place on earth. But lo! she died also, and the picture proceeded so slowly as to allow the husband time enough to console himself with a third wife. When the picture was completed, therefore, the gentleman had two wives in heaven, and one on earth, with a sufficient quantity of children. The price, which was proportioned to the labour bestowed on the picture, was disputed by the employer, who alleged that the picture ought to have been completed before his domestic changes had rendered the alterations and additions necessary. Copley went to law with him; and his son, (now Lord Lyndhurst), who was just admitted to the bar, gained his father's cause. The story was told me by a gentleman, who was old enough to remember Copley, but he did not give me his authority for it, and I fear it is too good to be true. I remembered one or two of Copley's last pictures in the exhibition, but they were very poor; he had out-lived his powers as an artist.'"

Gilbert Stuart was a portrait painter of a superior order, and excelled in that rare talent which is among the best props of genius—the power of drawing the mind of the sitter, which is illustrated by the following anecdote. Lord Mulgrave having engaged Mr. Stuart to paint a portrait of his brother, General Phipps, then on the point of sailing to India, the picture drew from his lordship this exclamation—"I see insanity in that face!" The first news of the general after his arrival in India was, that he had gone mad and cut his throat! This painter's talent in conversation is said to have been extraordinary, as well as his judgment, sensibility and impetuosity.

We do not wonder, that it is recorded of him, he could very soon make those that sat to him feel at their ease, and fall into their peculiar appearance and character, when alone a faithful likeness can be taken. It is not every one that can thus remove that sort of awkwardness which most sitters experience, when stiffened into attitudes before the scrutinising eye of a painter. Stuart spent many years of his life in the British metropolis, where his neglect of prudential maxims often entangled him in pecuniary difficulties.

Mr. Dunlap gives an interesting sketch of miniature painting, which appears to have many cultivators in America. There is a useful chapter also on architecture. The second volume

treats of artists that may be said to be more American than West, Copley, or Stuart, inasmuch as these three came to be established as citizens of London. Some of those we now refer to, have lent a great lustre to their country, and some of them continue to increase its stores in works of art. Mr. Allston is living among them, and through his enlightened intercourse with the most illustrious men of Europe, he has mastered the profoundest principles with the minutest details of his art. And this leads us to observe, that America will doubtless continue to rise in the number and excellence of her artists. The galleries of Europe are annually thronged with pilgrims from the new world. There are academies that have done something and promise to do more in that new world. There are annual exhibitions in all the principal cities of the union. From time to time, great works find their way from Europe to the transatlantic shores; and who dare say, that the free institutions of America may not do as much in fostering the most beautiful sentiments and in sustaining a noble emulation, as ever the venerable scenes or subjects in the old world did?

Horatio Greenough is at present in Florence, having given himself wholly to sculpture, and already executed works that are highly spoken of. His enthusiasm for the art, and his love of native country, are described as of the most lofty order. And though he is gathering from the treasures of ancient and modern art in the country of beauty and song, who can deny that in his own land there are subjects of unexampled dignity and splendour for the efforts of genius, when we hear that he is engaged on the statue of Washington, for which he has lately received a commission from the government of the United States. It may be said, that this is the sublimest subject of mere human history, and although Chantrey and Canova have, it is thought, tried their hands upon it with no eminent success, the enthusiasm of an American heart may bring all the necessary powers to the completion of the undertaking.

Critical Notices.

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Thirlwall's History of Greece.

This new addition to the historical series of Dr. Lardner's *Cyclopædia* promises to furnish a very learned, elaborate, and ingenious view of ancient Greece; though as yet the work is rather disquisitional than historical. Mr. Thirlwall does not altogether give the results of his researches in a narrative or a statement, but carries the reader in a measure over the ground he himself has traveled before he has arrived at his own conclusions. Hence there is at times something of heaviness in his expositions; especially as they relate to matters upon which neither learning nor acuteness, however great, can arrive at certainty. The latest period to which the volume comes down is that of the Messenian Wars; but by far the larger portion of the book is occupied by speculations as to the early inhabitants and foreign settlers of Greece; by enquiries into the origin of the Hellenic people, and the persons and exploits of the heroic ages; together with learned and ingenious endeavours to give consistency to the return of Heracleids and probability to the legislation of Lycurgus. In this arduous undertaking, Mr. Thirlwall has not only had recourse to the original classical authors, but also displays a familiar acquaintance with the learned speculations of the laborious Germans; so that if his book fails to discover the truths of historical antiquity, it collects into one focus what the most skilful critics maintain they are.

Besides the subjects enumerated, the volume also contains a picture of the physical aspect of Greece—masterly, though minute; a very interesting view of the political and social condition of the Greeks during the heroic age; and an able account of their national institutions and forms of government, down to a much later period. In these, as indeed in all the other parts, the ideas of the writer are presented with clearness, and with that ease which arises from a thorough grasp of his subject. The treatment is also as animated as the nature of his task will admit; and in his few passages of pure historical narration, he displays so much of life and vigour, that we anticipate a series of brilliant pictures in his ensuing volumes, when the action will be greater, the discussions less, and the truth of facts more clearly established.

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History of the Assassins.

Dr. Wood is entitled to the thanks of the historical student for his translation of Von Hammer's History of the Assassins; although the learned Orientalist has treated his subject with too much minuteness, if not at too great a length; and naturally enough placed perhaps too implicit a reliance on authorities, to gain access to which had cost him exceeding labour and trouble. The account of this secret society is rather an historical episode than a history of itself; for too little seems to be known respecting it to enable us distinctly to perceive the ulterior object of its founder (if it had one), or fully to narrate the adventures and disguises—and they must have been strange ones—by means of which any of the Hashishin (herb-eaters) achieved their tasks. Hammer tells us, however, though rather drily, all that is known upon the subject. He traces the remote origin of the Assassins to a Mahometan sect or heresy, which, originating in a political dissent, subsequently became a secret society. Its followers were called Ismailites; and they passed through nine degrees, each successive one tending to shake or bewilder faith; till in the eighth degree the "pupil was perfectly enlightened as to the superfluity of all prophets and apostles, the non-existence of heaven and hell, the indifference of all human actions, for which there is neither reward in this world nor the next; and thus he was matured for the ninth and last degree, to become the blind instrument of all the passions of unbridled thirst of power. To believe nothing and to dare all, was, in two words, the sum of this system." The learned German proceeds to the early life of the first grand master of the Assassins, Hassan Sabah, who was a member of this respectable society until he set up an establishment of his own. The mode in which he accomplished this, the rules and regulations which he laid down for the government of the profane and the initiated, the number of princes and ministers he caused to be assassinated, the execution of his two sons by his own orders, and finally, his will and death, are next treated at length. And then follow the history of the succeeding grand masters and their grand murders, their various treaties and wars with Mahomedan powers, their communications with the Crusaders, and the alleged league or understanding with the Templars, till the virtual overthrow of their power by the Monguls, in the year 1257, upwards of one hundred and thirty years after the death of Hassan.

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Miss Roberts' Sea-side Companion.

The contents of this tasteful little book have baulked our expectations. We expected, from the title, a volume of directions as to the best means of passing time on the sea-beach; one that should instruct the lounging idler of a watering-place as to the wonderful works that he might discover on the sands and cliffs, in the pools left by the retiring tides, and in the sea itself; not only furnishing him with amusement whilst he read, but with the means of amusing himself, we were going to say, for ever. But we have found that the *Companion* is more extensive in its nature, and gives us the results of observation, instead of teaching us how to observe. Without attempting originality, Miss Roberts, in the course of seventeen or eighteen letters, has presented an elegant compilation of the most striking features of *Marine Natural History;* intersprinkling her really animated descriptions with appropriate scraps from the poets, and frequently, from the wonders unfolded, taking occasion to enforce the truths of theology. Her first letter gives an account of animated plants; her second of sponges; the three following treat of the works and wonders of the coral race: and the remainder describe the structure and mechanical organisation of fishes, and pleasantly tell of the most curious habits and migrations of the finny tribes.

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*Noble Deeds of Woman.**

The authoress has herself achieved a noble deed in recording these noble deeds of the fair. With a graceful chivalry she has stood forward as the champion of her sex, and proved their high capabilities by their lofty acts. It is most rightly dedicated to the ladies of Great Britain and Ireland. These noble deeds are arranged under the heads of maternal, filial, sisterly, and conjugal affection, humanity, benevolence, integrity, fortitude, courage, and presence of mind, hospitality, self-control, gratitude, loyalty, eloquence, patriotism, and lastly, contributions to science. The author might have added every other virtue that is practicable to human nature. We predict for this work an unexampled patronage. That every lady should possess a copy is but natural; that every gentleman should do so is but loyal. We do not say that all the noble or even the best deeds of women are recorded here: to do the first, were the whole earth covered with parchment, and every son of humanity upon it with a pen in his hand for the space of his natural life employed in the ennobling office, it would not half complete the task; for, from the humble peasant's wife, that hovers soothingly round the straw mattress of her sick partner, to the ermined queen that mourns near the tapestried couch of the royal patient, are not all the sex instigators to, or performers of, a succession of noble deeds? And the noblest—who can know them but those immediately benefited by them? Has not every private family in the kingdom a record of something great and self-sacrificing that none but a woman could perform? Yet the "noble deeds" chronicled in this volume make a noble book. We dismiss it to the honourable and eager reception that it will every where meet with.

Notabilia.

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Bellini.—We were truly sorry to receive accounts of the death of this most successful of recent Italian composers; nor can we forget the loss which music has sustained, in admiring the *programme* of the stately ceremony with which the brethren of his art are preparing to do honour to the remains of a sweet melodist, snatched from among them at the unripe age of twenty-nine. Of his life we know but little, save that he was a native of Sicily, and composed his first opera, "Bianca e Fernando," when he was only twenty years old; his other works, "Il Pirata," "La Straniera," "Norma," "Montecchi e Capuleti," "La Sonnambula," "Zaira," "Beatrice Tenda," and "I Puritani," were produced in rapid succession. We are not going to enter into a critical examination of any of these works, having recently recorded our opinion of his merits and deficiencies as a composer; there was too much promise in him for us not to regret him, and the more so, as we never gave up the hope, that to his natural gifts he might yet add the resources gained by study and experience, and worthily lengthen the line of Italian *maestri*, which already boasts of so many brilliant names.

We have been led by Bellini's death to dwell for awhile upon the present condition and future prospects of the lyric drama, and a few words upon the subject may not at this time be wholly out of season. It seems admitted by every one that Italy has the singers—but if we ask where are its composers, echo answers "Where?" Rossini, still in the prime of life, chooses most provokingly to sit still and enjoy himself in his abundance, with store of melody still unpoured out; and, as for the herd of his imitators, we cannot believe that either the names or the works of Pacini, Mercadante, Donnizetti, Vaccai, &c. will survive the hour. In Germany, matters are not more prosperous; for we are told that the dearth of good singers is all but universal: while the composers are relying too exclusively upon *head-work* for producing an effect, forgetting that learning may be pushed to pedantry; as well as fancy, for want of tutorage, be permitted to degenerate into imbecility. Even Spohr's best operas are *trainant* and overladen, and reason owns that his music is excellent, far oftener than the feelings bear witness to its power. This should never be the case in opera, in which the use of science is to direct the impulses of imagination: to concentrate and tame its wandering caprices, so as to make them tell, but not to supersede them by an uninspired automaton work of chords and harmonic changes. Marschner (who would fain *out-Weber* Weber) is many degrees poorer in dramatic *estro* than Spohr, and just as much more wearisome and unnatural in his compositions. After these, we know not whom else to mention; our present hope, as far as Germany is concerned, rests upon Mendelsohn, but he has yet to be tried. It may seem strange to such as are rivetted to old times and prejudices, and have not advanced their tastes from the days when Horace Walpole described a Parisian *prima donna* with her ear-piercing screams, and her widow's head-tire—to be perfectly *comme il faut*—a wreath of black flowers!—but our own conviction has been for some time past, that the real throne of opera is at present in France: that for freshness, and brilliancy, and dramatic effect, its composers far exceed the languid *dolcezza* of the Italians, or the carefully-wrought heaviness of the living Germans. We are told, moreover, that the old reproach of *uno urlo Francese* has become obsolete and inapplicable to their singers. One day or other we will report upon these things; but, in the meantime, why, in the name of common sense, should they not be brought to us? Why should we not have the best works of Boieldieu, Auber, Herold, &c.: and of the older school of Parisian composers (counting Cherubini and Spontini among their number) performed alternately with the dilutions of Rossini, with which, season after season, the ears of the frequenters of the King's Theatre are wearied? We are in the condition of people who remain constant to one single insipid dish, because they will not trouble themselves to reach untried dainties close in their neighbourhood.

First English Edition of the Bible.—On the last page of the first edition of the English Bible is the following imprint:

* Now publishing in Waldie's Library.

"Prynted in the yeare of our Lord MDXXXV. and fynished the fourth day of October.

This Bible was Miles Covgrdale's version, which was dedicated to Henry VIII. and allowed by royal authority. Coverdale mentions that the king gave this translation to some of the bishops for their perusal, who alleged that there were faults therein, but admitted that no heresies were maintained: "If there be no heresies," said the king, "let it go abroad among the people."

It is not generally known, perhaps, that there is a copy of Miles Coverdale's Bible in the British Museum. It is a small folio, printed in the black letter. Each book is divided into chapters, but there is no subdivision into verses. After the books of the Old and New Testaments, those of the Apocrypha are inserted with this introduction: "The bokes and treatises which amonge the fathers of olde are not retened to be of like authoritie with other bokes of the Byble, nether are they fonde in the canon of the Hebrew."

The volume contains many curious engravings. The frontispiece is very elaborate. The upper part represents Adam and Eve after eating the forbidden fruit: opposite this, Christ is treading on the serpent's head. Under this, is Mount Sinai, with Moses receiving the two tables of the law, surrounded with flames, among which are several trumpets.

Opposite this, Christ is commissioning the apostles to preach the gospel, each one of whom is walking away with an immeuse key on his shoulder. Lower again is the high priest reading the book of the law; and opposite is Peter preaching on the day of Pentecost. At the bottom is exhibited the king, surrounded by his prelates and nobles, to the former of whom his majesty is presenting the sacred volume. This no doubt was intended as a compliment to Henry VIII. to whom the translation is dedicated. These vignettes are comprised in a kind of frame-work upon the margin, the title appearing in the centre.

There is a "prologe to the Christen reader," in which Coverdale confesses his "insufficiency to perform ye office of translatoure," but he was impelled to put the Bible into English, having "consydered how great pytie it was that we shulde want it so longe;" and he says, "It greved me yt other naeyons shulde be more plenteously provyded for with ye Scripture in theyre mother tongue than we. Therefore he thought it his dewtye to do his best, and that with a good will." In many parts it is of course inferior to the subsequent translations; but the fact that it was "faithfully and truly translated out of the Douche and Latin into Englishe," coupled with the condition of our language at that day, render it a work worthy of all admiration. Some passages have more simplicity and clearness than even in the translation in common use. For instance, "Oh that my wordes were written; oh that they were put in a boke: wolde God they were graven wt an yron pene in leade or in stone." Job, 19. Again:—"But sure we are that all thinges serve for the best unto them that love God." Rom. 8. Other passages display at once the antiquity and the change of meaning which terms have undergone in the course of three hundred years; as in the same chapter of Romans, "They that are fleshly are fleshly indeed; but they that are goostly are goostly minded." And in Psalm 91:—"So yt thou shalt not nede to be afrayed for any bugges by night, nor for the arowe that flyeth by daye." The term "bugges" was used in Coverdale's time to signify any thing dangerous or terrific, and not that domestic annoyance, which was not then known in London, the *cimex lectularius*.

In his "prologe," the author gives this advice to his readers:—"I exhorte the yf thou finde ought therein yt thou understandest not, or that appeareth to be repugnant, give no temerarious or hastye iudgment thereof; but ascrybe it to thyne owne ignorance, not to the Scripture; thinke ye thou understondest it not, or it is happlye oversene of ye interpreters, or wrong prynted. Agayne: it shall greately helpe ye to understond Scripture, if thou mark not onely what is spoken or wrytten, but of whom, and unto whom, with what wordes, at what time, where, to what intent, with what circumstance, consyderynge what goeth before, and what followeth after." The following was a prophecy:—"God shall not only send it thee in a better shappe by the mynistracyon of other that beganne it afore, but shall also move the hertes of them which as yet medled not withal to take it in hande, and to bestowe the gifte of their understandynge thereon."

Proof of French Silk.—The French have adopted a system of security against fraud in the sale of silk, by submitting it to examination and experiment in an establishment called the *coadition*. Silk exposed to a humid atmosphere, and yet more to wet, will imbibe a considerable quantity of humidity without undergoing any perceptible change in external appearance. This establishment, of which there is one at Lyons and another at St. Etienne, receives about three-fourths of the whole consumption of silk. It is submitted during twenty-four hours to a temperature of from 18 to 20 degrees of Reaumur (72½ to 77 of Fahrenheit), and if the diminished weight be from 2½ to 3 per cent., the application of the high temperature is continued during another twenty-four hours. On a certificate granted by the *condition* as to its true weight, the invoice is made out. The means of correctly ascertaining the real humidity of silk are now the subject of investigation at Lyons, and it is believed that the purity of the material will, ere long, be as accurately tested as is that of metals by an assay. The quality of silk is estimated by deniers, which represent the weight of 400 ells wound off on a cylinder; the number, of course, increases with the fineness. The Alais silk is sometimes reeled off from three to four cocoons, and weighs only from eight to ten deniers; sometimes from seven to eight cocoons, which will give eighteen to twenty deniers. Of French organzines, the quality varies principally from twenty to thirty-six deniers, and of French trams from twenty-six to sixty deniers.—*Dr. Bowring's Report.*

Substitute for Steam.—The following plan has been addressed by Mr. John Galt to the editor of the *Greenock Advertiser*:—Take a cylinder and subjoin to the bottom of it, in communication, a pipe; fill the pipe and the cylinder with water; in the cylinder place a piston as in that of the steam engine, and then with a Bramah's press, and a simple obvious contrivance which the process will suggest, force the water up the pipe, the pressure of which will raise the piston. This is the demonstration of the first motion. Second. When the piston is raised, open a cock to discharge the water, and the piston will descend. This is the demonstration of the second motion, and is as complete as the motion of the piston in the cylinder of the steam engine, and a power is attained as effectual as steam, without risk of explosion, without the cost of fuel, capable of being applied to any purpose in which steam is used, and to an immeasurable extent. The preservation of the water may, in some cases, be useful, and this may be done by a simple contrivance, viz: by making the cock discharge into a conductor, by which the water may be conveyed back at every stroke of the piston into the pipe, at the end of which the Bramah's press acts.

Improvements in the Steam-Engine.—Mr. Price, of the Durham glass works, has published a plate of a steam safety-valve and chest, which has been in constant use for upwards of seven years, without accident. The following is a brief description of his apparatus, which, if we mistake not, we had the pleasure of noticing when it was first used: Instead of the common valve, there is

placed on the top of the steam-chest a cup, with an aperture for the steam to escape. In this cup a loose brass ball (weighted to the pressure the boiler can bear) is placed. When the steam rises above that pressure, the ball also rises, and allows the steam to escape through the waste. There is an elbow pipe connected with the steam chest below the ball-seat, which also enters the waste pipe. In this is a handled valve, by which the engineer can blow off his steam, or regulate it. Let it be perfectly understood the ball cannot be weighed by the engineer: so soon as the steam rises above the safety-pressure, it escapes, and when sufficiently blown off, the ball returns to its seat.

Coal Mines in France.—According to accounts in the French journals, there are coal mines in 32, out of the 86 departments of France, but hitherto the principal produce has been obtained from the departments of the Loire, the Nord, the Saône and Loire, and Aveyron. These departments furnish about four-fifths of the whole production of the kingdom. In the second rank are the departments of the Gard, the Calvados, the Haute Saône, the Haute Loire, the Bas Rhin, the Tarn, and the Loire Inférieure. In these departments the number of mines is 209, of which 140 were worked in 1833, and 69 were not worked. The quantity of coal which the mines produced in 1833, was 15,741,430 metrical quintals, (a quintal is 100 pounds French,) of the value of 15,009,741 francs on the spot. The mines employ 14,125 workmen, and 190 steam engines, which are equal to the force of 4195 horses. In 1789, the produce of the mines was 2,800,000 metrical quintals. In 1812, it had increased to 6,633,000. It has been calculated, that the consumption of coal in France is ten times less than that of England. In 1833, 699,524,710 kilogrammes [a kilogramme is 2 pounds French,] of foreign coal were imported into France, the value of which was 10,492,871 francs, and the Customs' duty 2,389,501 francs.

The Submarine Vessel.—The experiment with this machine took place at St. Ouen, as proposed. The vessel was repeatedly sunk to the depth of ten or twelve feet, and reappeared on the surface at different points. M. Godde de Liancourt got into it, and remained there a quarter of an hour. He stated that he did not experience the least inconvenience, or any difficulty of respiration, during his voyage under water. An official report upon the subject is about to be submitted to the French Government.

To destroy Caterpillars in Turnip-fields.—A novel method has been successfully practiced by some of the Cornish farmers. After strewing corn all over their fields they have turned in barn-door fowls, chickens, and ducks, which have nearly cleared the turnips of the noxious insects.

Zoological Society.—At a meeting of this society for scientific business, held on Tuesday evening, Thomas Bell, Esq. F. R. S. in the chair, a marmazet was presented from Mr. Moore, from Rio Janeiro, the first that has ever been seen alive in this country. This, the most diminutive species of the monkey tribe, is about the size of a small rat, and even when full grown can be put into a half-pint tumbler. The greatest singularity is its large bushy tail, in which it completely envelopes itself when it retires to repose, to screen itself from the cold. The countenance of this species is that of an old man; and the one presented to the Zoological society is said to bear an exact resemblance to that of a celebrated French diplomatist.

Audubon.—Audubon, the ornithologist, intends to return to this country in the spring. He writes from Edinburgh, under date of September 21st: "To guard against accidents to myself in my future travels, I shall also prepare the matter for this volume, so that in case of death, my sons and my wife will be enabled to finish the publication."

Ichthyology.—It is with pleasure we announce the publication of the tenth volume of the great work on fishes, begun by the illustrious Cuvier, conjointly with his pupil, M. Valenciennes, and now continued by that professor. The delay occasioned in the appearance of this volume, has arisen from a difficulty in making arrangements with the publisher, after the death of Baron Cuvier. M. Valenciennes has even made a partial sacrifice of his interests, in order to facilitate the publication.

Byron.—A charming engraving, by Ryall, from Holmes's miniature of Lord Byron, has just been published. It is just the sort of resemblance we want, adding the ideal of the poet to the likeness of the man. It gives what he was in his best days, when the thick hair clustered over the pale and beautiful brow, and he looked as picturesque as the most ardent of his admirers could have desired. It was his favourite picture, not only, we believe, from that touch of personal vanity which he had, as well as every one else, but because it recalled his youth. What hopes, what illusions, what memories must have been connected with it! Truly does the old Arabian proverb say, "The remembrance of youth is a sigh."

M. Jacquemont's New Work.—The French Minister for Public Instruction has presented the Asiatic Society, and the East India Company, with the late M. Victor Jacquemont's posthumous work, as a public acknowledgment of the services each body rendered to this traveller. M. Guizot has also presented a copy to Lord William Bentinck, to Sir Alexander Johnstone, and to General Allard, commander of the army of the king of Lahore.

M. de Candolle.—The celebrated botanist, M. de Candolle, according to report, has resigned his place of professor at Geneva, in order to consecrate his whole time to the laborious work which he has undertaken, on the subject of the science to which he has devoted himself.

Cholera.—A fear of the ravages of the cholera appears to pervade all parts of Italy. Fugitives, many of them English, already crowd the countries on the Rhine and Maine. The most prompt and energetic measures have been devised to check the progress of the frightful malady.

United States.—Various disturbances of an alarming nature have broken out in the United States. In Baltimore, the populace, excited by the failure of the National Bank, [!!!!] and thinking that the directors ought to "re-fund," proceeded to the most violent outrages upon their houses and property. The damage is estimated at upwards of $100,000. In Washington, much disorder has prevailed, occasioned by the agitation there of slave emancipation. Something like harmony has, by the last accounts, been restored in both districts.—*Court Journal.*

Theatrical chit-chat.—His majesty has given fifty guineas towards the repairs of the Shakspeare monument at Stratford-upon-Avon.

Mr. C. Kemble is performing some of his favourite characters at Tonbridge Wells.

Charles Kean's benefit at the Brighton theatre, on Monday evening, was a benefit in the true sense of the word—the house was crowded in every part. John Reeve is playing at Brighton for a night or two previous to his departure for America.

Mr. Pocock, the dramatist, died suddenly a week or two since, at his house in Berkshire.

As an instance of the profitable character of the new dramatic bill to dramatic authors, it may be mentioned that Mr. Jerrold has received, from various managers, about fifty pounds, since January last, for the performance of *Black-eyed Susan* alone.

Miss Clifford, a young lady of great promise, daughter of Mrs. Clifford of the Haymarket theatre, is engaged by Mathews for the Adelphi. Our old favourite, Wilkinson, is also engaged,—and Mr. Webster from the Haymarket theatre.

Negro Constancy.—Miss Tully relates a melancholy tale of the attempt at parting a very lovely female slave from her betrothed husband, who had loved her so dearly, that, after a vain attempt to rescue or purchase her from her ravishers, he had actually sold his little flock and cabin, and willingly offered himself to partake her slavery. His offer had been accepted; they had made the voyage —it was from the Guinea coast—in the same ship; but on arriving at Tripoli, he was informed that her beauty rendered it inexpedient to keep her as a common slave, that she should therefrom be sent to Constantinople, to become the property of some rich Turk, but that he must stay behind, and remain in his present servitude. The faithful pair preferred death to separation; all means of destruction were removed out of their reach, but they voluntarily abstained from food, and refused all sustenance; so that the merchant, not to lose all his property, was actually obliged to consent to their union.—*P. B. Lord's Algiers and Barbary.*

The Destroying Angel.—"The Destroying Angel" is another of Martin's magnificent conceptions. Full of power and of passion, it casts its shadow upon us. Martin is, especially, the poet of dreams; he belongs to their wild and gigantic world; he brings back the past, the past of a thousand years; such as we fancy it, with vast palaces—a marble world, whose architecture, the first science in the world, was in the strength of its youth. No man ever made its greatness so palpable before. The lightning flung from the hand of the destroying angel casts a lurid light on the buildings, while the darkness of the water below is a thing we might almost touch. This engraving has a peculiar interest as the production of the artist's son. It does him great credit: a little more softness in the lines would have been an improvement; but he enters into the spirit of the whole—he feels its poetry.

Life of Johnson.—This, the eighth volume, concludes "Boswell's Life of Johnson." We come to the end with regret, like parting from an old friend. True that there are the eight volumes ready to be read and re-read, as they certainly will be; yet we should be glad to have more of them. It is one of the most delightful works that have appeared for a long time. The present volume contains a very characteristic portrait of Boswell, and an external view of Johnson's house.

Milton's Works.—The illustrations to the fifth volume of this elegant edition of Milton are exquisite. L'Allegro is absolutely bounding from the page, and the rising of the water nymphs is a very vision of fairy-land; while Ludlow Castle, with the light streaming through the old windows, is a worthy back ground. It unites both the fancies and the romance of England's age of chivalry.

Cows.—Cows are very fond of dandelion, and are kept in health by frequent shampooning; rats will go any where where the oil of rhodium is dropped; rooks leave trees the moment they are marked for felling; and a dog that has never been in London before, will find his way to his master's residence in any part of the metropolis, in three hours, after having been thrown into the Thames from the centre of any one of the bridges.—*John Bull.*

A drum-major of the Russian Guards is, it seems, an object of much attention at Kalisch, on account of his extraordinary stature. When standing, his head is said to be on a level with another man's on horseback. He is accompanied by his wife, who is less than the ordinary female size.

Literary Intelligence.

WORKS IN PROGRESS.

A novelty in embellished works is about to appear, entitled "The Book of Gems," to consist of specimens of the poets from Chaucer to Prior, each poet illustrated by engravings from the works of the most distinguished painters, and each accompanied by a biography of the poet. The volume will contain fifty-three of these exquisite engravings, all by the first artists, and all from original paintings. It will thus present the combined attractions of poetry, painting, and engraving, whilst affording specimens of every variety of excellence in these several departments. The work is intended for publication on the 1st of November.

Miss Landon's new poem, "The Vow of the Peacock," will be published on the 5th instant, with a portrait of the talented authoress, the first that has appeared, beautifully engraved by Mr. Finden.

Mr. Grattan, who has so long been silent in that department of literature in which he has been so successful as one of the most popular novelists, has it seems at length resumed his pen, and committed to the press a new historical novel, of the time of Elizabeth. The scene is laid, we understand, in Germany, and the principal characters are, a celebrated archbishop of Cologne, a no less celebrated beauty of that period, and a Duchess of Saxe Cobourg, of the Princess Victoria's family.

Mr. James, author of "The Gipsey," has nearly ready a work descriptive of the educational institutions of Germany, the details of which were obtained by much personal application and inspection, during the recent residence of the distinguished author on the continent.

The translation of Schlegel's valuable lectures, "On the Philosophy of History," by James Burton Robertson, Esq., with a life of the author, is now completed, and will be published in a few days.

Mr. Chorley's new series of Tales, on which he has been for some time past engaged, will appear early in the present month.

Miss Stickney's interesting new work, "The Poetry of Life," will be ready for publication in the ensuing week.

Dr. Hogg's "Visit to Alexandria, Damascus and Jerusalem," comprising the valuable results of his researches and observations, is now ready, embellished with a picturesque View of Balbec and Damascus.

The concluding volume of Mr. Grimshawe's beautiful edition of Cowper is now ready; the embellishments are, a sea view of "Mundsley," in Norfolk, a watering-place, visited by Cowper during his illness, and "Weston Hall," the seat of Sir John Throgmorton, and the scene of many of his happy hours, while residing in that neighbourhood. This beautiful edition, now completed, will doubtless be in great demand, as the first and only complete edition of this admirable poet's "Life, Letters, and Poems," extant.

In the press, and shortly will be published, an interesting little work, entitled, "What is Phrenology? its Evidence and Principles familiarly Considered, by the Author of 'Five Minutes' Advice on the Teeth.'"

"The Child's Own History of France, embellished with portraits of the kings from Pharamond to the present time, by W. Law Gane," will be ready about the middle of next month.

The Student's Manual, designed to aid in forming and strengthening the intellectual and moral character and habits of the student. By the Rev. John Todd.

Schleirmacher's Introduction to the Dialogues of Plato, translated from the German. By Wm. Dobson, M.A. Cambridge.

A History of British Quadrupeds. By Thomas Bell, Esq., lecturer on comparative anatomy at Guy's Hospital.

A new annual, called Baxter's Agricultural and Horticultural Annual, for 1836, with the valuable discoveries and improvements in farming, gardening, and rural economy during the past year.

The Christian Keepsake and Missionary Annual. Edited by the Rev. W. Ellis.

Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap Book for 1836: with poetical illustrations by L. E. L.

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